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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1868.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JANUARY, 1868.

Art. I. — EDUCATION AND LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

An Essay read at the Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference, in October, 1866. By Charles H. Brigham.

I have been requested in this essay to speak of the relation of Education to Liberal Christianity, and to its progress, with special reference to the training of ministers in the liberal body. It would seem that in these last years this topic has been sufficiently discussed, and that more words upon it would only weary the hearers. The leading articles and the standing advertisements in our religious journals have made the subject of clerical education unpleasantly prominent; until many have come to wish that we had no ministry at all, and could trust, like the Quakers, the instant motion of the Spirit. We tire of listening to this unending tale of blame and lack and need in the matter of pulpit supply, and we dread, in all our gatherings, the coming up of that vexed question, the "wants of our Divinity School."

But, tiresome as this discussion is, it cannot be adjourned or silenced. It is vital to the welfare — not to say to the existence — of our churches. It involves the future of our body, — what kind of a body it is to be, or whether it is to continue at all. Are we to hold the position that we formerly held, or to resign it finally, and change places with the sects

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which have had no care for learning? Already the wise among us see signs of such a change, and lament that we submit so meekly to that sad doom. They tell how the glory of learning is departing from our ranks; how few of the younger preachers take interest in theological studies, or are competent to speak on questions of religious science. They hold wistfully to that frail life of the Cambridge Professor of Hebrew, lest, when its thin thread breaks, the place must remain vacant for want of a man to fill it, or we must be mortified in seeking the man beyond our sect. They look in vain in our periodicals for the solid essays and arguments on Biblical and ecclesiastical questions which once gave these periodicals renown: there is vigorous writing, but of the secular more than the theological kind. They are vexed to see that Methodist and Baptist Quarterlies must guide the liberal inquirers to the results of theological study. They mourn, that, while educated men are so slow to come into our ministry, uneducated men seem to have no such reluctance, confident in their ability to instruct and edify. They observe, in the lists of the younger clergy, that less than half, hardly a third, have had the advantage of a regular college training; and that most of those who pretend to interpret, have but slight knowledge of the tongues that must be dealt with. And they hear with amazement, that, for those who so lack in previous training, it is even proposed to *shorten* the course of study, so that a few months of desultory and hasty reading shall fit men to fill the pulpits of the learned fathers. These are signs of ill-omen to many of the elders, which find voice in frequent conversation, if they are suppressed from public utterance. At the very time when there seems to be an awakened zeal, when conferences are formed, and meetings are multiplied, and gifts of money come liberally in, we seem to see the ranks of our ministry invaded by a new class, who push aside the worthy men, and assume to speak as oracles, and boast that the new day has come, when study may be dispensed with. The churches, too, are becoming almost desperate in the quality of the material that they have to choose from, and often take their pastors, not because they

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are satisfied, but because they can do no better. Not only the elders among the clergy, but the elders among the laity even more, complain of the evident degeneracy of learning in the liberal body.

There is some justice in these fears of the elders, though, doubtless, they are too great, and the evil is not so serious as it seems. While we admit that the proportion of educated men in the ministry is much smaller than it was in the last generation, and that skill in some branches of theological study has ceased to be a praise of the Unitarian body, we cannot allow that it has been seized, or that it is as yet ruled by unlettered men. In proportion to its numbers, the Unitarian body probably still stands as well in scholarship as any religious sect. In some branches it fails, especially in the critical study of the Biblical text; but in other branches it has gained, rather than lost. Some of the ablest works of theological science have been produced in the last years, — works which apply reason and logic to theology with admirable acuteness, and make the best part of what we call "our literature."

It must be admitted, however, that these come from men who have passed the prime of their days, and were trained by the former methods. Shall we expect any works of this kind from the new generation? Allowing, nevertheless, that much of this complaint is well-founded, it may suggest an inquiry into the claim of the liberal religion to be peculiarly a religion of culture and refinement, — a religion which has vested rights in the arts of scholarship. Perhaps we err in supposing learning to be necessary to this faith, or favorable to this faith. Perhaps it is true that a rational religion is properly the religion of unlettered men, while the faith of the schools is naturally of another kind. Possibly we mistake an accident of our history for an essential condition of our faith. Possibly we have misread our history, in finding that the growth of liberal opinion is due to the superior scholarship of its teachers. At any rate, we are now forward to claim, that the liberal faith is just as fit for unlearned as for learned men, just as congenial to their

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temper, just as adequate to their needs, just as good for their use.

Let us consider first, for a moment, this question of the history of liberal opinion in this country. Where did it come from? Not specially from theological studies or inquiries; not specially from diligent search in the Scripture. It is just as true of liberal as of orthodox arguments from Scripture, that they were resorts to sustain a foregone conclusion. It is easy for us now to see how intelligent knowledge of the Divine word justifies a liberal scheme of opinion; but it is not safe to infer, that such knowledge brought, in the beginning, that scheme of opinion. The fact is, that the free-thinking outside of the Church, the spirit of the age in the last century, the teachings of French philosophers, the influence of revolutions and of democratic ideas, did a great deal more to bring defections from the ancient faith than any zeal of Biblical studies. Our rational theology began in abstract ideas, in theories more secular than religious; and its Biblical support was an after-thought. Indeed, we may as well confess, however shapely the buttresses which Biblical study builds around the rational faith, that this study, in the letter at least, is not the corner-stone and foundation of the rational faith. A liberal Christian will not give up his ideas, even if the word of Scripture shall seem to deny them. The word may go, but the truth must stay.

The most learned Biblical scholars of New England found no reason to waver in their orthodoxy in studying the text, even when it was illustrated by all sorts of heathen learning. They knew much more than their successors, yet they were stern in their defence of the ancient formulas. The masters of Biblical divinity, both in this land and in the Old World, have been usually eminent for their orthodoxy. It is *free* study, more than Biblical study, which makes men liberal; and the liberal theology comes from the influence of secular science upon religious ideas. The Bible may seem a Unitarian or a Universalist a very clear witness for h[illegible] articles of faith; but he cannot show that th[illegible] suggested by the teaching of that book, or [illegible]

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the book is all on their side. Historically, neither in the Old World nor in the New, has liberal opinion been the product of theological training, but of other influences. The Trivium of the schoolmen — logic, rhetoric, and grammar — was a friend to orthodox dogmas, rather than a foe. The danger came from other sciences, less hallowed. While it is true that there has been much good theological writing on the liberal side in this country, it is equally true that the preponderance of special theological scholarship has always been on the side of orthodoxy. In special theological studies, — pursued, as these generally are, to the exclusion of physical science, of political and social questions, following the ancient method of dogma, hermeneutics, and pastoral care, with some account of the affairs of religious sects and parties, carefully distinguished from the general course and meaning of human history, — there is really no liberalizing tendency. We sometimes wonder, that, in the use of all this critical apparatus of reviews and commentaries and dogmatic summaries, students of theology should be able to keep the faith of the fathers, and almost doubt the honesty of those who so sin against their light. But in reality the wonder is, that any should come out with a broad theology where there is so much pains taken to make faith narrow and technical. The Princeton graduate learns his liberalism, not from the ancient books of divinity, to which the modern are only helps, but from the world into which he goes. And, if the Cambridge graduate is not as orthodox as the Princeton, it is because he has a better faith to start with, which disposes him to another style of proof. There is nothing in special theological studies that compels one to the opinions of Channing or Parker; though when the field is widened, and secular and religious studies are identified, that issue may seem inevitable.

Another fancy of the former time was, that the liberal faith is especially the religion of cultured men, reserved for the educated and refined, and not acceptable to the poor and ignorant. The experiment of Unitarian ministries to the humbler classes seemed quixotic to many, and doomed

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to failure at the start. How could these unlettered men be brought to take the proper faith of the enlightened? Liberal Christianity, it was maintained, was and must ever be an aristocratic religion, — a religion for the chosen few prepared by birth or training for its large and dignified ideas. But somehow that fancy is vanishing, and we are coming to see that it never had any good foundation. Not only does it seem natural, that a simple faith, which is nearest to natural religion, should be most acceptable to simple and untutored minds; but it has been proved, by experiment and by history, that these minds prefer a faith which has few rudiments. Our ministries to the poor are not a failure in this direction any more than was the ministry of Jesus a failure among those ignorant Jews. The class which preferred the gospel when it was of the simplest type, — the worship of a good Father by works of humble obedience and brotherly love, — was the poorer class, the ignorant class. The Pharisees and Scribes would not take so simple a faith; and, when the gospel addressed itself to the higher orders, and invited the pupils of the schools and the rulers in the halls, then it took on the Greek metaphysics, and disguised itself in subtilties and mysteries. The rude Goths preferred the Arian to the Athanasian faith; and, if we may believe Colenso, those Zulus of the Cape receive more willingly the simple teaching which he gives them, than any orthodox refinements. Ignorance goes with superstition, is ready to believe signs and wonders, and to tremble before mysteries; but, in the matter of mere dogma and formula, it takes most readily the simplest style, — the statements of the Sermon on the Mount, or the parables, rather than the refinements about faith in the Epistle to the Romans, or about sacrifice in the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is not the metaphysics of orthodoxy which wins the unlearned, but the fear of its pretensions; its threat and its promise, not its ingenious scheme. The ignorant Catholic knows nothing of the theology of St. Thomas or St. Anselm, but only remembers that the priest at the altar keeps the keys of the kingdom of God. Apart from this force of anathema, the system of the creeds would

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have far less charm for the humbler classes than the system of a rational religion, which any hearer can understand. At any rate, there is nothing in a rational faith which makes it unsuitable for the masses of men; and it is well that we are now vehemently asserting this, — asserting that Unitarians are just as much in their place when calling in the outcasts of the greater cities, or the pioneers of the frontiers, or the dusky, wondering freedmen of the South, as in repeating their graceful ethics of the gospel to the comfortable owners of cushioned pews; that all the opportunity of our faith is not limited in the charmed circle of Harvard College, or of the habitual readers of the "Christian Register" and the "Boston Advertiser." It is well that we insist that some will come in from the highways and the hedges, to hear the word which we bring; certainly in this Western land, where the wedding guests seem to be better provided for.

If these things are so, if the liberal faith is good for unlettered men, and if knowledge is not essential to its growth and strength, where is the use, it may be asked, of any education for the ministry? Why should we spend so much time and zeal and money, in preparing men for a duty which is so simple, and so little dependent upon the aid of culture? Why should it be needful to force a college training upon the religious guides whose work is only to repeat the command of goodness, and to show the easy and plain way of obedience to the Divine law? Why should it be asked of the demonstrators of this practical saving word, that they should be expert in classic tongues, and should have read in heathen mythologies? What need of any special theological training to make known the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man; to convince of sin, or persuade to holiness? Why ask more than the average intelligence for a work so free from all technical refinements? If a man has a clear conscience, an earnest soul, and a good voice, why cannot he go at once from the common school or the work-bench, and ask men, in the liberal fashion, to be reconciled to God? Why must we set between his desire and his labor this season of preparation, which may chill the zeal

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and bewilder the soul, adding doubts and difficulties that were better let alone? Why not leave the prophets of our faith to their own inspirations, and let them speak, without any dress or pruning from the schools, the fresh word which the Lord gives them? Especially why should not those who affirm that inspiration is not exhausted or antiquated, and that the spirit has a general voice for the churches, permit that word to come forth, as it came in the elder time, from the lips of tent-makers and fishermen, of the men of the people? Why should those who claim to be the nearest to the thought of the primitive Church still hold to the way of the Church in later ages? Must Peter be a pupil of Hillel to fit him to say, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" or had John to study three years in Tiberias that he might fitly urge the call, "Little children, love one another?" Paul, indeed, had waited at the feet of Gamaliel; but is it not clear that his rabbinical memories hindered, rather than helped, his missionary work, and darkened the gospel which he so burned to expound? If our message is that of the early apostles, — who were sent out at the first, not only with no store of learning, no manuscripts, versions, commentaries, no Mishna or Gemara, more than their memories of the synagogue teaching; but also with no provision for physical needs, with no gold or silver or brass in their purses, nor scrip for their journey, nor extra shoes and garments, — why should we make such careful and long preparation for the repetition of that message? Why should it be necessary to become a master in Israel, in order to do the work of a Christian evangelist? On the theory that the sole business of a Christian minister is to iterate an ancient message, such questioning as this is plausible; but, on a broader theory, it may easily be answered and set aside. It does not require any special learning to enable a minister simply to say, "Little children, love one another," or to demonstrate sins which are palpable, or to show the beauty of a righteous life. But that is not now the theory of a minister's service. No church, in any sect, is satisfied now to have its ministry a mere echo of ancient inspiration. The "mouthpiece"

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idea, which makes a prophet of this century only an automaton, with no personal soul, finds no more favor with the churches than the "mouthpiece" idea of the ancient prophets finds favor with the critics. In spite of these plausible questions, we have to recognize the changed conditions in which the gospel of this day and land is to be preached, though it is the very same simple gospel which was preached by the first apostles. We speak and think reverently of those plain messengers who journeyed in Galilee; but I doubt if the fisherman or the tax-gatherer, preaching as a candidate in any of our liberal parishes, city or country, would satisfy the hearers, and "get a call:" much less in the churches of other faiths, where they would certainly be rejected, not only as uncouth in manner, but as "not orthodox," fatally unsound. Peter would not do at all in Cincinnati, or Philip in St. Louis, or Thomas in Baraboo. Nay, I doubt even if Paul the Apostle would quite come up to the mark of the city in Minnesota which bears his name. That the substance of the word is the same now as in the beginning, does not involve the conclusion, that the ancient form is still sufficient and best.

It is a singular fact, that the Church which has the most refined and complicated system of theology is the Church which needs to give its ministers the least theological training for their practical use. The priests of the Roman Church must have very careful and thorough discipline for their priestly vocation; but, in their function of preachers to such congregations as they find in this land, theological knowledge aids them very little. They get it, but they do not need it. On the other hand, the liberal faith, simplest of all, both in statement and in substance, which may be reduced to five or three propositions, or even to one, which a child may understand, really requires, by the conditions in which it must be preached, a great deal of knowledge and dialectic skill. It needs about as much ingenuity in our body to keep saying, "Love one another," to any effect, as it does in the evangelical bodies to explain the Triune mystery, or the plan of salvation. And this for several reasons:—

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1. For though the liberal faith is in itself a very simple thing, — a few plain propositions of reverence and virtue, — it is a mistake to suppose that it can come to men anywhere in that way. It cannot come anywhere as a new faith to men who have never known any other religion, or even as the first gospel came to those simple Jews, — a republication of the practical parts of the accepted faith. It comes everywhere as heresy, as protest, as the denial of errors, as the rebuke to falsehood, as a new thing and a different thing from the religions all around. The liberal faith cannot be preached to these Christian communities as Christianity was preached two or three centuries ago by John Eliot or Father Marquette to the red savages of America. It has not only to bear the reproach of innovation, but it has to use the arts of contest. It must be wise enough to show wherein these existing faiths are unwise. Though it may shrink from the work of controversy, whether in attack or defence, whether by aggression or apology, and may prefer to go in a peaceful and unobtrusive way, — yet it cannot go in that way, and make any progress: it must have all the means of combat and vindication. A minister is not strong to preach the liberal gospel, who cannot defend it against the attacks of other systems, cannot compare it intelligently with these systems, cannot show its superiority and its right. For these systems have the ground already; they have secured their place; every new system is an intruder, and must make good its right to be there. The liberal missionary does not come to preach orthodoxy in any form; but he must know how to unpreach it, if that be necessary. He ought to know as much about it — as one of the existing facts of religion around him, ever crossing and often blocking his pathway, visible at every turn — as if he were in sympathy with it. That is what the men whom he meets mistake for the truth; and he must be able to show them that it is not the truth, not by bare denial, not by vituperation, not by ridicule, but by just and honest appreciation of its value and meaning. So long as orthodoxy, in one form or another, is the prevailing, the almost universal, type of religious belief,

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a liberal preacher has to study to know how to deal with that fact, as much as if his own theory were equally complex. Self-defence requires him to know the position, the resources, and the spirit of the adversary. The heretic is at disadvantage. He needs to be more amply furnished than one who works within the orthodox pale, with all the strength of Church tradition aiding; and the extreme of heresy needs all the more wisdom to sustain itself when such weight is brought against it.

We cannot take it for granted, that the fine affirmations of the liberal faith, which seem to us so natural, so true, so undeniable, will be received in that way by the men whom we address. These assertions strike violently against fixed prejudices; and, sweet as may be their sound, other sounds stay in the air. The questions with which a liberal preacher has to deal when he comes to the work of his duty, — certainly where he is a propagandist, and does not turn the crank of some sleepy parish in some decaying town, — are the old theological questions, "What think ye of Christ?" — "Do you believe in the atonement?" — "What is your idea of baptism?" — "Do you think that punishment is eternal?" — "What do you mean by the Church?" These old questions are the first words which the prophet of the new gospel hears; and, unless he is willing to meet them and can meet them effectively, the people will turn away. They will not believe that a man who cannot answer these questions, and cannot give good reasons for his answer, has any thing worthy to say to them. So long as the old theology holds its large place, and offers its creeds as the sum of divine knowledge, it is idle to say that any scheme of training, even for the most liberal sects, can stop with bare ethics, or a simple repetition of the new Christian commandment.

2. This heretical and antagonistic position of the liberal faith requires a special education, adequate to the needs of defence from, or of attack upon, the creeds around. But, apart from this, *the place of the Bible* in the religious life and order requires such an education. It may be that some preachers of the liberal faith think that they have outgrown the Bible,

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— the infant book of piety, — and can now dispense with any printed charter, in the joyful and sure possession of those traditions and intuitions which have become the soul's common law. One part after another has been dropped by them, — the Pentateuch, then the Prophets, then all the Old Testament excepting the Psalms, then the Apocalypse and the Pauline Epistles; until the residue is only in the words of Jesus, as Matthew or Mark reports them. Yet the fact remains, that the Bible is still the manual of religious knowledge; the appeal in controversy, prized as the source of spiritual life; the "Book of books," — which has, even with the extreme rationalist, a peculiar honor and a place apart. The liberal preacher may not, like the evangelical, make this book his arbiter, or surrender his reason to the letter of any part of it. But he must know how to interpret it, how to divide it rightly, how to adjust its parts, how to show what in it is transient and what is permanent, how to connect it with doctrine and with life; else he will seem to be out of place in a pulpit where the Bible is kept and is read. The liberal prophet expounds the word in a different way from the literalist, but still he expounds the word; and it requires more knowledge of that word — more thorough, accurate, and critical knowledge — to show its failings and to detect its errors. A rationalist ought to have at least as much skill in Scriptural explanation as one who holds that every word and letter were given by the special voice of a separate God. Does it not seem arrogant for one to pronounce concerning this Sacred Book, to narrow its province, to depreciate its worth, unless he has studied it faithfully and well? He may *praise* it, when he knows but little about it; for in that he only takes up the burden of the Church, and echoes the word of the ages. But he must not *abuse* this book, until he knows, from personal and intimate study, of what he is speaking. If there be any thing disgusting to honest souls, it is the confident scorn with which those who have never studied the Scripture speak of its precepts and its history, — the rash judgments of this treasured book by those who have only touched it in a few points, and then in a hostile spirit. We smile when inspired

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craftsmen magnify the word of the Lord, and tell its marvel in their halting and imperfect phrase. But we are vexed and shamed to hear ignorance belittling what is and has been to so many a very sacred thing. For certainly, with all the criticisms of the Bible, it has not yet been made a superfluous appendage to our religious order, — has not yet come to be a superseded book. The rationalists write more about it than the liberal believers, and find that it quickens their study. We cannot, with all our reasoning, make this book seem like other books, or less than other books. This book is always excepted in the classification of values; and every preacher, however broad his range, feels that this, more than any other, is the book that he must own. For the right understanding and the right use of this book, then, a special study is needed, to learn what it is not, as well as what it is; to meet that inquiry concerning the Scripture, which, if not one of the most momentous questions of the time, is certainly one of the most frequent, and one of the most interesting. The time has not yet come when a preacher in any Protestant body can say with decency that he knows nothing and cares nothing about Biblical criticism; that he is in no sense an expounder of the Bible, or concerned with the Law of Sinai, or the Gospel of Galilee. Whether as historical record or spiritual discourse, whether as the foundation of the religion or as the enduring life of the religion, the Sacred Word will keep its place in the work of the ministry.

3. And then, in addition to this demand which the heretical and Biblical exigencies make upon the liberal ministry, there is also a need of more thorough preparation, in the very wide range of its sympathy. A liberal preacher ought to have more adequate training for the very reason that he brings so much more into the province of theology. His thesis of faith may be simpler than any; but it has much wider connections, — a very small nucleus, almost too small to be measured, and yet from this a train of light that covers half the sky. His rule of ethics may be short, and yet how many things it reaches! Science, philosophy, history, art, all secular things in the liberal view, are involved in the

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science of the religious life. The Church is as broad as the world, and it includes all good men in the world. A course of liberal theological study takes in all things in which the work of God appears, — mathematics and physics, economics and politics, not less than dogmatics and criticism of the Scripture. The religious teacher must have trained himself to discover the way of Providence and Law in these large provinces of study, and to show how God comes to the apprehension of men out of nature and history as well as out of the written Word. If the old technicalities of theological study are of less importance, the added breadth of survey brings added need of investigation. Preaching, on any theory, is something more than precept; it is exposition: and the material for exposition is much larger on the liberal theory. You have to explain, not only Genesis and John's Gospel, and the Apocalypse and the Athanasian Creed, and the Articles and the theses of Calvin; but all nature and life, the heavens above, the earth beneath, and man dwelling on the earth. You have to show how this simple precept of obedience and virtue is enjoined by the facts of human life, in its natural and its spiritual functions. Physiology and psychology, in the liberal system, hold theology by either hand, and make an inseparable Trinity in Unity. You cannot know God or tell of him well, without knowing these, and having something wise to say of them.

4. The very boast of liberal religion, that its scheme is so comprehensive, lays upon it corresponding obligation. And this is the greater from another fact, that this large survey, to so many minds, seems not to allow religion at all; but to deny and discredit all faith in any thing spiritual, to deny the ideas which belong even to the simplest scheme of religion. The teacher of the liberal faith has to defend it, not only against the assaults of orthodoxy on the one side, but against the assaults of materialism and atheism on the other. He has not only to show the Church that his heresy is not infidelity, but to show the world, which is or thinks itself infidel, that its assumptions are not sound, and that it mistakes the teaching of science and history and life. He has to make

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good the position of belief as against that of unbelief, and to show how his verities differ from the denials of scepticism. One-sided, partial, and obstinate science will have it that materialism is the only truth, and that all these theories of the soul, the spiritual life, a conscious existence beyond time and sense, — all this pretence of morality, conscience, right and wrong; all this separation of man from other races; all this talk of God as a personal being, and of men, in any peculiar sense, as children of God, — is weak and delusive, to be pitied and spurned by the intelligent mind. That assertion must be met, and met not alone by bare denials, but by a better science, which is able to show wherein the other is hasty and partial. Pious simplicity, which only repeats the phrases of the conference room, deprecates dogma, and bids Christians to love, is not sufficient as an answer to the materialism which summons men in the lecture-room and the review and the newspaper. The essence of religion may be all in the new commandment, which a child can understand; but will you urge this against a denial of religion altogether, or of the need of any religion? You have to deal with a previous question, and to deal with it all the more that your own course is in the same broad field and on the same track as this materialism. You have to know enough of the world in nature and in life, to show that it does not justify these confident denials. One who is to answer these arguments of sceptics and infidels must have learned to appreciate the arguments, and to understand what they mean. The pleas of Büchner and Moleschott, of Darwin and Huxley, cannot be set aside merely by reading an excellent short sermon in the "Monthly Religious Magazine," or an article in the "New Englander." The gospel of mammon — taught so speciously in the financial summaries of the leading journals, and the popular works on banking and tariff — cannot be disproved even to one's own mind, much less to those who are striving and busy in the world, by devout reference to the words of Jesus and Paul, who spoke to another class, with another civilization, — to men who did not handle much money, and had no railways to build, and no continent to subdue. You

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do not meet the materialists and the mammonists on their own ground, when you quote to them texts of which they dispute the wisdom and deny the authority. They ask you for reasons, and not for texts.

Those who are half inclined to this materialism, whose daily reading and hearing has shaken their former traditional faith, who feel themselves to be on the road to denial of God and virtue and the spiritual life, — denial of all but physical facts and instincts, — naturally turn for guidance to the teachers of liberal religion. These teachers, going in the same way, professing earnestly to have learned from a broad and secular philosophy, have yet found a faith, are happy in a religion. They will give comfort where the evangelic ban has driven out the honest inquirer. Into the liberal churches mostly come these troubled souls, who are compelled to deny, but would fain believe. They come to hear the higher reason, which may correct their doubt, to learn what the best science has to say. And it will be bitter disappointment if they hear in these churches no science at all, no strong reasons; if they find no sign of any study in these difficult questions, and must take for food only a diet for babes, even if it be the "sincere milk of the word." Can we imagine any thing more disheartening than this poor answer to troubled seekers, — this discovery that there is no real knowledge in the very place where knowledge is exalted, and reason stands equal with revelation? A liberal church that can give no answer to the questions of the age, which attract men to it, and stir in the minds of the men who come to it, will be an empty church; and it ought to be. It holds out a lying promise, and its large pretension is the more ridiculous. I read once of a baker who, in the last French Revolution, hung over the doorway of his shop a placard inscribed, with huge letters, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." A customer came in, and invited him to discuss these great ideas; but the baker had not a word to say. "Why did you put that motto there, if you cannot defend it?" — "Oh! I only did as my neighbors did, and hung out the sign of the party." — "Well, if that is all you have to say," returned the other, "I shall not buy

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any more bread at your shop. I don't want the bread of one who has no reason to give for his professions." It will be so with the preachers of the liberal gospel. They must justify what they profess, else the inquirers will not come to them for the bread of wisdom and life.

There are these reasons, to mention no more, why, in spite of the fact that the liberal scheme of faith is in its essence very simple, and that the liberal gospel is adapted to the unlearned, a special training is needed for its ministry, — that its position in the Christian world is heretical; that it has to interpret the Bible, the traditional authority, intelligently; that it has to show the large range and application of religious ideas; and that it has by eminence to deal with the questions of the world outside of the Church. The practical question then is, In what way shall this education be given, and how far shall it go on in time and in amount? Shall we keep the expedient of schools for the ministry, which has been tried in these last forty or fifty years? or shall we return to the old way, when candidates were apprenticed to a regular clergyman, and learned their trade as a carpenter or blacksmith learns it? or shall we devise some new plan, shorter and more effectual? Shall we go on with the old routine method, treating theology in its four departments of dogma, criticism, history, and pastoral duty? or shall we invent a new programme of study, suited to the wants of the age and the changed ideas of the pastoral relation? These are perplexing questions. We find ourselves in a troublesome dilemma. On one side is this demand for *men*, to fill the places made vacant, to open new places, to go on missionary service, to write and speak for the liberal faith, — this call for men, of which we hear so much; which, however much we may doubt, and smile at its pretended urgency, is a real call, a wide call, a pressing call, not to be silenced by doubt or ridicule. On the other side is the demand for *wise men, trained men, competent men;* who know enough to defend the faith, to illustrate it, to meet orthodoxy on the one hand, and materialism on the other; a better class of men than the old way gave, or than any routine way can

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give; men who shall be well furnished as well as bright, and have good thoughts and good sense along with a good voice. Shall we lower the standard of the ministry to increase its numbers, and, like the debtors in the parable, for fivescore write fourscore, and for a hundred write fifty? or shall we narrow the circle, already so small, by raising the standard of qualification, and asking more instead of less? This is a very annoying dilemma, and no one seems shrewd enough to show the satisfactory way of getting out of it.

It might help us in the difficulty, if those who set out to prepare themselves for the ministry could know or could tell beforehand exactly what kind or province of ministerial work they would take for themselves; whether they come to fit themselves for a quiet country parish in New England, where the type of faith has been long fixed, and there is no prospect of growth or change or the coming in of new ideas, or whether they are expecting to plant this faith in some new region, where there is a wholly different class of influences; if they could decide at the start between the itinerant and the settled ministry: the education then could be adjusted to the intention, and the men be prepared for the particular work they are expecting to do. But, unfortunately, very few can or are willing to give such decision beforehand; very few know for what they are fitted. Some, with good physical advantages, observing that these go so far in commending a religious teacher, are unwilling to let their spiritual lack consign them to the humble work of the country pastor. Others take the large plan of service, because their zeal is so strong, and their sense of the worth of the liberal faith so quick. They cannot be content to nurse old altar-fires, while there are so many new altars to be builded. It is not easy to classify candidates in this service, or to tell beforehand where any belong. Just as, in the school training of most of our cities, the same qualifications are required of all the teachers, and one who is to deal with infant classes and drill in the primer and the alphabet must pass the same examination as one who is to teach algebra and philosophy, so in the training of our preachers it seems necessary to have a uniform rule,

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and to ask that the candidate for the smallest place shall be fit, so far as education can make him, for the largest place; that, however moderate his native ability may be, however indifferent his physical gifts, he shall, at any rate, have education enough for any call. It seems more necessary that those of moderate ability should have more knowledge, education enough to make up for their natural deficiency. In ordinary cases, certainly, the prescribed three years' course, which is the usual time of study in our theological schools, does not seem to be over long, either for those who come to it from a previous college course, or those who come to it from trades and labors. Have you ever seen a man who would say, that, in this time, he had learned as much as he cared to in any department of religious study? Take the critical study of the Bible. Probably not one student in five, in the three years, has been able to go over, with minute investigation, the books of the Scripture in familiar use; the books which he will constantly read from in his pulpit ministration; which he will be expected to know and give opinions about, — Genesis, Exodus, Deuteronomy, the Books of Kings, the Psalms and Proverbs, the Ecclesiast's wisdom, the poem of Job, the major and minor Prophets, the Gospels, the Epistles, the Apocalypse. All these will come into question in the discussions of the pulpit and the Bible-class; yet he is extraordinarily busy and swift who can examine them thoroughly in his three years of preparation. Then, in questions of dogma and philosophy, if the opinions which have been held in the Church are to be examined and weighed, three years seem to be a short time for the process. The regret of every graduate of our theological schools is, that so much of the original programme of study has been left unfinished, that so much has been superficially pursued. Will it make the matter any better to shorten the time to two years or one year, to six months or to three months? Have we any time-saving process by which the human brain, in this study, can be made to do in months what was once the work of years? Do not our needs suggest a longer, rather than a shorter, period of preparatory study? This idea of

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making preachers for churches, in which the demand is so exacting and the expectation so high, in six months or in a single year, is preposterous. The success of some men of peculiar genius is no proof that such hasty work has any good promise? There are very few "preaching geniuses," very few born preachers, as there are very few born poets; and the biography of these usually shows a degree of study and culture nearly equal to the measure of a school. More time for preparatory study, rather than less, is the word of reason and common sense. Every year cut off from the term is a year of loss instead of gain. The students know this, the professors know it, the churches know it, the very men who get up half-way schools know it, though they do what they think is best in the emergency. To shorten the time of study is inevitably to lower its standard.

But if this *is necessary;* if, for the sake of getting preachers and meeting the call, we must lower the standard, — then it is well to consider what is best, and what is essential, in the short time that is given. And shall we not agree, that these three things, at least, are essential as preparation for a useful ministry anywhere, — a settled basis of faith and opinion, a habit of clear and orderly thought, and an understanding of the principles of effective address?

1. In the first place, a *settled basis of opinion* on the general questions of theology and religious philosophy. While every preacher ought to keep his eyes open and his mind open; to be ready for more light from any quarter, and not to hold any opinion as a finality, — he ought to know, before he begins to instruct others, what he believes himself; ought to know where he stands, what he believes now, what he has really to affirm; ought to have something positive to say. A man who has no system of truth, no defined opinions; who is only an inquirer, — however honest he may be, is not yet fit to teach other men. They do not want his doubts and uncertainties: they want his belief, and, if he has none yet, he must wait until he gets one. This is the dictate of common sense. I do not mean that one must have his opinions squared to the parties around him; that he must be able to

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say whether he is of the right wing or the left, conservative or radical. All this talk about "wings," in a body which allows freedom and has no creed, is foolish and pernicious. I mean, only, that a preacher who is to do any good must have come to solid and clear ideas concerning the great themes of God and man, of duty, salvation, and the spiritual life. Until he has these ideas, brilliant as his gifts may be, whether he has studied a longer or a shorter time, — in my judgment, he is not yet ready to preach to men. Our pulpits had better remain empty, than be filled by men who do not know where they stand or what they believe.

2. In the next place, before a man is ready to preach, he must have acquired the *habit of orderly thought*, — the habit of thought which makes him competent to guide the minds and thoughts of others. This habit is worth a great deal more than any mass of facts and lore; and, without it, the lore is all lumber, and only increases the chaos. Education for the ministry, in this day and in our body, means more the training of mind than the storing of mind, — mental discipline in religious questions, more than information about them. This may come afterward; but right habits of thought, if not gained in the beginning, never will come. I have no time here to dwell upon this topic, which indeed demands the special treatment of a full essay.

3. And equally may this be said of the third necessity of ministerial education, that, before one is ready to preach, he must have *learned the principles of effective address.* Some would say that this is not the third, but the second and the first thing as well; that the main work of preparation must be in learning "how to preach." External as it is, it is essential to all success and usefulness in the sacred calling. No theological school, with a course of three months or of three years, has done its work, — whatever it may have given of knowledge, of mental excitement, of devotion kindled, of faith fixed and deepened, — unless it has taught its students how to make their truth real and effective to the hearers. This is the *art* of the place of religious training, to which its *science* ought to minister. And here is where

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our education has been so fatally lacking, and is open to the public complaint. I know that it is easier to suggest the need, than to show how it is to be met; and I shall not weary your patience, already taxed too far, by any doubtful demonstration of the way. I can only trust that the hints of this imperfect essay may be the opening words of a more profitable discussion.

Art. II. — VITTORIA COLONNA.

Some names have for us a magic charm, out of all proportion to our knowledge of the persons who bore them. Zoroaster, Confucius, Pythagoras, stand as representatives of high moral and spiritual being to those who know little of their lives and nothing of their doctrines. Hero, Sappho, and Hypatia, no less represent the loving and lovely in woman. "All mankind loves a lover;" and to the triple crown which the world has awarded to Michael Angelo, his age and ours add a less ambitious but more beautiful title, — "the friend of Vittoria Colonna." Embalmed in the pure amber of his affection, her name has become precious to our hearts; and, trusting in the supreme wisdom of a nature so lofty and pure, we at once accord to her all the graces and virtues that can ennoble or beautify her womanhood.

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples. She was betrothed, at the almost infantile age of four years, to a child of about her own age, — Francesco Ferrante, the son of Alfonso d'Avalos, Marquis de Pescara. Alfonso d'Avalos died by treachery in 1496; and his family were left to the care of his eldest daughter, Costanza d'Avalos, Duchess de Francavilla, a woman of remarkable ability and energy of character, and of superior taste in literature and art. When left a widow, the Government did not fear to confide to her the administration of the island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples, one of the most important posts in the kingdom. In this beautiful island, Costanza d'Avalos fixed her abode, and added to her public

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cares that of the education of her brother and her future sister-in-law. The greater part of Vittoria's youth was passed here, amid circumstances admirably adapted to form her intellect, and to develop her love of nature and of art. The most illustrious men of the age were the guests of the Duchess de Francavilla in her beautiful retreat. At sixteen, the young girl already had a reputation for distinguished talent and extraordinary culture. She understood Latin well, and wrote her own language elegantly, both in prose and verse. To these rare accomplishments, she added every feminine charm. If we may believe the reports of her contemporaries, the very cestus of Venus was hers. A beautiful blonde in person, she possessed also the more seductive powers of engaging manners, and an amiable and generous temper; and the still greater merit of high and noble principle.

The aspirants for this treasure were, of course, numerous. Among them were the Dukes of Savoy and of Braganza. But even the prospect of a crown could not tempt this true heart from its sworn allegiance. Affection and loyalty both held her true to her young betrothed. Ferrante being the sole representative of the family name, an anxiety to preserve his noble race from extinction urged on the marriage, which was celebrated with great pomp, in the ducal palace at Ischia, Dec. 27, 1507. Without possessing the lofty character of his wife or his sister, the Duke de Pescara was yet esteemed to be worthy of his beautiful bride. He had the advantages of a fine person, great military ability, a chivalrous courage, and love of adventure; the taste of an artist, and the manners of a courtier; and, above all, a passionate love for his fair wife, and entire confidence in her high and noble nature. Even the severe disappointment of his hopes, in the failure of all issue, did not abate his passion. He is said to have borne this trial better than Vittoria herself.

During the eighteen years of their married life, Vittoria enjoyed the society of her husband only at brief and rare intervals; but the growth of his military renown gave her sincere pleasure. He contributed largely to the success of the

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Imperial arms against France, and was high in favor with the emperor and his court. The troops under his command were mostly Spanish, and he was partly Spanish himself; which perhaps accounts for some of the hard things which Italian and French historians delight to say of him. One act of truly chivalric kindness, which he was privileged to perform, must have specially delighted the heart of his wife. It was the lot of Pescara to soothe the dying hour of the Chevalier Bayard, who was mortally wounded at Biagressa, in 1524. He was himself severely wounded at the battle of Pavia, and obliged to seek repose for a season. He was appointed, for a time, joint commander with Prosper Colonna; but, this arrangement not working well, his pride was wounded by Colonna's being named first in rank. About this time, a conspiracy was formed by the princes of Northern Italy, together with the Pope, to throw off the yoke of Charles V., which seemed likely soon to inthrall all Italy. The throne of Naples was offered to Pescara, as a bait to lure him into this alliance. He is said to have been strongly tempted, and to have wavered in his allegiance; but the firm and earnest counsels of his wife, in whose soul loyalty was a predominant virtue, held him true to his oath. According to Paulus Lovius, her friend and historian, she wrote to him, "that he ought to remember his accustomed virtue, whose honor and praise raised him above the fortune of many kings. For honor is not acquired by the greatness of kingdoms, or of titles; but by the path of virtue, which goes down to one's descendants with illustrious praise. For herself, she did not desire to be the wife of a king; but rather of that great captain, who, not only in war by his courage, but in peace by his magnanimity, had known how to conquer the greatest kings."

The counsel of Vittoria was as prudent as it was loyal; for the emperor was already acquainted with the designs of the conspirators, and punished them with severity. Pescara is accused of having overstepped the bounds of duty, in betraying the secrets confided to him, and in rigorously pursuing those whose accomplice he so nearly became. If so,

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retribution was close at hand. While besieging Maximilian Sforza in one of his forts, the hardships of the siege, combined perhaps with the mental struggle through which he had passed, threw him into a fever, which was soon pronounced incurable. His wife hastened to see him for the last time; but she was too late. The fatal news reached her at Viterbo. The Marquis died Nov. 4, 1525.

The man who could retain the devoted love of such a wife, who had known him intimately from his very childhood, would naturally be supposed endowed with noble and generous qualities, and a warm and honorable nature. Vittoria certainly found all these qualities in him; but how far they were the creation of her own loyal and loving nature, it is difficult to say. Italian authorities represent him "as singularly haughty, reserved, and insincere;" but, as he was considered almost as a Spaniard, national feeling may have imbittered their prejudices.

Overwhelmed with grief, the Marchioness de Pescara would gladly have followed her husband from that world which was now left so desolate; but her religion forbade a voluntary death, and she sought its nearest approach in seclusion in a cloister. For this purpose she took refuge in the monastery of St. Sylvester, under the protection of the Colonna family, intending to take the veil as soon as possible. But Clement VII. interposed his fatherly interdict, and forbade the Sisters to give her the indissoluble vow. After the first agony of grief had passed, she began to find occupation in the employment of her pen, and in the composition of those sonnets in which she fondly hoped to embalm the memory of her idol. Having returned to Naples, she received many offers of a second marriage; but to all she replied, "that the sun of her life, though others esteemed him dead, was always living for her."

Leaving for the present the consideration of three of the most interesting phases of her life,—her religious experience, her poetic productions, and her relation to Michael Angelo,—we will briefly sketch the remaining incidents of her outward existence. Most of her time was spent in the

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solitude of Ischia, engaged in the composition of her poems, in correspondence with her friends, or in affording consolation or instruction to those who sought her aid. Among her distinguished literary friends were especially Bernardo Tasso, father of the greater poet; Lodovico Martelli; and the famous Ariosto, who devoted six flattering octaves to her praise. She occasionally visited Rome, to enjoy the society of Michael Angelo and other friends, where she was always welcomed with distinguished attention. But the public troubles of the times now added new poignancy to her private grief. In 1526, the Colonna family were banished, their goods confiscated, and their name put under a ban. Vittoria strove to shield them, but in vain. Her religious enthusiasm became more intense; and her sacred poems made her almost an object of adoration throughout Italy: Charles V. himself turned aside from his triumphal course to visit her.

At one time she proposed a pilgrimage to the Holy City; but her adopted son, the Marquis del Vasto, dissuaded her from a journey which was deemed dangerous in her state of health. She visited with him the ancient monuments of the Eternal City; and it is recorded that all the *literati* and artists of Rome accompanied her in these expeditions. Her health continued to fail, and she is said to have been a prey to attacks of morbid melancholy. She tried the remedy of travelling. Leaving Rome in 1537, after a short pause at Lucca, she went to Ferrara, where she was warmly welcomed by the duke, who invited all the most distinguished writers of Venice and Lombardy to meet her. But neither change of place, nor increased admiration, brought health and peace; and, in 1541, she withdrew into the monastery of Orvieto. She remained here for a few months, and then left for the convent of St. Catharine, where her life became a model of Christian perfection. Here she remained about six years, devoting her time to religious duties and sacred compositions, and visiting Rome occasionally, to enjoy her friends' society. Earth had one more trial for her in the loss of her adopted son, the Marquis del Vasto, who perished in an unfortunate expedition to Africa. She felt this loss deeply, but

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suffered no complaint to escape her. It was soon known over Italy that her health was rapidly declining; and public prayers were offered for her, as for a sovereign. Physicians announced that "only God could cure her." In the year 1547, she was removed from her convent to Rome, to the house of her cousin Giulia Colonna, the only one of her family whom the conscription had not reached. Her devoted friend Michael Angelo was constantly with her, consoling her by his friendship and encouraging her by his strength. She died on the 15th of February. Towards evening, Michael Angelo perceived an increased pallor. "I am dying," she said; "help me to recite my last prayer: I remember it no longer." One last look at her friend, one last smile, and her soul passed quietly on its upward way.

Thus, at the age of fifty-seven, closed the mortal life of this rare woman, — so beautiful, so gifted, so loving, so beloved. By her own desire, she was quietly buried in the convent of St. Ann. In her, we find one of the rarest and richest types of womanhood. Beauty of person, sweetness of disposition, exalted character, religious depth of feeling, passionate love, superior intellect, refined culture, are all so harmoniously blended, that we can scarcely cite one quality as more characteristic of her, than another. But if there is one word which, in the course of our narrative, we have felt tempted to use most often, it is *loyal.* Fidelity seems to have been the key-note of her moral nature, — a firm adherence to that to which she had once given herself, to her God, to her country, to her early betrothed, to her friends, to her principles. She was true, in spite of every temptation; or, rather, she scarcely felt any opposing claim. This virtue, which man too often arrogates to himself, was the basis of all the beauty and charm of the most exquisitely feminine nature of which history gives us the record.

The Marchioness of Pescara fondly believed, that this would be her proudest title, — wife of the greatest captain of the age. If she valued her poetic fame, it was as the means of preserving and adorning this beloved name. But posterity forgets this name and title in the dearer phrase, "Vittoria

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Colonna, the friend and comforter, the joy and inspiration, of Michael Angelo!" It is hard to do justice to the exceeding glory and beauty of this relation. Here we behold the greatest man of his country, — who towers above all others, as much in moral as in intellectual greatness, — and its most accomplished and saintly woman, bound together, not by a tie of passionate love, but in a relation so sacred and holy, so lofty and pure, so tender and sweet, that it seems as if it might last unchanged through all the ages of eternity. They exchange the deepest thoughts on the highest spiritual themes; yet never is the aroma of chivalry, the beautiful devotion of one sex to another, forgotten. This star, that rose on her night of sorrow, never tainted her soul with disloyalty to the beautiful sun which had brightened and warmed her day; and she chided him, if in her he forgot any thing that was due to his sterner and harder life elsewhere. If we grant to the Marquis of Pescara the reputation of goodness and nobility, because she gave to him the passionate love of a young girl's heart, shall we believe that in maturer life this loving woman bestowed her esteem and reverence on the morose, jealous, selfish being, whom some would have us believe to have been her chosen friend?

Their acquaintance commenced at Rome during her youth, but ripened into greater intimacy on her return thither after her husband's death. We see no reason for believing, that he ever desired any other relation to her than the full and confiding friendship which she gave him. His language, after her husband's death as before, is lofty, calm, removed from all vain thoughts. Vasari says, "But he sent an infinite number of his poems, and received replies in prose and verse from the illustrious Marchioness de Pescara, of whose *virtue* Michael Angelo was enamored, and she equally of him; and she often went from Viterbo to Rome to visit him, and Michael Angelo designed for her a Piety in the lap of Our Lady, with two little angels, — a most wonderful thing; and a Christ fixed on the cross, who, having raised his head, commends his soul to the Father, — a divine thing; besides a Christ with the Samaritan at the well." These designs are

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indicative of their topics of thought and sympathy. But she knew well that even the pure relation of friendship may become too engrossing; and she writes to him, that if "they should continue it with so much ardor, she should fail to spend her evening with the Sisters in the chapel of St. Catherine, and he to go early to his work at St. Peter's: and thus one would be wanting in duty to the spouse of Christ, and the other to his Vicar." Her French biographer says that she "never replied to Michael Angelo in verse." Whether from excess of modesty, or because her pen was first consecrated to her husband and afterwards to sacred themes, we know not; but Vasari thinks otherwise, and expressly says that "she sent him many things in prose and verse." His sonnets to her, so celebrated for their beauty and depth of feeling, may be found translated in Harford's "Life of Michael Angelo."

It is clear that Vittoria Colonna was interested in the preaching of Savonarola; and still more in that of Ochino, one of the most zealous and determined of the Italian Reformers. She is constantly referred to as the friend and companion of Flaminio and Valdez, also noted for their desire to reform the Catholic Church. Meetings were held at her house to discuss the points at issue. Cardinal Pole was also her intimate friend, and he too had leanings towards the side of reformation. But it is certain that she never went the full length of separating herself from the communion of the Catholic Church. It would have been a very hard step for one of her tenacious and loyal nature to adopt, even without the fear of outward dangers; and probably her spiritual advisers well knew how to work on a conscience so sensitive, and an imagination so vivid, as hers. "Ochino, on quitting Italy, published a letter, addressed to his friends and followers, explaining the grounds of his secession, and sent a copy of it to Vittoria Colonna." By the advice of Cardinal Pole, she sent this letter to Cardinal Cervini. She wrote also a letter to him, in which she says "that Ochino accuses himself the more, the more he endeavors to excuse his conduct; and the more he believes he shall save others from shipwreck, the

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more he exposes them to the deluge, being himself out of the ark which saves, and gives security." This certainly does not look like seeking salvation by any other than the old road of St. Peter. And yet, still later, she wrote words of encouragement to the Count Galeazzo Caracciolo, who so nobly sacrificed home, country, family, and wife to the principles of truth which he had accepted.

On the whole, we must conclude that Vittoria Colonna was more a woman than a theologian. The warmth and zeal of the reform preachers kindled her enthusiasm, and she honored their heroism and courage; but the points of difference did not strike to the root of her religious life, and she did not feel herself called upon to forsake the old fountains, which she believed contained the living waters, however they had been misused and polluted. And yet much of the extravagance of her religious expression, and the dark days of suffering which succeeded to periods of illumination, may have been owing to the doubts with which she had struggled, and which were silenced rather than resolved. Constant mention is made of her helping others out of a state of religious doubt and error. May it not have been that others, who like her had been attracted to the dangerous and unpopular side of reform, were glad to strengthen themselves by her example, in returning to the safe and warm embrace of the Mother Church?

Michael Angelo seems never to have gone so far as his friend, in his relation to the Reformers, although his attachment to Savonarola is well known. And yet we cannot but feel that he was the natural Protestant; and that, had not his life been full of other interests and differing thoughts, he would very probably have placed himself in danger of exile and ecclesiastical death. But at that time the line of separation was not fully drawn; and the old man, worn out by suffering, cherished his faith in God in his own heart, and looked forward with courage to the future life, which seemed ever present to his thought. So different were the minds and natures of the two friends, and yet so harmonious, that, without doubt, they mutually strengthened each other's faith, and perfected each other's trust.

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The religious state of the marchioness was very unequal. She occasionally was exalted into a state, as she believed, of special divine revelation; but darkness and despondency succeeded. Her conscience must have been very tender, and her humility very perfect, to escape the mischievous effect in spiritual pride, which the excessive adulation poured upon her was fitted to produce.

From all parts of Italy, pious women sought her counsel as an inspired teacher. The Queen of Navarre asked advice for her salvation; and the Duchess d'Amalfi demanded a guide for her conduct. She gave the Pope lessons in clemency, and Bernard Tasso implored her to confirm his wavering faith. He writes to her, "You who are so near to God's favor, do not refuse me your protection. Show me the path by which you walk so surely to eternal salvation. Pray to Him who sees you travelling on this road, that he may call me with his voice of mercy; and do not be offended, if binding myself to the traces of your virtue, if following as I may your steps, I arrive at a distance behind you." She composed homilies and prayers in Latin, for the edification of herself and others, esteeming that language especially fitted to the solemnity of devotional exercise.

What value shall we assign to Vittoria Colonna as a poet? Shall we re-echo the applause of her own age, which stamped her "divine"? Shall we say that not only the soul of Petrarch, but even of Plato, had taken refuge in this holy breast? When we remember, that, except a short spasm of renewed and extravagant admiration in the sixteenth century, the world has suffered these divine poems to lie almost unread for three hundred years, we are forced to confess, that they do not possess that lasting and universal interest which belongs to the highest genius. Judged by Coleridge's test, we must condemn them. The fair writer can paint nothing but herself, — only her own sufferings and joys and trials. To her own age, sharing the same morbid fancy and attenuated spiritualism, these reiterated plaints were infinitely affecting; but they are not of that genuine, healthy vigor to suit all climates and all ages. M. Daumier says that until 1840 we

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had no good edition of her works, and adds rather brusquely, "God knows if, since 1840, in Europe we have had time to busy ourselves with tears three hundred years old." But as ever "man must work, and woman must weep;" so there are moods of mind and strains of feeling which respond to the plaintive song. The following is, to us, her most beautiful sonnet, and is true to the experience of every one who has known a deep and vital sorrow: —

"Parmi che'l sol non porga il lume usato
Il terra a noi, nè in cielo a sua sorella:
Nè più scorgo pianeta o vaga stella
Chiari i raggi rotar del cerchio ornato.

Non veggiò cor più di valore armato:
Fuggito è il vero onor, la gloria bella;
Nascosta è ogni virtù nobil con ella,
Nè vive in arbor fronde, o flore in prato.

L' acque torbide sono, e l' aer nero:
Non scalda il fuoco, nè rinfresca il vento
Ch' hanno smarrito la lor propria cura.

Di poi che' l mio bel sol fu in terra spento,
O è confuso l' ordin di natura,
O il duolo ai sensi miei nasconde il vero."

We have tried to preserve its spirit and rhythm in the following version: —

"Methinks the sun sheds not its wonted light
To us on earth, or sister moon on high:
Planet nor wandering star now greets my eye,
Shedding fair beams to beautify the night.

I see no heart with courage for its shield:
Bright glory's vanished, and true honor fled,
And every noble virtue with him dead.
There lives no leaf on tree, or flower in field.

Dark is the air, turbid the water's hue;
Fire does not warm, nor cool the freshening wind:
All things have lost their dear familiar way.

Since my fair sun no more on earth I find,
All nature's holy order goes astray,
Or grief conceals the true one from my mind."

We cannot but feel, that, with all that was left her of esteem and usefulness, with all her religious faith and exalted piety,

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Vittoria Colonna did not attain to a serene and peaceful life. This is the sad question of her story. Has not religion power to heal a wound, to console a loss so universal, so inevitable, as the separation of friends, however near and dear? Is the sting taken from death, and the victory gained over the grave, if in rising to heaven we leave our dearest ones to a lifetime of blight and unavailing anguish? We do not for a moment question the warmth of love of the wife of Pescara, or the depth of her grief; but the thought forces itself upon us, that, with the singular tenacity of her nature, she *willed* to grieve, and would have esteemed a healthy, cheerful life, treacherous to her loved one's memory. Such seems to us the influence of the Catholic Church, with its worship of sorrow. We are even tempted to doubt whether she could ever have found fulness of life in her love, since it could not survive the grave, and make even the desolated earth instinct with the dear one's presence. At any rate, she never knew the whole rich joy of a woman's life. The repeated absences of her husband destroyed all the security of home joys; and the blessings of maternity were denied to her. We feel as if the constant wailing of her soul was for what she never had, as much as for him she had lost. At two periods, we are told, only religious obligation restrained her from suicide. Ah! how equal are the scales of Heaven's justice! Many a loving, humble peasant mother, who heard the echo of her fame afar off, had little cause to envy the adored Marchioness of Pescara.

Another cause why our interest in her conjugal poems flags, is their entire want of characterization. Her love is as purely abstract as if it were never embodied in the flesh. We see neither the mighty warrior famed for fight, nor the loving husband; we can reproduce no quality of his mind or heart from her verses. He is her sun, her star, her light; but not a living human presence. She chisels a finely wrought casket in which to embalm her loved one for ever; but she forgets to put him into it: we find there her love, her grief, her faith; but not him who inspired them. They are now of interest to us only as indicative of her own mental state.

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Her religious sonnets were received even with fanatic devotion. She dares to say they were written, not with a pen, but with the nails of the cross steeped in the blood of the Saviour! Medals were cast in her image, and miraculous efficacy attributed to them. The seclusion of her life served but to add sanctity and mystery to her influence.

One of her sonnets, referring to her death, gives an idea of her stronger and brighter religious moods. Harford translates it thus: —

> "Would that a voice impressive might repeat,
> In holiest accents, to my inmost soul,
> The name of Jesus; and my words and works
> Attest true faith in him, and ardent hope!
> The soul elect, which feels within itself
> The seeds divine of this celestial love,
> Hears, sees, attends on Jesus; grace from him
> Illumes, expands, fires, purifies, the mind.
> The habit bright of thus invoking him
> Exalts our nature so that it appeals
> Daily to him for its immortal food.
> In the last conflict with our ancient foe,
> So dire to nature, armed with faith alone,
> The heart, from usage long, on him will call."

With all her exquisite taste, our poet does not wholly escape from the tendency to poor conceits, which belonged to her age. We give a prose translation of a sonnet which forms a striking instance of this weakness: —

"Whilst one thought, loosened from all other cares, grieves with my soul for their common loss, tears so abundant bathe my sad bosom, that, in gathering together, they form a living fountain. There, as in a mirror, I see again his beautiful face; wherefore my tears stop, suspended by that pleasure of sight which withholds me from weeping: but neither this nor that can satisfy me. The gracious vision takes from me the need of weeping, and my sighs remain so hot, that they dry up the fountain which my tears had just formed. If it were not so, the most adverse stars would have become favorable to my high desires, through the sweet spring of my tears."

Here is a sweet little sonnet, which breathes more of the freshness of nature than most of her plaintive strains. It

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hardly bends itself to prose, though it is hard to reproduce the sweet simplicity of the original: —

"E'en as a little fasting bird, who hears
The beating of a loving mother's wings,
As she the longed-for morsel swiftly brings,
And love the food, and joy them both endears, —

Struggles and pants within its downy nest,
Longing to fly with her on upward wing;
And then, for loving thanks, doth sweetly sing
As seems the tongue would do the heart's behest: —

Thus I, when bright and warm and living rays,
From that bright sun on which I feed my heart,
Shine on me with a clear, unwonted light, —

I move the pen my love but to impart;
And, knowing not what strain I would indite,
I find my song doth fitly hymn his praise."

In another sonnet she speaks of the power of music, and asks, if such heavenly sounds can be made out of this material air, with such power to move the deep soul of man, what can be the glory of those heavenly harmonies, heard in the very presence of the Creator?

We must accord a very high place to these sonnets, in spite of any want of variety or wide interest in their theme. The sentiment is always pure and tender, the style graceful and noble, and the expression poetic. While they can never again become generally popular, they will amply reward the student of Italian literature for much study, and will always find a welcome in tender and devout hearts, who have loved and suffered like their author.

The criticism of our age on the poems, as on the life, of Vittoria Colonna, would be a want of health. She represents a phase of womanhood which we have idolized in the past, but which our century recognizes as incomplete and unsatisfactory. The eternal *miserere* of the middle ages has ceased to express our whole religious feeling. "Let us make a joyful noise unto the Lord, and show ourselves *glad* in him with psalms." The life of action, instead of contemplation, is demanded of all. Lady Franklin, organizing one expedition after another to search for her lost husband among the eter-

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nal ice; the brave American who took command of the ship when her husband lay helpless below, and brought all safe into port, — are to us truer types of conjugal devotion than the poetic tributes of a sorrow that knew no bounds and would accept no consolation. But our very tendency to emphasize this robust and healthy life of action makes it safe and profitable for us to pause, and weep with those who weep.

> "He who lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
> Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
> For life's worst woes to have no time to feel them.
> Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned out,
> There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
> Nor aught that dignifies humanity."

Vittoria gives us but one sad, sweet strain; very sad, it is true, but very sweet also. No doubt, no rebellion, no selfishness, mingles with her grief. It is her divinely ordained lot to mourn; and it is thus she holds herself near to that heaven, whither her loved one has gone, and towards which all her hopes are directed.*

In spite of all the attention paid to foreign languages as a part of education, we yet know very little of foreign literature. Dante and Tasso are "done" by school-girls at an age when it is impossible for them to appreciate their merits or enjoy their beauties; and then the words of an opera are the only further use for their painfully acquired knowledge. And so there is little chance for the sad notes of Vittoria to sound upon our ears. Yet we would not willingly forget her. How gladly would we recall the beauty of that face which enamored all Italy! Sebastian del Piombo, the friend and assistant of Michael Angelo, and famous for the excellence of his portraits, has painted hers. We know it only from the rather poor engraving in Harford's Life taken from Hollar's print. The features are regular, the forehead high, the eyes full and large, the mouth rather small but well-

* The works of Vittoria Colonna are very little known, and we have not succeeded in obtaining sight of a copy in our best libraries. The last and best edition was published as late as 1840.

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formed, and the blonde hair luxuriant and wavy. She has the full figure belonging to her fair complexion, increased perhaps by her sedentary and secluded life.*

As we measure the height of a pyramid by the shadow it casts, so it is but fair to judge Vittoria Colonna not alone by the scanty poetic remains which have come to us, but by the effect which she produced on those who were the immediate recipients of her influence. Then as a wife we shall find her retaining the love, confidence, and esteem of her husband, through their union of eighteen years' duration; as a widow, she preserved her spotless constancy, untempted by the lures of ambition or vanity. Though denied a mother's dear name, yet as the guardian of her nephew she showed all the firmness tempered with love which should grace the motherly office. Beautiful, learned, and accomplished, while she won the passionate adoration of the other sex, she lost neither the love nor the confidence of her own. Living in relations of intimate friendship with the most distinguished men, in a most corrupt and licentious age, neither envy nor malice has tainted her reputation with a breath of slander. Worshipped as a saint, she remained humble and true as a woman. As a friend, she was faithful and affectionate, neither exacting in her demand for affection, nor niggardly in its return; and yet keeping this as all other human affections within the bounds of decorum and duty. She knew "the modest charm

* In the collection of Mr. Jarves, exhibited in Boston some years ago, was a picture called a portrait of Vittoria Colonna. It is a work of great merit, admirably drawn, and thoroughly real; but it is impossible to believe it to be a portrait of the beautiful Italian. The color of the hair and complexion alone is sufficient to decide the question. She was a beautiful blonde, but this was a robust brunette. We have since seen an entirely different picture, — an engraving, which is far truer to our conception of her character, having that refined and saintly expression belonging to a person of her exalted religious feeling. At the request of the Prince and Princess Torlonia, the Academy decided that a bust of Vittoria Colonna should be placed in the capitol. It was inaugurated with great pomp on the 12th of May, 1845. A countless number of odes and academic speeches graced the occasion; but we fear none of them will survive it, although they have been collected and printed in a curious volume. Thousands of spectators assisted at this apotheosis. The bust, executed by one of the best artists in Rome, is said to be worthy of his subject.

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of not too much." And, as a scholar and a poetess, she lived a life of intellectual activity, and tasted the sweets of literary fame, without sacrificing to it one jot of her womanhood, concealing the warm, true life of her heart, or dimming the clear, bright light of conscience within. Three hundred years have passed over her quiet grave; but still she is living within loving hearts, and we love to think of her in one of those groups of glorified spirits which her divine countryman has described to us, re-united to all whom she loved on earth, and chanting with them yet higher and nobler strains of love and joy and truth.

We will add to our own feeble words two of the stanzas of Ariosto, and one of Michael Angelo's sonnets.

The first are found in the thirty-seventh canto of the "Orlando Furioso." The translation is by Mr. Stuart Rose: —

> "As Phœbus to his silvery sister shows
> His visage more, and lends her brighter fires
> Than Venus, Maja, or to star that glows
> Alone, or circles with the heavenly quires, —
> So he, with sweeter eloquence than flows
> From other lips, that gentle dame inspires;
> And gives her words such force, a second sun
> Seems in our days its glorious course to run.
>
> 'Mid victories born, Vittoria is her name, —
> Well named; and whom does she advance or stay
> Triumphs and trophies evermore proclaim,
> While victory heads or follows her array.
> Another Artemisia is the dame,
> Renowned for love of her Mausolus: yea,
> By so much greater, as it is more brave
> To raise the dead than lay them in the grave."

How much deeper and more earnest is the tone of Michael Angelo, marred as is his verse by translation! No one but Wordsworth has ever worthily rendered him; and so great was his modest admiration, that he has left us only three sonnets, considering all his other attempts at translation failures. We should therefore fear to be classed with "fools who rush in where angels fear to tread," did we attempt a substitute for Mr. Harford's version, poor as we think it: —

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TO VITTORIA COLONNA, MARCHIONESS OF PESCARA.

"Midst endless doubts, shifting from right to left,
How my salvation to secure I seek;
And still, 'twixt vice and virtue balancing,
My heart, confused, weighs down and wearies me;
As one who, having lost the light of heaven,
Bewildered, strays whatever path he takes, —
I, lady, to your sacred penmanship
Present the blank page of my troubled mind;
That you, in dissipation of my doubts,
May on it write how my benighted soul
Of its desirèd end may not so fail,
As to incur at length a fatal fall.
Be you the writer who have taught me how
To tread, by fairest paths, the way to heaven."

We must add a little madrigal in a more playful vein, to show the more graceful and gallant side of their relation: —

"Lady, I trust it is not pride,
But obligations so allied
To favor, that I seem to see,
In your exalted courtesy,
Infringment on my liberty.
Oh! rather injure me, than bind
Such fetters on my free-born mind:
Since the sun's radiance on the eye,
Shining in unblenched majesty,
Should heighten, not o'erwhelm, the sight,
But dazzles by excess of light, —
On me thus acts your presence bright:
It charms, and yet its potent ray
Unnerves my reason's wonted sway.
Small virtue, when its path is crossed
By higher far, absorbed, is lost;
They who too much bestow, confound, —
With such there is no common ground;
Therefore, though rarely to be found,
Love wills, that friends should equal be
In virtue and in quality."

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Art. III. — THE ETHICS OF PULPIT INSTRUCTION.

A Brief Account of his Ministry, given in a Discourse preached to the Church of the Messiah, in Syracuse, N.Y., September 15th, 1867. By Samuel J. May. Syracuse, N.Y.: Masters & Lee, 1867. Pamphlet octavo, pp. 52.

Of the countless sermons that pour yearly from the press, few are so well worthy of being read and pondered, especially by ministers, as this short autobiography of Mr. May. It is the story of a moral hero, told in simplest phrase, and free from the least taint of egotism. Possibly those who infer the egotism of President Johnson, not so much from his reckless ambition and obstinate selfishness, as from the frequency with which he uses the pronoun of the first person, might object to its frequent occurrence in this pamphlet; but, although Mr. May is by no means afraid to say "I," certainly no one ever said it more modestly than he. In all these fifty pages, devoted as they are to the history of his own life, he never offends, in the least, by a sentence designed rather to entrap admiration, than to state with simplicity a fact or a thought. The single-mindedness of the man is mirrored in the directness of the style. Not forgetful of the clamors raised against him in former times by the angry crowd, he is at no pains to hide the approval of his own conscience, as he now calmly scans his seventy years. What generous heart is not touched with sympathy, when, referring to the rescue of a fugitive slave from the United States officials, in October, 1851, Mr. May says, not without honest pride, "Let me only add now, that I have not lived long enough yet, to be ashamed of any thing I said or did for 'the rescue of Jerry'"? The same spirit of conscious yet unassuming rectitude pervades the whole of this unvarnished record of actual facts. During a ministry of forty-seven years, every reform that promised to help lift mankind out of spiritual or social evils, has found in Mr. May a friend equally ready to give and take hard blows in its defence.

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Peace, temperance, education, antislavery, woman's rights, the succor and elevation of Indians and canal-boys, — whatever humanitarian movement came to his notice, at once enlisted his sympathies and hearty efforts. Indeed, he now expresses some regret, that his work as a reformer has at times unduly withdrawn his attention from the more special duties of the ministry; but the fault, if it be one, it is quite easy to forgive, on the score of its exceeding rarity.

> "Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

Nothing could be more touching than Mr. May's treatment of an aged parishioner in Brooklyn, Conn., who believed that the baptism by sprinkling, which he had received in infancy, was insufficient, and consequently felt himself debarred from partaking of the "Communion." Against the advice of some aged ministers, to whom he had applied for counsel, Mr. May baptized his simple-hearted friend, by immersion in Blackwell's Brook; taking care, however, to caution the moved spectators against subordinating the spirit of the ceremony to its mere form. "One drop of water," I said, "would be sufficient for one who sincerely intended to become a disciple of Jesus: an ocean of water would not be enough to baptize truly a pretender." If any thing could reconcile the modern consciousness to symbolical acts in religion, it would surely be a baptism such as this.

Equally honorable to Mr. May was his treatment of Theodore Parker. What he regarded as opposite extremes, — honest superstition and honest heresy, — won from him equal tenderness and respect. Would that such a spirit were as common as it is beautiful! In the very height of the young iconoclast's unpopularity, Mr. May wrote to him for an exchange; avowedly to show that his own esteem was quite independent of repute for orthodoxy, or the applauses of a sect. The course adopted by the Boston Association of Ministers "disconcerted" him. "It seemed to me that they had lost confidence in the *fundamental principle of Liberal Christianity*. Mr. Parker's doctrines were then, more than they

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are now, offensive to me; as much so, probably, as they were to any of the Boston ministers. . . . If, then, we believed it possible for a Calvinist to be a good Christian, I saw not why we should doubt that a rationalist might be." The italics are ours. What a genuine and most rare liberality is this, going out as freely to those who believe less, as to those who believe more! To men such as Mr. May, the unity and prosperity of a denomination can never become a chief object of concern; nor can the "denominational spirit," which is only party spirit in religion, seem ever in any wise helpful to humanity. Love of the truth for its own pure sake, and as superior to all sectarian interests, has been the inspiration of this noble ministry, and shines out from every page of the little pamphlet which records it. A grand life grandly told, full of lion-heartedness, sincerity, moral valor, and self-dedication to all noble ends! The world is better for this man's living in it; and now that the hue-and-cry of prejudice dies away, and in his venerated age he hears a growing murmur of applause which cannot wholly stifle itself, even out of deference to his modesty, let him rejoice in the approval, not of his own conscience alone, but of the universal conscience of his times.

It is chiefly as a preacher, of rare fearlessness and faith in the benign power of truth, that we behold in Mr. May the living text of a lesson in practical ethics. He has never held his peace from fear of consequences, whether to himself or to society. In season and out of season, he has spoken out like a man, with words of great power, because backed by great character. Few men have so shone in the pulpit with those virtues, seldom blended,—bravery of speech and sweetness of spirit. Measured by the only true standard, healthy moral influence, whose preaching has been more fruitful of good? Others may have adorned their "profession" with more brilliant reputations for eloquence; others may have bequeathed to posterity richer legacies of thought or scholarship; others may have built up larger and wealthier societies; others, with the tuneful witchery of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin," may have fluted more dollars out of the pockets of their con-

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gregations. But who has done more to make the pulpit *respected* by a keen-eyed world? Who has done more to prove to this American people, so quick to spy out shams, that religion is the best and truest friend of suffering humanity? In all ages, a vast deal of shoddy has gone to "the cloth;" and he does yeoman's service to the cause of pure religion who shows in the pulpit character that wears like homespun. It is men like this — faithful to the high duty of the prophet, speaking the truth of God to unwilling ears, proving that to put on the preacher is not to put off the man — who in this nineteenth century redeem the pulpit from contempt. If, indeed, the world's welfare at all depends upon "Sunday services," it is to men like this that the world most owes the perpetuity of the institution. Because he has been so radical in his public speech, our generation has produced no more powerful conservator of the pulpit than Samuel J. May.

It is quite true that Mr. May has never been, and is not now, what is commonly considered "radical" in theology. But he has always preached his theology as unreservedly as his religion, and that, too, in places where it was the *ultima Thule* of radicalism. It seems but fair to infer, that, had his theology been quite different from what it is, he would have preached it no less frankly. Boundless faith in the wholesomeness of the truth, whether practical or doctrinal, is the open secret of his pulpit course. If his life teaches any thing, it teaches the equal nobleness and wisdom of bold utterance of all deep convictions. Hence it appears just to point to his preaching as a most apt illustration of that course in the pulpit which we here advocate. If we are wrong in this, we make haste to drop the illustration, but nothing more.

In discussing the "ethics of pulpit instruction," we cannot wholly waive inquiry into the previous question, whether instruction is properly a function of the pulpit at all. We are not sure that all would admit this. Liberal Christianity was, at first, mainly an intellectual re-action against Christian superstition. The force of this re-action is now in great measure spent; and there is in some quarters an evident ten-

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dency to disparage the intellect, to treat it as an interloper in the Church, and to magnify at its expense the practical and emotional side of human nature. The tremendous power of ideas, their influence both on worship and on work, is forgotten. The views taken of the purpose of the pulpit could not possibly remain unmodified by this tendency. Hence *edification* — the building up of moral character, and the culture of religious sensibility; the practical application of old, familiar truth to heart and life, and not at all the promulgation of new truth — seems to many persons to be the preacher's only legitimate aim. To all such, therefore, the pulpit appears false to its duty, when it undertakes the task of real instruction; instruction, that is, which is more than the simple illustration and enforcement of duties and truths already well known.

With this view of the matter, however, it is hard to see how any liberal minister can agree. It is quite in keeping with the "evangelical" theory of religion: it is quite out of keeping with his. The mere suggestion that the pulpit may have new truth to promulgate, must be to the "evangelical" denominations a direct attack on the sufficiency of the Scriptures, an impious insinuation that the last word of the Holy Ghost is not the *Amen* at the end of the Apocalypse. But that there is to-day new truth in religion of which men stand in need, is implied in the belief, that revelation is a gradual and never-ending *process*, rather than an ancient and completed *fact*. The thoughts of God come to man, one by one, in a deeper and deeper reading of existence. They are born in solitary souls before they grow a part of the life of all. Every great idea has its date, and adds itself to human knowledge as a new truth. In religion, as in all else, humanity climbs, step by step, to higher levels of experience and thought; and the landscape widens as it climbs. To doubt, therefore, that the law of development covers religion as well as art and science, politics and trade; that the nineteenth century also has its new truths of weighty import in spiritual life, — is to lose faith utterly in religious liberalism.

Yet, if new truth in religion is indeed dawning upon our

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age, where shall it find fitter utterance than in the pulpit? What excuse has the liberal preacher for his vocation, but the duty of speaking to the people his private insights? Surely it is robbing the ministry, not only of its independence, but also of its moral dignity and its chief claim upon the respect of mankind, to prohibit instruction from the pulpit in the highest thought and the best wisdom of the age. If the institution of public preaching has its sole *raison d'être* in a desire to eternize the ideas of less cultured times; to prop up old forms of worship, which bear no relation to the living spirit of the present; and thus perpetuate a cultus which has become less a help than a hindrance to the most highly developed religious consciousness, — it will soon enlist in its support only men of inferior ability and uninfluential character. Commanding power and profound moral earnestness will wear no such fetters. Expect conformity, — and obtain mediocrity. Under such an administration of religious institutions, the rising generation will not be educated in the Church, but out of it. Religious instruction that is abreast of the hour must and will be had; if not from the pulpit, then from general literature. The age is too religious to lend its ears to ordained parrots. It has deep faith in an ever-living and ever-speaking God, — a God that never speaks without saying something; a God that never deals in stale repetitions, but utters a new word to every listening soul; and, by his fine hearing of the "still, small voice," it unerringly distinguishes the prophet from the pulpiteer.

Never was there greater need of pulpit instruction than today; never was there greater craving for spiritual truth, or sincerer hospitality towards it. By his position, the preacher gets the readiest access to human hearts, if only faithful to his opportunity. Men are bewildered and dazzled by the new ideas and magnificent discoveries of the age. In its whirl through space, the world is cutting the orbit of a brilliant army of meteors, that stream across the skies of thought in fiery swarms; and, while its heavens are thus ablaze with distracting lights, it has great need to be instructed by a science worthy of its name, — that, of all these flying and flash-

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ing hosts, God is the one radiant point. The old problems are dropping into oblivion: new problems demand solution. The intellectual activity of the age is intense; and can any one believe, that, while the intellect is thus stirred to its depths, the heart can remain unstirred? The pulpit may adjourn these questions of the intellect, if it will, and seek to move the heart alone; but a surgeon might as well stop a gushing wound with lint, when a severed artery needs to be tied. If the heart-faith of the age is disturbed, the disturbing cause is quite as much in the intellect as in the will. Many a noble nature is distressed by a secret decay of faith in the reality of religion, caused by the influence of modern thought and science in destroying old beliefs. Appeals to the heart, which are based on these very beliefs, only exasperate the disease, and turn earnest questioning into bitter rejection. In almost every congregation there will be many such. When, out of sluggishness, apathy, policy, or fear, the liberal preacher eschews all discussion of living issues, and confines himself to moral platitudes, and soft, little sentimentalities, he lets slip his grandest opportunities, and simply runs a machine.

It is of infinitely less moment, both to him and to his hearers, what truth he sees, than what character he shows. It is far easier for a man of moderate ability, but sturdy sincerity, to hold the attention of the most highly cultivated audience, than it is for a man of genius, without moral courage, to hold the attention of a congregation of mechanics or farmers. It is the manner in which the minister approaches or shuns the exciting questions of the day, that in great measure determines the weight of his word. The people expect outspokenness and candor, — especially those of them who already know the existence of such questions; and they quickly see through the minister who dares not discuss them. The silences of the pulpit are the secret of its lessening power. If frank speech drives away some, timid or politic non-committalism keeps away others. And we venture to believe, that among those thus kept away are many of the ablest and noblest in the community. In the majority of

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pulpits, the traditionary ideas, undermined by advancing knowledge, are still quietly taken for granted, or defended without any appreciation of the real issue, or perpetuated not honestly in phraseology, signifying one thing to the speaker, and another thing to the hearer. There is too little frank and earnest instruction in the pulpit of any kind. Whatever his opinions on important points, whether in favor of the old or of the new, the preacher owes them an unreserved and unambiguous expression; and his usefulness, especially to the young, will depend much on this absence of reserve and ambiguity. A young man, for instance, takes up one of our commonest periodicals, and reads Professor Tyndall's essay against "Miracles and Special Providences." If he has been already instructed that religion has nothing to do with miracles, but rests on its own evidence in the spiritual nature of man, no harm ensues; but if he has heard nothing on the subject from the pulpit, and has grown up with the notion that miracles are the great proof of Christianity, it is ten to one that he loses faith in miracles, Christianity, and religion itself, all together. If, on the other hand, he has heard the question of miracles honestly discussed in its modern aspect, and answered in harmony with the received theologies, he is certainly able to form a more valuable opinion on the subject for himself, than if he had heard nothing of the sort. In any case, instruction does good, and the want of it does harm. The thoughtful and the thoughtless alike are confronted with questions affecting profoundly their deepest faith. A single illustration will suffice. In the paper by Sir John Lubbock, on the "Early Condition of Man;" and in the report by Mr. Pengelly, from the Committee on the Exploration of Kent's Cavern, Devonshire, — presented at the annual meeting of the British Association at Dundee, only a few weeks ago, — ideas are advanced and facts established which are utterly subversive of Christianity, as popularly understood; and yet these papers, in full or in abstract, have been published in the newspapers throughout the civilized world. Through countless other channels, the same influences are pouring into the minds of the common people.

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The press teems with books which treat the greatest and gravest questions of religion in wholly new lights; and publishers say that no books sell more rapidly than these. The public mind is fermenting with new ideas, which, entering through the intellect, sink into the heart, and most powerfully move the feelings and the life. Christianity is not to-day what it was yesterday; nor will it be to-morrow what it is to-day. The world's innermost *faith* is shaken by modern thought, and the only hope of peace lies in more thought; the only cure for agitation is more agitation. A spasmodic plunge into sentimentalism, or into the soulless clatter of "work," uninspired by ideas, will in no wise mend matters. The cause of good thinking is, after all, the cause of good living. Religion can no more dispense with theology, than theology can dispense with religion. Distinct as religion and theology are, and all-important as it is never to lose sight of the distinction, yet it is ruinous to make this *distinction* a practical *separation*. They endlessly act and re-act each upon each; a change in one ultimates in a change in the other. The two great and equal human needs of *edification and instruction* are the two pillars upon which the pulpit, as a permanent institution, rests: and, if either of these is shattered, the pulpit falls. In the present state of society, let the liberal pulpit least of all disown its high obligation to instruct the people to come into full sympathy with the grand currents of modern life, and thereby help the world to put a religious interpretation upon the times. If it shall prove recreant to its task, it will yet be supplanted by the lyceum and the free platform. Intelligent men and women have ears for intelligence alone.

Instruction, therefore, — imparted, of course, in no jejune, didactic perfunctory manner, but rather with the glow of deep and intense conviction, — must be conceded, we think, to be a main function of the pulpit. Quite free from the oracular tone and temper of the dogmatist, the prophet of to-day will quote no authority for his teachings but his own inward vision, and ask no acceptance of them that rests not ultimately on the inward vision of his listeners. So far forth as

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instructor, he must be content with setting other minds to work, and giving the best material he has for them to work upon. True instruction is not so much to impart results, as it is to educate the faculties, and train them in right directions. To instil into the minds of his people a profound love and reverence for the truth, to deepen their thirst for it, and to substitute the freedom of candor and courage for the slavery of timid prejudice, is a better fruit of preaching than the most successful propagandism; for, while this may enlighten the mind, that also ennobles the character, and makes possible the sweet grace of charity. It is idle, however, to expect this fruit from any but the boldest and freest preaching. There is no avenue to the heart of this age, except through the gateway of the intellect; yet no man can reach its heart if he halts in the gateway. The chief reason, we believe, why the preaching of Frederick W. Robertson has made so deep an impression on the world, lies in the fact, that, with manly earnestness and courage, he grappled publicly with the problems of his day; not with his heart and conscience alone, but with his brain as well. It is true that he died before working out any real solution of those problems; but because he threw his whole soul into the work of instruction, and poured forth the finest gold of his thought, fused in the best fire of his heart, he has enriched the age with nobler and higher aims. Not a dry and passionless rehearsal of speculative theories, however true in the abstract; but rather the clothing of strong, hard bones of thought, in the warm flesh of feeling and imagination and moral earnestness, — such was the instruction that has immortalized the pulpit of Robertson, and such only is the instruction for which we plead.

The great work of religious instruction is not lightly to be assumed. No man is fit for the duties of pulpit instruction whose soul is not aflame with fresh and original inspiration, — who is not convinced in his own heart, that he has some deeply needed message for the people. The very idea of instruction implies that the instructor sees truth not seen by the instructed, — else how instruct? Simply to cater for

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people's anticipations, and week after week to ring the changes on perfectly familiar doctrines, is to be a priestly expounder of the past, not a living prophet of the present. Quite true it is, and shameful as true, that the pulpit, by ceasing to instruct, has too often made the pews cease to expect instruction; and the consequence is, that when a preacher faithfully and undauntedly proclaims his message, loud is the outcry at his presumption. How incendiary to kindle the fires of thought beneath the roof of the Church! And thus the uninstructed refuse instruction; and punish the pulpit for its long unfaithfulness, by turning it into a treadmill. Most sure it is, that he who has no living, original word to utter, enters the pulpit only to destroy its usefulness; that he who cannot truly *instruct* his hearers, cannot in any high sense *edify* them. Well-meaning and devout though he may be, he is not ahead of his people, and will seek to lead them in vain. The day is fast going by when pious stupidity could be a power in the pulpit. With every year, the demand of the people grows louder for preaching that is intelligent, and bears intelligibly on real issues. It is becoming clearer every day, that the only preacher that can deeply move them is he who has fought the battle of the age in his own soul, and is qualified, by that stern experience, to reveal to others the secret of victory. To him thoughtful and earnest men will listen, whether he cites antique parchments as his authority or not: they crave instruction, new light, on the vital questions of to-day; and, even though he holds up in the darkness nothing better than the penny-candle of his own honest thought, he is soon the centre of a crowd. Whoever thinks deeply, feels strongly, lives manfully, and speaks boldly, is a preacher anointed of God, whether in or out of the pulpit; and because he gives needed instruction, there will be always many to hear him gladly.

Will an enlightened conscience suffer the preacher to maintain, in his instruction, the ancient Pythagorean distinction of *esoteric* and *exoteric?* Will it suffer him to discriminate between truths as safe and unsafe; proclaiming the one class publicly in the pulpit, and reserving the other as the private

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luxury of his study? Or does it imperatively demand a greater faith in the people and in truth, and give him as his great law of duty the word of the old prophet, "Cry aloud, and spare not"?

This is the most important question of practical duty that can meet the preacher; and the way in which he answers it shows unmistakably of what stuff he is made. In it lurks the "temptation in the wilderness," which awaits every minister at the outset of his career. To guide him to a wise and noble answer, there is great need of an "ethics of pulpit instruction,"—of some general moral principle, which shall sweep away the cobweb sophistries of the tempter, and free the entangled conscience of the tempted one. Between the preacher and his congregation there exist recognized moral relations; but between the preacher and his own thought there exist moral relations as real, whether recognized or not. It is too commonly taken for granted, that the preacher has no "higher law" than the immediate prosperity of his congregation, the harmony and growth in numbers of his society. But special duty to a society may sometimes conflict with higher and more general duty to truth itself: they cannot always be reconciled. What then? Shall truth be sacrificed to the welfare of an organization, or the organization sacrificed to the cause of truth? How shall we answer the question here raised, Is the preacher morally bound to proclaim his deepest and best thought, or may he innocently suppress it because he fears its effect on the well-being of his parish?

To this, as to all other questions of practical duty, two answers are rendered,—that of Policy and that of Principle. Two preachers, conversing on this matter, summed up the two answers in brief. Said one, "I am not half so conservative as people think me; but I take mighty good care to tell no lies in the pulpit."—"But," replied the other, "are you not also bound to tell the truth in it?" Policy teaches that the obligations of sincerity are fully met, provided the preacher "tells no lies:" its rule is negative. Principle teaches that these obligations are unfulfilled, unless he "tells

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the truth:" its rule is affirmative. Policy holds its peace; Principle bears its witness. Policy buries its talent in the earth; Principle puts out its talent at interest, and makes it two. Policy is non-committal; Principle commits itself. Policy gives every new truth and modern reform the go-by, and dodges all vexed questions, because they stir up strife, disturb quiet slumbers, excite men's minds, interfere with business, derange the clockwork of Church and State, embroil parishes, imperil salaries; Principle fronts vexed questions fairly and squarely, not because it loves contention, but because it knows that every vexed question has got to be settled, and remembers that wise saying, "Unfinished issues have no pity for the repose of mankind." Policy thinks itself acquitted in the court of conscience, if it gets through the Sunday services without actually telling lies; Principle thinks itself under mountains of condemnation, if it forbears to disburden itself of its weightiest truth.

Let us glance for a moment at the practical results of the two kinds of preaching here indicated.

When policy guides the preacher's utterance, at first great outward prosperity often accompanies his ministrations. The church is crowded, perhaps, and with contented listeners. There will always be people enough who like to hear their own opinions given back to them in elegant phrase from the lips of their minister. But policy *kills*, first the preacher's enthusiasm, and then the people's interest. The more thoughtful begin to weary of empty rhetoric, into which they soon perceive no soul has entered, and turn elsewhere for instruction on the questions that move the age. The floods of ignorance are subsiding, the Church is aground on Ararat, and the exodus begins. The people will not stop learning, because the pulpit stops instructing. Alas for the Church deserted by its fresh, young life! It soon ceases to be a power, and becomes a clog. The people to-day instruct the clergy, not the clergy the people: seldom, until the pews demand it, does the pulpit teach the new lessons of the age. The antislavery reform is a striking proof of this. Few preachers indeed threw their influence against the giant sin

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of slavery, before the people, under God's stern tuition, had first repented of it themselves. It is this backwardness to utter the truth without fear or favor, this politic weighing of the consequences of every word, that so often robs the finest minds of nine-tenths of their power, and robs the community at large of greatly needed intellectual and moral influences. The preacher's first duty is to humanity, not to his "society," — to truth itself, not to the creed of his "denomination." If he proves faithless to the higher duty, the worst penalty is wrought in his own soul. The subtle fiend of policy first gags the mouth, and then puts out the eye; first whispers that truth is not safe to be spoken, and then makes it impossible to be seen. Moral relations are ill discerned by an apathetic or perverted conscience. Let the preacher avoid proclaiming a truth, because he dreads the ferment it must create, or shrinks from the sacrifices it must involve, and it becomes to him a haunting voice, to which he shuts the ear. He hardens his heart against the unwelcome angel, and tries to persuade himself it is a lying spirit. Perhaps he succeeds, — perhaps he fails: we know not whether success or failure is the greater curse. But, in either case, self-respect rots slowly away, and is replaced by love of ease or the world's applause. Morn after morn, the alarum of opportunity strikes the summons to brave service and fearless speech; but because he turns in his bed, refusing to arise, the warning sound grows daily fainter and fainter, until it fails in any wise to disturb his unfaithful slumbers. A sleeping shepherd and a starving flock, not the less starving because full-fed with self-complacency, — that is the end of policy in the pulpit.

Not without conflict, however, can the preacher follow principle in his calling. Let him surrender dreams of ease, of popularity, of outward comfort. The mass of men do not live by principle, and little understand those who do. The instructions of a fearless spirit are no food for the world's vanity. To be called higher, implies that we are not high; and who accepts the implication without offence? Only the wisest and the best, whom it least concerns. Truth boldly

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spoken seldom pleases at the first; yet, in the end, for nothing are men more grateful. He that is before his age, rarely lives to be overtaken by it; but his word will nevertheless find its echo in myriad souls. However bitterly opposed, the true preacher utters his thought "with malice towards none, with charity for all." New ideas, doubtless, ride rough-shod over the world's idolatries; new truths plough up the very roots of old associations and old attachments; new inspirations supersede old dispensations, and Dagon falls headlong before the ark of God. Every prophet, like Socrates, must confess himself a gad-fly, stinging an idle age out of its lethargy. Not a sublime comparison, we admit; but the reformer and the prophet wear no aureole, except when seen through the long vista of time. The ship's ropes are soiled with tar, and its sturdy hulk marred with many a bruise: gilding is reserved for the figure-head. If "respectability" looks askance at the toilers who do the great work of humanity, let them toil on with cheerful unconcern; for service is a nobler fate than the conspicuous uselessness of ornament. Little prosperity or popularity awaits him who raises his race to higher levels; and that little is meagre and tardy. He must bear the brunt of opposition, and not be dismayed by seeming failure. Though stigmatized as innovator, disorganizer, schismatic, he must quietly speak and work for ideas. Disruption of parishes, after all, is not the extinction of religion; neither is dismemberment of denominations the death of the true Church. By fresh solution only can crystals be purified or perfected. Through all contentions, despite all slanders, the preacher true to principle will serenely and lovingly speak his piercing word; and Time, the only vindicator of the ways of God to man, will bear him out. Poverty and neglect, even in these days of "religious liberty," may be his reward from his own generation; but, by the fruits of his unthanked service, mankind will learn at last, that faithfulness to high truth is the only practical prudence, discipleship to ideas the only expediency, principle the only policy. To have taught that lesson, is to have lived not in vain.

But the appeal to consequences, in a question of duty, is

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really evasion of the question. The moral relation of the preacher to the truth he holds, must be otherwise determined. Unless we can find some broad and far-reaching principle from which to derive it, it is idle to talk of the "ethics of pulpit instruction," and we must concede that pulpit instruction has only its "politics."

When the mechanic has discovered the secret of a new machine which will benefit his race, he cannot rest till he has perfected his idea in outward shape, and given his invention to mankind. When the scientist has discovered some hitherto unknown truth in science, he is moved irresistibly to publish it. When the philosopher has conceived a system which he thinks will reduce the tangled elements of human knowledge to unity and order, he is impelled to make it known. When the artist has dreamed a dream of beauty in form or color, he burns to immortalize it in the marble or on the canvas, that it may give delight to the eyes of all. When the poet has been thrilled with a heavenly vision, his heart preys upon itself, until he has set his idea to music, and sung it to the charmed world. When the prophet is fired with a great thought, or kindled by a great moral truth, which he knows will make mankind wiser, happier, or better, he can find no peace till he has put his idea into burning words, and poured them into the hearts of his fellow-men. Shall we call this inward impulse the mere calculation of "self-interest well understood," and account for it by the desire of fame or profit, or other selfish gain? Away with such suspicious and shallow utilitarianism! In all, let us recognize a deeper, a nobler motive. A lofty, uncalculating conviction of *duty*, however conjoined with other impulses, lies at the bottom of this instinct to impart; and every great soul feels profoundly its solemn obligation. The mechanic, the scientist, the philosopher, the artist, the poet, the prophet, are all bound by the *universal law of expression.* Whoever, of great gifts or of little gifts, violates this law, and forbears to give what has been given, — whoever keeps to himself what may in any way help or better the world, — falls justly under the general condemnation of mankind. Here is the burden of the para-

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ble of the talents. Milton means this, when he speaks of his genius as "that one talent which is death to hide." Jesus also meant this, when (if the report be trusty) he dropped that saying, every whit worthy of him, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth." Such is always the feeling of the deep seer and faithful sayer, to whom this stands as a divine law: *The God-given power to see truth is God's command to utter it.* Hence the brave old "Thus saith the Lord." He who suffers a great thought to die with him, though to-morrow it be born again in some other soul, robs the world of that which is the world's as much as his. We have no proprietorship in truth; we are but trustees for humanity, custodians for an hour of that which is humanity's for all time. Not to recognize this; not to feel, down to the soul's depths, that the *power of vision contains the duty of speech,* — is the mark of a base, a miserly, a sordid spirit. Truth rots on our hands, if hoarded. Like the fabled manna from heaven, it will not keep over night; but must be gathered fresh every morning, and unstintedly used every day. To see, and not to tell! To know that the world is stumbling in night, and yet thrust our candle into a dark lantern, that its beam may fall only on our own path! Truth that is food to the one shall not be poison to the many: that fear is always folly. Shall we quench the torch, in dread lest a falling spark set on fire the course of nature? Is the universe, then, so combustible? If the conflagration spreads, if the flame and the smoke fill the skies, let us believe that the world had need to be well burned over, that the stubble and rubbish and rotten brushwood of the autumn needed to be consumed, to make room betimes for the tender herbage of the spring. The hammer of the image-breaker can reach but to idols: there is no ground for fear lest God be put to death. Providence will survive the boldest word. Terror is the worst atheism. Sunk, then, be "policy" and "prudence," in the speaking of conviction! There is no wisdom, but only blear-eyed folly and weak-kneed cowardice and black-hearted treason, in suppression of testimony. Neither fear nor expe-

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diency, neither selfish tenderness for our own ease nor unwise concern for other people's ease, should stifle one word of manly and modest avowal. The world has no bribe big enough to pay for one hour of bought silence. By entering the witness-stand of the pulpit, the preacher takes oath before the universe to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and must stand most searching cross-examination in the court of the universal conscience. Let his whole testimony of thought and feeling, word and bearing, be a brave and simple witness to the truth; and if his honest witness trips on a stammering tongue, or falters itself out in broken words, let him remember that he testifies before the perfect Linguist, that masters all forms of speech, respects the dumb eloquence of faithful purpose, and, quite as well as the smooth periods of the orator, comprehends the inarticulate lispings of the tongue-tied, and the voiceless pantomime of the deaf mute. We are not bound to achieve an absolutely faultless or adequate utterance of our truth: who can achieve that? But we are bound, without fear or favor, to give our best expression of our best thought. Less than that is recreancy to a high trust, treason to truth, disloyalty to God. Policy may count cost and weigh consequences: principle, never.

Is there, then, no middle course between deliberate and complete *suppression* of testimony, and immediate, full, and frank *proclamation* of it? Is there no sagacious union of silence and speech, policy and principle? Is there no golden mean, no judicious compromise between them, which shall throw a sop to growling conscience, yet not alarm fear or rouse opposition?

It is precisely here that the preacher meets temptation in its most insidious form; his spiritual integrity is assailed most dangerously at this very point. Conscience itself is easily beguiled into appearing as "devil's advocate" in this case. It looks so suicidal to draw the fire of prejudice before reason has had time to deploy her forces, it seems so impolitic to make enemies when one wishes to make friends, that it needs a sublime faith in the power of truth to carry

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one safely over this moral pithole. If conscience is hoodwinked by her wily foe, and made to tumble into the snare, it is a reason, not for denunciation, but for pity and deep sadness. Give policy an inch, and it takes an ell; begin to calculate, and the habit grows apace. There is to the preacher no safety from moral deterioration, but unconditional surrender to truth. Moral courage cannot breathe the crass atmosphere of calculation. What is more mournful than to see generous enthusiasm cooling down to the average temperature? The men who have electrified the world are those who have sacredly obeyed their inspirations, and dared to be impolitic. The least compromise of principle with policy always involves, even as a matter of policy itself, a grave miscalculation of results. Grant that immediate evil as well as good follows the blast of every trumpet that gives no uncertain sound; grant that cowards and bounty-jumpers take it as the signal for deserting the ranks; grant that it works partial disorganization in the army, by starting a stampede among bummers and camp-followers, — is it not true that the army's *morale* is enhanced by purification from all but veterans and reliable recruits? A handful of heroes is worth a host of faint-hearts. Whatever ills befall the preacher or his flock, in consequence of bold adhesion to the cause of human progress, be very sure that in the long-run, in the final issue of things, the great moral spectacle of incorruptible fidelity to truth infinitely outweighs, in true service to this cause, the petty advantage of apparent and brief prosperity at truth's expense. If such men fail, they make their failure a Thermopylæ.

It cannot be overlooked, however, that, even among those preachers who mean on the whole to be faithful to their best insight, two theories of pulpit instruction exist.

One theory is to treat the society like a child, study its average condition, and administer to it only so much truth in one dose as is judged to be safe, reserving more advanced truth for the future: in other words, to break the truth to the people by degrees, and thus gradually "educate them up to it." But the society is *not* a child. It consists of many

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minds, in many stages of development; and it is impossible to average its intelligence so as to adapt preaching to it. The most striking feature of this theory is the amazing self-complacency it implies. Let the ablest mind in America concentrate all its powers, and it cannot overshoot the wants, the real wants, of even a village congregation. By all means let the preacher beware of lowering himself to find his audience. His highest thought is none too high for it, if simply put; his deepest thought is none too deep. He shows little policy and less principle, if he hangs his flag at half-mast. What society, furthermore, would ever settle a minister who should plainly tell them that he should only preach so much truth as he thought they could bear? Assuredly not one. If, then, a minister settles over a society with a theory of preaching which he could not venture to state in public, is there no insincerity in his conduct? Yet, on the other hand, what liberal society would refuse to settle a minister who should only demand perfect liberty of utterance for his profoundest convictions? If, after the candidate had boldly showed his colors, he had nevertheless received a hearty "call," such a stipulation would only increase their respect for him. The moment we look at the matter from the congregation's point of view, we see plainly enough that the theory of preaching under consideration is an oil-and-water admixture of principle and policy, in which policy largely predominates. It is a theory which cannot be squared with high-toned sincerity.

The other theory is to treat the society as an assemblage of men and women, who desire the best instruction their minister can give, to study only *the best expression of the best truth in the best spirit*, and preach this unreservedly from the pulpit, leaving all care for consequences to the God of truth. This alone is the theory of unadulterated principle. The preacher has no business to discriminate between "safe" and "unsafe" truth: his business is to preach unflinchingly the truth as he sees it, without asking any questions about its safety. All truth is safe: it is error and sin that are dangerous. The parish is not an infant-school, to be coaxed into learning its A B C. Has it not been the trick of priestcraft,

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in all ages, to treat the people like children, and spoon out pap into their mouths from the church-porringer? Liberal Christianity, if truly such, must go and do otherwise. The clergy are not so affluent of truth themselves, that they can feed this American people with crumbs from their own tables. There are more vigorous thinkers to-day in the pews than in the pulpits, and more outside the church-doors than in pulpits and pews together. We have little patience with the current complaints of the short "supply of ministers." What does more to keep our young graduates of finest abilities out of the ministry, than the knowledge that in it their abilities are under bonds to keep the peace? The ruinous theory of policy in the pulpit, practised and advocated by the pulpit itself, has made parishes intolerant of instruction; and the last thing they really want is a preacher of genuine independence and first-class powers. But all this indicates an approaching crisis. The fear that religion is going to suffer by the very frankest and boldest speech in the pulpit, grows out of appalling want of faith in religion itself. There is a very deep, widespread, and growing discontent with every form of instituted Christianity. The "evangelical" denominations feel the coming storm, and are huddling together like cattle for mutual shelter from the blast. If the Church is indeed a house of cards, to be toppled over by the first wind that blows, let that wind blow at once, stiff and strong! The deeply religious soul wants no shelter from such architecture. It demands an open bivouac, out on the broad prairies of unchurched humanity, with the damp turf for bed, and the starry heavens for roof, and its own deep faith for meat, rather than any ecclesiastical couch and bowl of charity-soup. This plan of doling out truth from the pulpit in quantities proportioned to imagined wants, leaves hungry and dissatisfied the very best minds in the congregation. What can the minister know of the real wants of his listeners? Their first and last want is the want of a preacher with manhood enough to fling policy to the winds. They have urgent want of all the truth he has to give, and more; and though, perhaps, in ignorance of their own want, they may break out into dissension among themselves, or

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turn the preacher adrift for his faithfulness, none the less has he rendered them the highest service in his power. When was a true prophet otherwise received? He may yet live to be welcomed back with contrition and open arms. Such things have been. But he has at least delivered his own soul.

It is the high privilege of the preacher, above all others, to be a *student* of truth. His coffers, above all others, should be wealthy with golden accumulations. His mind, indeed, should be a mint, converting bullion into specie, and making great ideas the current coin of humanity. Nor should he half perform his work, out of deference to popular nervousness concerning "negations." That distinction of *affirmative and negative* has been put to evil use. Affirmation and negation are but the obverse and reverse of the same coin; and either implies the other. Impress upon a thought the stamp of the affirmative alone, and it is worthless as currency, — a nugget but half fit for service. Until it bears the double stamp of affirmative and negative, it is undefined, and useless in the spiritual commerce of society. As the preacher climbs the pulpit-stair, his audience silently accosts him with somewhat of the rough manners of the highwayman, — "Your money or your life!" That stern alternative he cannot escape. To pour out, without stint or stinginess, the golden treasure he has won; or to yield up his own spiritual life, — between these must he choose. He must confess his sincerest and innermost thought; he must avow with earnestness and simplicity of soul his dearest and mightiest faith, or his spiritual eyes shall grow purblind, and the divine fires of enthusiasm expire in the suffocating fumes of expediency. He must pour new life into his audience, or they will unknowingly rob him of his own. Alas for him whose epitaph is written, "Killed by his congregation!" And well for him who — reviewing his life-long services in the cause of all truth, as Mr. May reviews his life-long services in the cause of antislavery — can write his own epitaph in these noble words: "It may be that I recurred to this subject oftener than was necessary; *but that were better than not to have spoken.*"

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Art. IV. — PIAZZI SMITH AND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Life and Work at the Great Pyramid in 1865, *with a Discussion of the Facts.* By C. Piazzi Smith, F.R.SS.L. & E., F.R.A.S., F.R.SS.A., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. In three vols., large octavo, 600 pp. Illustrations on Stone and Wood. Edmonston & Douglas, 1867.

These volumes contain the best measures of the Great Pyramid ever yet made, with plans and tables of its construction, which are probably the best that the world will ever have. We have to thank the errors of mankind for some valuable service; for the mainspring of endeavor to this man of many honors seems to have been his horror of Bunsen's rationalism, born of his theory and conviction, that the Great Pyramid was built under divine inspiration, like the tabernacle in the desert, as an ordained sample of every sort of mensuration, terrestrial and celestial! He is excessively indignant at Bunsen, for daring to suggest, that men had lived in Egypt for thousands of years before a pyramid was built; but he can only get out of the dilemma of advanced science and civilization, which Bunsen so solved, by assuming immediate divine inspiration for the builders! But the vivacious little professor is honest; and whenever his figures tell a story he does not expect, he follows them faithfully, — quite sure they will return to their allegiance by and by: and so, to do him justice, they generally do. His malignity against Bunsen is extraordinary. In those five wonderful volumes, he will never once allow for possible errors of the press: and while he points to the commanded measures of the tabernacle, corresponding to those of the Great Pyramid, and the traditions of scientific meaning attached to the latter; and raves away about the absence of every sign of idolatrous worship within it; and reminds us of the hatred the Egyptians bore its builder, because his dynasty suppressed their abominable worships, — we are

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certainly willing to agree with him when he plants himself on this sentence: "It cannot be wrong to attend to actual facts!" No, it cannot; and these facts are so very interesting, that, while we echo the astronomer-royal's cry to M. Renan, and exclaim, "O Smith, Smith! why did you not take a survey, or take photographs, *before* you founded so much history and chronology on a mechanical agreement which does not exist," yet we feel bound to bring out the salient points, and do justice to the discoveries recorded in these volumes.

The first volume is a bright, entertaining book of travels, which teaches that Arabs have the dyspepsia; that Boston thought it a "neat" thing, during the war, to prick Confederate flags into the soles of Yankee boots, which afterward tramped up and down the Pyramids in scorn, like ancient Pharaohs restored to life! It gives us a lively account of the difficulties attendant on the construction of apparatus, and the final launching of the expedition, "when, by act of Private Grace, the Secretary had procured a bag of Austrian dollars, great pancakes of things, dedicated to Maria Theresa!"—which lively sentence is a good specimen of our professor's style. The first matter of interest is his account of Mariette Bey's museum at Boolak. M. Mariette went to Egypt, some years since, in the train of the Duc de Luynes, as assistant excavator: but he showed so much talent as interpreter and explorer, that, on the departure of De Luynes, he had things his own way; and, by exhibiting his own collection, induced the authorities at Cairo to adopt it as the basis of a national museum, and was appointed "Protector to all things in and about the monuments." Renan, in writing to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," praises this museum, which "has never demolished a morsel;" and compares it with the museum at Berlin, for the creation of which the saw and hatchet were driven through the most precious things. Meanwhile Mariette Bey still seeks eagerly for inscribed stones, and with such success, that he never drives a pickaxe into a heap of rubbish without securing something of value; and De Rougé has gone back to Paris, with six large volumes

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of hand-copied inscriptions, which Bunsen, alas! will never see. Among his treasures are the tablet of Memphis; sculptures of the Fourth Dynasty; a greenish-black diorite, and life-size statue of Cnephren, builder of the Great Pyramid, which is copied, for anybody who likes, in plaster. In this connection, too, we hear again of Mrs. Lieder, who did such wonders for female education in Egypt, thirty years ago; and of her husband, Dr. Lieder, to whom Bunsen gives the credit of reviving Coptic in his table, where he says, "Coptic again made intelligible in Lieder's schools, 1834." But Dr. Lieder is no more: he died of cholera while Piazzi Smith was writing.

Scold at Bunsen as he will, our author is obliged to go to him for the meaning of the word "pyramid," which, in the new vocabulary of the fifth volume, he finds indicated, —

P$\chi\tau$, division.
Ment or *met*, the numeral X.

So here he finds a division or measure of tens, coinciding with the mechanical arrangement of a five-sided, five-cornered building, out of which his theory takes natural comfort. From the first rambling, vivacious volume, we take a few notes, before proceeding to the abstract of the scientific matter in the third. The second volume, which we take to be the valuable and lasting portion of the work, is strict measurement and mathematics, unvitiated by theory: matter, not for the critic, but for the world's scholars and speculators to use.

The Great Pyramid differs from all others in four essential particulars: —

1. The king's, or supposed sepulchral chamber, is a hundred and forty feet above ground,—a position in which no pyramid ever yet buried a man.

2. The coffer in this chamber is not built in, but stands free upon the floor: it is too large for a coffin, and no man ever saw its lid. Sarcophagi are always sunk in the floor, and have tightly fitting lids.

3. It was expected that living men would enter and use

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the Great Pyramid; for its exquisitely finished ventilating tubes are a hundred and eighty feet long.

4. In pyramids for burial, the passages lead to the tomb; but the passages in the Great Pyramid apparently *lead away* from the king's chamber.

We say, apparently; but the builders left behind them a clew to the secret. In the lower part of the entrance passage, two secret key-marks, diagonal joints, carefully and expensively laid in stone, much harder than the rest, point to the triangular stone, which originally concealed the entrance to the king's chamber, and which fell so as to expose it during El Mamoom's excavation.

The pyramid is partly built of the rock itself. Pushed to the northern verge of the hill on which it stands, it is partly supported over a ravine seventy feet deep, by its own chippings worked into a solid artificial embankment. Among these chippings are splinters of green, white, and black diorite, not yet accounted for by any known remains. Easy-minded readers, having seen the account in Herodotus about the polished exterior of the pyramid, and knowing that trivial vestiges of it may still be seen, have believed what they read; but the matter has long been one of dispute, and we are glad that Piazzi Smith's enthusiasm has settled the point for ever. He worked till he found the sockets cut in the solid rock to receive this casing; for it was necessary to find them to get the pyramid's true measure. First there was the ladder-like exterior of the masonry, then backing stones, and over them the casing, right-angled at the back and bevelled on the exterior, the angles being always of either 128° or 52°. The inside of these stones was whitish; the exterior of a bright walnut-wood brown, polished, *in situ*, beyond the power of any modern chisel. At the quarries, our professor was struck with the economy of the work. There were no useless fragments; only bases of closely adjoining artificial square pillars, sliced off transversely, so that every stone measured a hundred inches in length and breadth.

Not far from a hundred feet to the south-east of the great Sphinx, our traveller went to see one of the most wonderful

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excavations of Mariette Bey. It is called "Shafre's tomb," and, according to Renan, "is a vast temple, different from all others known." Twenty feet below the surface, they have excavated a building a hundred and thirty feet square, with ranges of square pillars, with beams and walls of massive, polished, red granite. Limestone walls, so worn as to look like ancient cliffs, surround it. A deep pit is dug down to a portal made of three mighty granite blocks. The passage has a peculiar azimuthal angle. It emerges into a colonnaded space running north and south, having a similar arcade with a double colonnade starting from its centre, — all of red granite. A tall doorway through a granite wall looks into an *awful room*, likewise running north and south, sixty-one feet long, twelve and a half broad, and twenty high, of polished granite, with a square, sepulchral well pierced through a floor of brilliant crystalline alabaster, near the middle of its east side. Here Cnephren's statue was found, a hundred and seventy-five inches below the surface, — under water, in fact, — with many other broken things rudely hurled in, as if an enemy had done it. The granite which built these polished walls was brought six hundred miles for the purpose.

Our author went to see this newly discovered building, as a sort of recreation in the midst of his hard work. When he returns, he describes to us four sets of grooves in the antechamber of the Great Pyramid, in which it has been supposed that four stone portcullises once ran up and down. Our author shakes his head over this; for though three pairs are really grooves, reaching from ceiling to floor, the fourth still holds what has been happily called a "granite leaf;" and this is no portcullis. It is cemented into the south groove, but is twenty inches from the north wall. The groove reaches only as far as the leaf falls; so that this never could have descended lower, and, if it had, it would only partly bar the passage, being but one third its height. This leaf is formed of two stones, one above the other, cemented together with the most precious white cement, the upper with a sort of semicircular bevelled handle, which looks as if it were made to draw the leaf upward in the grooves, and so disclose a secret. This

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is all our professor knows, and he leaves his reader as excited as himself over the evident mystery.

Professor Smith is greatly astonished at the justness of the pyramid's orientation. Nouet, in 1799, made it nineteen minutes of an arc out; but in 1865, Smith finds the error only four minutes and a few seconds, and this he thinks was not an error, but intentional, as it is the same in the second pyramid. No man's instrumental work, not even the famous Troughton's, is perfect; but it was very surprising, that the amount of difference between the *two halves* of Troughton's azimuth circle was greater than the angular difference between the azimuthal directions of axes in the Great Pyramid and the second pyramid, so very nearly had the ancient builders made two difficult things exactly alike. At this moment, the well-chamber in "King Shafre's tomb" gives a better observation of the instant of noon, than all the "time-finding means in Cairo." It gave a feeling almost of awe, to discover the same accuracy in the sockets of the casing cut in the rock: no socket "sights" the other precisely; but what small error there is, is plainly accounted for by piles of intervening rubbish.

At the very opening of volume third, in which we are to encounter a charming medley of "fact and fiction," our professor quotes, from Hekekyan Bey's "Chronology of Siriadic Monuments," a passage which we commend to all critics of Bunsen, and himself in particular:—

> "But we must be on our guard not to assign the construction of a monument, in all cases, to the monarch whose name is most prominently legible on it. There was a colossal statue, of largest size, in Memphis, the cylinders of which had been so diminished by cutting down for new cartouches to be engraved, that a mortise was made through and through each hand for the insertion of new cylinders. Standard statues, of the size of life, had hollows in their faces for the introduction of features resembling those of the reigning king!"

In Hekekyan Bey our readers will recognize a prominent friend of European influence, and especially of Dr. Lieder and female education in Egypt.

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Postponing for the moment such peculiar notions as Professor Smith may entertain, we wish to draw attention to some remarkable traits in the construction of the Great Pyramid, now for the first time distinctly brought out, and of great value to all theorists, sane and insane.

1. The angle of the sides of the Great Pyramid is of precisely the amount to cause the linear proportion which twice the length of one of its sides bears to the vertical height of the whole mass, to be that of the diameter to the circle,—the constant quantity π of all modern mathematics.

2. Three trenches, which observers have always insisted were used solely for the mixing of mortar, gave Professor Smith the feeling from the beginning, that they had to do with deciding the dominant angles of the pyramid; and from his observation he proves them to be *azimuth trenches*, their mean determination being 51° 51′ 33″. These trenches, then, were placed at the actual angles intentionally or unintentionally. If the former, the builders knew what remarkable property they could give to a pyramid, by constructing its slope at the critical angle of 51° 51′; "and we shall do wisely to attend with care to their other angular works." Why did not this consideration save you, O Professor! from the theory of divine inspiration and its consequences?

3. In its descending passage, the Great Pyramid is like all others; but in the ascending, indicated by the diagonals, it is unique. Of the three passages, we ought to know the inclination; but to compare the Grand Gallery with the celestial polar direction we must bore through the blocks of stone, with which it is still choked! The pyramid shows only one of the two daily meridian transits of a pole-star particularly marked, yet accounts for, or shows the direction of, the other transit, and the place of the pole as well.

4. The Great Pyramid stands ninety miles from the Red Sea, and a hundred and ten in a direct line from the Mediterranean. Its correct orientation has always been taken for granted; and we have shown how small, and perhaps intentional, our professor found the error. As regards latitude, the theoretical angle is 30°; what Piazzi Smith actually found

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is 29° 58′ 51″. Why did not the builders hit the mark a little more closely, carry it 69″ farther north, and make it perfectly accurate? The answer to this question he finds in the topography of the region. To have carried it even this little to the north, would have taken it off a noble hill, and buried it ingloriously in a broad bay of sand. By pushing it to the extreme northern edge of the cliff,—where one landslip had already occurred, and which they were compelled to fill up with good masonry,—they showed that they knew their error.

5. A system of inclined passages in the rock north-east of the pyramid, about which there has been a good deal of speculation, our astronomer considers merely a model on which the masons tried their hand, to work out the *internal figures* of the pyramid, as the azimuth trenches had worked out the external angles. That part of the actual pyramid which was cut in the rock has suffered more from time than that part which is made of masonry. As to any changes produced by time, six different subjects of observation, including the geological strata, combine to show a southward dip. It is only about 32″, however,—hardly worth noting. A shining, curly, white, moss-like excrescence, appearing in the Grand Gallery and queen's chamber, proves to be common salt.

6. Taylor taught us to look at the internal axis of the earth's rotation, which he estimated at five hundred millions of inches, for the builder's measure,—this statement being defended and enforced by Sir John Herschel. Taylor took Newton's sacred cubit,—a measure always employed by the Hebrews for sacred purposes,—twenty-five inches long. The modern French metre was chosen as the one ten-millionth of a quadrant of a particular meridian of the earth. The sacred cubit was the one ten-millionth of half the earth's axis of rotation,—also a useful measure, close on the length of the human arm and the human pace; and of these cubits there are as many contained *in one side of the pyramid's base*, as there are days in the year! Here is the pyramid linear measure:—

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1 thumb-breadth,	= 1 inch.
1 arm, roughly,	= 1 cubit, or 25 inches.
100 cubits,	= 1 acre-side.
25 acre-sides,	= 1 mile.
100 acre-sides,	= 1 league.

The cubic contents of the great coffer have been elsewhere shown to be equal to one Hebrew laver, or one English chaldron. Now for the measure of weight. A cubic measure being formed, with sides of a ten-millionth of the earth's axis of rotation, a tenth part of this space is to be filled with matter of the specific density of the earth. This mass will form the weight standard. The coffer measure puts the mean density at 5.70.

7. Decimal measures are everywhere indicated, and show the coffer to be *intentionally* what it is, thinks our professor. Four vertical grooves divide the entrance wall of the king's chamber into five parts. The coffer, whose capacity is also that ascribed to the Ark of the Covenant, is founded on a fifty-inch measure, the one ten-millionth of the earth's axis of rotation. It stands in a room carefully divided by five equal courses of stone; a thing not to be done in that hard material without extreme care. By the position of the floor on the lower course, the room becomes a measure of the same capacity as Solomon's molten sea, fifty times that of the coffer,—fifty and five are the ruling numbers. Then again the king's chamber holds an unexpected relation to the whole pyramid. The fiftieth course of stone in the pyramid is identical with the floor of that chamber. On it stands the coffer of fifty inches standard, in its tank of fifty times itself, with walls of five courses; and, if that coffer's contents of water be divided by fifty times fifty, we get the pyramid pound, scientifically checked all the world over as five cubic inches of the earth's mean density! We agree with our professor, that, if this is all accurate and all accidental, it is very bewildering.

He goes on to show that the ventilators were constructed so as to create a mean temperature of what he calls *one-fifth*.

Now, whereas the king's chamber has a relation to a measure of fives and fifties, so the queen's chamber has a similar

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relation to a standard of twenty-five; and the subterranean chamber was equally a chamber of angular measure. By calculations concerning the latter, which our readers would not care to follow, our professor gets a compass with divisions of *fives*, which he thinks the sailors would be grateful for! In the seven-sided crystalline form of the queen's chamber, his peculiar notions lead him to find an index of the sabbatical week; and he somewhere quotes our much-maligned Bunsen in his own support. If figures were ever "off on a strike," we think they would have refused to contribute to such a result!

The third volume contains an interesting but contemptuous account of the labors of Mahmoud Bey, alluded to in our article on Bunsen. It seems to trouble our astronomer a good deal, that he cannot criticise the excellence of Mahmoud's mathematical work.

In his speculative advances, Smith makes a queer choice of authorities; and, whenever he brings up a peculiarly obscure name, he shows his real respect for Bunsen, by reporting what good thing the baron credited to it! If a third of the time spent on the building of this pyramid was spent, as Herodotus says, in subterranean work, then our professor is sure that we shall yet see the inside of an undiscovered chamber, in which will be works of the magnificent diorite, whose splinters strike through the embankment. No man knows where this diorite came from; no one has ever reported it *in situ*.

Professor Smith treats us, in closing, to Haliburton's "Essay on the Pleiades." All nations, he thinks, once had a year of pleiads, before the rise of the great heathen civilizations, and in which is the explanation of the old festival of Hallowe'en. This year began with the autumnal equinox, "the mother-night of the year." But, for all this, he must needs borrow of Bunsen the very star-maps and charts Professor Heiss prepared for him! One thing he has decided, — that the Dog-star shall not rule the pyramid. Those who know what good work is, however, will always value Professor Smith's second volume, and turn from his third to Bunsen's noble five, with ever-fresh delight.

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Art. V. —THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND ITS AUTHOR.

An Attempt to ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel, especially in relation to the First Three. By John James Tayler, B.A., Member of the Historico-Theological Society of Leipsic, and Principal of Manchester New College, London. Williams & Nordgate, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; 1867.

An able and friendly writer in the "London Spectator" (April 20, 1867) closes his examination of this work, after repeatedly expressing his high esteem for the author's accurate knowledge and perfect fairness, with these words: "Mr. Tayler's learned, lucid, and candid book has tended to confirm, instead of to shake, our conviction of the authenticity of the fourth Gospel."

Such also has been the case with ourselves. Mr. Tayler calls his book, "An Attempt to ascertain the Character of the Fourth Gospel." But it is not so much an examination, as an argument. We can already see, in the first chapter, the result to which the writer has come. The book is a fair and honest attempt to disprove the apostolic authorship and authority of the Gospel.

Mr. Tayler first describes the evident difference between the three Synoptic Gospels and the fourth, as regards the scene of Christ's labors, the form of his teachings, the events mentioned, and the resulting view of the character of Christ himself. He thinks that John's Gospel is not so much another as a different Gospel from those of the Synoptics. Considering it impossible that the fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse should have been written by the same author, he decides in favor of the authenticity of the latter. The notices of the Apostle John in Scripture and ecclesiastical tradition, show, in Mr. Tayler's opinion, that John belonged to the Jewish section of the Christian Church; to which, plainly, the author of the fourth Gospel does not belong. The external testimonies

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to the apostolic authorship of the Gospel do not begin to be satisfactory, till toward the end of the second century. The doctrine of the Logos, he thinks, could not have blended itself so intimately into Christianity at a very early period, as is seen in this book. In the apologists of the second century, indeed, he finds this Logos doctrine fully accepted; but in the writings of Paul, instead of the "Logos," we have the "Spirit." But Mr. Tayler's chief reason for rejecting the Gospel as apostolic is from its position in regard to the time of the Last Supper. The three Synoptics place it on the fourteenth of Nisan, on the day of the Passover; but John puts it on the day before, and fixes the crucifixion on the Passover. That the fourth Gospel is wrong here, Mr. Tayler thinks evident; and that therefore it could not be written by John, who was incapable of such a mistake, and whose authority was appealed to in Ephesus in favor of the other date. For such reasons as these, Mr. Tayler believes himself compelled to deny the apostolic authorship of the fourth Gospel. Who was really the writer, he is unable to say; but some one, he is convinced, who was living and writing before the middle of the second century,— certainly before the death of Papias in A.D. 163, and probably after A.D. 135. He differs from Dr. Baur, who considers it of Alexandrine origin, since he regards the uniform tradition of the Church in favor of Ephesus conclusive as to the place of its composition.

The fourth Gospel, therefore, according to Mr. Tayler, "belongs to the primitive age of Christianity, and cannot be brought lower than the first half of the second century." Nevertheless, he does not consider it as the work of imposture: partly because it does not speak of John as its author till the last chapter, which he holds to be a later addition; and also because the book is really filled with the current of spiritual life which came from Jesus. Mr. Tayler's work ends with an attempt to show, that Baron Bunsen was wrong in saying that, if John's Gospel is not authentic, there can be no historical Christ, and no Christian Church. On the other hand, Mr. Tayler asserts that Christianity is not damaged by the results of this critiçism, and that we lose nothing in discovering that

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the fourth Gospel was not the work of an apostle, but of an unknown writer at Ephesus, in the second century.

However this may be, the question is surely important, and weighted with very grave consequences. We will therefore examine, as far as our limits allow, the state of this question.

I.

And first we ask, Which ought to have the most weight in deciding the question of authorship, — the united and unvarying belief of the Church, less than two hundred years after the birth of Christ; or the arguments of criticism, however ingenious, at the present time?

To test this, let us suppose a critic, in the year A.D. 3500, to be examining the question of the authorship of the "Paradise Lost." He finds, we will suppose, few references to it before the year 1867; but at that time it was universally attributed to John Milton, an eminent English writer of the seventeenth century. Such had continued to be the general belief, during all the subsequent centuries. But this critic, on examination, sees much reason for doubting this conclusion. "I find," he says, "other works, in prose, attributed to this same writer, — works of a violent and bitterly controversial character, and wholly different in spirit from the poem. In these, he is a Son of Thunder, ready to call down fire from heaven on the heads of his opponents: in this, he is patient under neglect and sorrow. The difference of style also is very great. The prose writings have long, involved, difficult sentences: the verse is luminous, simple, and clear. No person, for example, unbiassed by prejudice, can read the 'Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuüs,' and believe the author of this bitter, obscure, and prosaic essay, and that of the 'Paradise Lost,' to be the same person. Take, for example, the following passage, which is a fair specimen of the whole: —

"'The peremptory analysis, that you call it, I believe will be so hardy as once more to unpin your spruce, fastidious oratory, to rumple her

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laces, her frizzles, and her bobbins, though she wince and fling never so peevishly.'

"'*Remonst.* Those verbal exceptions are but light froth, and will sink alone.'

"'*Ans.* O rare subtlety, beyond all that Cardan ever dreamed of! when will light froth sink? Here, in your phrase, the same day that heavy plummets will swim alone. Trust this man, readers, if you please, whose divinity would reconcile England with Rome, and his philosophy make friends nature with the chaos, *sine pondere habentia pondus.*'

"'*Remonst.* That scum may be worth taking off, which follows.'

"'*Ans.* Spare your ladle, sir: it will be as the bishop's foot in the broth; the scum will be found upon your own remonstrance.'

"It is evident," our critic might say, "that the man who could write pages of such stuff as this, could not be the author of 'Paradise Lost.' Which of these, then, was John Milton? Ancient writers declare Milton to have been a Puritan, a friend and secretary of Cromwell, a schoolmaster, the writer of a Latin dictionary and the 'History of England.' When could he have written the 'Paradise Lost'? All tradition agrees, that it was not published till 1667. But then he was already fifty-nine years old; and he died seven years after, blind, and tormented with the gout. Is it credible that this splendid poem could have been composed at such a time of life, and under such circumstances, by one who had given all his mature years to politics, sectarian theology, and Latin dictionaries?

"It is true," our thirty-fifth century critic might add, "that the scattering notices of this poem before the nineteenth century do all attribute it to the puritan John Milton. But it is a suspicious circumstance, that one of these writers, named Johnson (who flourished about A.D. 1760), speaks of the 'long obscurity and late reception' of this poem, 'and that it did not break into open view' till the Revolution of 1688. It is also remarkable, that the most eminent contemporaries of this writer do not speak of the poem, or know of it. Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Locke, Newton, Leibnitz, all living at the

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same time, are ignorant of the existence of 'Paradise Lost.' If such a great poem had then been published, is it possible that they should not have read it? It is still more singular, that the public attention was first called to it, forty or fifty years after its supposed date, by a writer of periodical papers, named Addison. Before his time, only one eminent man appears to have known of it, and that one another poet, named Dryden, who gives it great praise. Now, Dryden was universally admitted to have been a genius of the first order, and a celebrated poet; while Milton, as we have seen, was known only as a prose writer, and a very prosaic prose writer. Milton was incapable of writing the 'Paradise Lost;' for though some shorter poems seem to have been attributed to him, yet the critic before referred to (Johnson) says that those who pretend to like them 'force their judgment into false approbation of these little pieces, and prevail on themselves to think that admirable which is only singular.' He adds of one, that 'its diction is harsh, its rhymes uncertain, and its numbers unpleasing;' and of another, 'in this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth.' If, therefore, Milton wrote the shorter poems, he evidently did not write the longer one. Youth is the season of poetry. If in his youth he tried to write poetry, and wrote it so badly, is it probable that, old and blind, after spending his life in teaching school, making dictionaries, and writing bitter theological essays, he could suddenly fall heir to the splendid genius which irradiates the 'Paradise Lost'? Milton could not have written this poem. But Dryden could. And there was very good reason why Dryden should conceal the fact; for he had been a Puritan, and had become a Catholic. He probably wrote the poem before his change of opinion; and this accounts for the religious views which it contains. He dared not publish it openly under his own name, after becoming a Catholic, and could not bear to suppress it. Nothing remained but to publish it under the name of another; and he selected that of Milton the Puritan, as an obscure man, to whom it might easily be attributed. This supposition, and only this, accounts for all the facts in the case."

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An ingenious critic can always find such arguments as these by which to unsettle the authenticity of any book, no matter how long or how universally ascribed to a particular author. But which is likely to be right, — the individual critic, or the universal opinion? Shall we trust the common belief of a period near enough to have the means of knowing the truth, yet distant enough to have had time to gather up all the threads of evidence; or the reasonings and judgment of a man living ten or fifteen centuries after?

Mr. Tayler says, "With Irenæus and Tertullian, who mark the transition from the second to the third century, the testimony to the apostolic origin and authority of the fourth Gospel becomes so clear, express, and full, and the verdict of the Catholic Church respecting it so decisive, that it is quite unnecessary to pursue the line of witnesses any farther." Now Mr. Tayler supposes it to have been forged or invented after A.D. 135. In less than sixty-five years, then, this false book is universally received as the work of a great apostle, who could hardly have been dead fifty years when the Gospel was written, and not a hundred when it was thus universally received as his. Wesley has now been dead just about as long as the Apostle John had been dead when the fourth Gospel was universally ascribed to him. Who can think that a work on religion, essentially differing from Wesley's other books, could have been forged a few years after his death and be now universally accepted in all the Methodist churches of Europe and America as his authentic writing? Yet this is what we are invited to believe concerning the fourth Gospel.

In deciding such questions, too much extent is given to the function of criticism, which only judges by the letter. The critical faculty in man is an important one, certainly; but as certainly gives us no knowledge of God or man, of spirit or matter, of law or love. All it can do is to "peep and botanize;" take to pieces the living flower, in order to see how many stamens it has; "murder to dissect." All the large movements of man's soul are above its reach. It gropes in the dark, like a mole. A single new experience, one inspired

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impulse, will set aside its most carefully built up array of evidence. It can judge of the future only by the past, — and usually by a very narrow past; and so is very apt to be deceived.

The French proverb says, "On peut être plus fin qu'un autre, mais pas plus fin que tous les autres." We may believe that our critics in the nineteenth century are very sharp fellows indeed; but do they know more about John and his writings than all the Christian Churches in the third century together? Possibly there may have been some critical persons there too, and with much better means of knowledge than we have. There were Christians *then* who had some power of trying spirits, to see whether they were of God or not; who could tell if a new Gospel, which was no Gospel, was handed to them, giving a wholly new account of their Master than that which they had been taught by apostolic tradition. According to Mr. Tayler's supposition, there was not in all the churches, at the beginning of the third century, a single man who could look this false John in the face, and tear off his mask, saying, "Jesus I know, Paul I know, Matthew and Mark and Luke I know; but who are you?" But there were men in the churches then, as well as before and after, who had been taught acuteness in the keen discussions of the Jewish and Greek schools, whose wits had been sharpened by rabbinical debates, and who were quite able to see the difference between the Jesus of Luke and the Christ of John. Why, then, was not a single voice raised, in all the churches, against this intruder? The only possible answer is, that he came with such guarantees of his character as silenced all question. Can we imagine that Christians in the first and second century were ignorant of the fact, if one of the twelve apostles was still living at Ephesus?

Mr. Tayler's book is a full discussion of the whole question. All that bears on the authority and authorship of the fourth Gospel has been brought together; and he has not found one writer in the first centuries expressing any doubt of St. John's being the author of the fourth Gospel. All that *is* said is in its favor: the only objection is, that there is not more. As

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far as external evidence goes, one should, methinks, be satisfied if it is all one way. But a critic, whose object is to discredit a book or writer, can find fault very easily. Not that Mr. Tayler means to be unfair; but he is a student in the school of Baur, and would be more than human if he had not caught the habit there of hinting a fault and hesitating dislike.

The external evidence, pro and con, may be summed up thus: *All that we have*, in regard to the fourth Gospel in the first two centuries, is in its favor; and by the end of the second century the testimony is so full and plain, that even Tübingen critics must admit it to be satisfactory. When the young lady complained that she had not time enough, the reply was not unreasonable,—that she had "all the time there was." To those who want more evidence of the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, we may in like manner reply, that "they have all the evidence there is."

The unanimity of the churches at the end of the second century, in receiving this Gospel as the work of the apostle, is such an inexplicable fact, supposing it to have been forged, that the defenders of this hypothesis are obliged to take the position, that Christians were then so uncritical, that they were willing to accept any writing which seemed edifying, as authentic, without examination or evidence. But this is a mere assumption, contradicted by all the facts of the case. Luke, in the preface to his Gospel, already assumes the critical position, though he criticises and denies for the sake of affirming. He rejects the false, in order to retain the true. His reason for writing his Gospel, he tells us, is, that because so many were undertaking to relate the apostolic traditions concerning Jesus, he wrote his Gospel from very accurate knowledge and the best opportunities, so that Theophilus might have "*certainty*" (*ασφάλειαν*) in his belief. His object was a critical one,—to separate the uncertain and doubtful accounts of Jesus from those well-ascertained and verified. This does not look as if there was no critical sense in the Church.

We know, moreover, that many apocryphal and doubtful Gospels were in circulation at the beginning. They were not

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hostile to Christ,—not one of them speaks disrespectfully of him. They err in the opposite direction. They are zealous to exalt him to the utmost,—to heap miracle on miracle; to paint the lily, and add a perfume to the violet. Why, then, were they rejected? *Love* for Christ might have retained them, but the sense of *truth* rejected them. If, as is assumed, the critical faculty at first was absent, and only blind feeling existed, why were all these well-meant but spurious narratives excluded, one after the other, from the received Scriptures? What has become of the "Gospel of the Infancy," ascribed to the Apostle Thomas; the "Protevangelium," ascribed to James, brother of the Lord; the "Gospel of the Nativity of Mary," "the Gospel of Nicodemus," and especially the "Gospel to the Hebrews,"—which once had high authority? The sense of truth in the churches rejected them, one by one,—that spirit of truth which was just as much an element of primitive Christianity as the spirit of love; the spirit of truth which Jesus promised should be given his disciples, and which should "take of his, and show to them."

Eusebius, writing about the year 325, gives an account of the New-Testament canon, distinguishing between the books universally received, those received by some and rejected by others, and those generally rejected. This threefold division of accepted, disputed, and spurious, certainly shows that the churches in his time had a critical sense, in full operation. But, before his time, three eminent writers, all of whom accept as unquestioned the Gospel of John, had shown an active and acute spirit of investigation. The first is Irenæus, disciple of Polycarp, Bishop of Lyons (A.D. 177–202), whom Hase calls "a clear-minded, thoughtful man, of philosophic culture, who opposed the Gnostic speculations with the help of reminiscences taken from his youth, which came in contact with the apostolic age." His testimony to John the apostle, as author of the fourth Gospel, Mr. Tayler admits as positive and unquestionable. So is that of Tertullian, one of the greatest thinkers and writers in the Church, first a heathen orator and lawyer in Rome (about A.D. 190), whose fiery African nature was paired with the acutest intellect of his time. And,

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thirdly, Origen (born A.D. 185), learned in all the knowledge of the Alexandrian school, an independent thinker and student. He says that the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John are the "only undisputed ones in the whole Church of God throughout the world." Origen examines critically all the books of the New Testament, marks the difference of style between the Epistle to the Hebrews and the undisputed writings of the Apostle Paul, and says of it, that "who really wrote it, God only knows."

By the whole Church, then, including all its great thinkers and writers, at the end of the second century, the authenticity of the Gospel of John is *undisputed.* Also before that time, as far as it is mentioned at all, it is equally undisputed; the only question being why it was not more often mentioned. But the apostolic fathers were not in the habit of quoting the New-Testament writers by name, or as authority: they were too near to their own time. So that their silence is no argument against their belief in the authenticity of the Gospel.

The external evidence, therefore, concerning the fourth Gospel, may be thus summed up: —

1. Every Christian writer, in the first three centuries, who has given the name of its author, has attributed it to the Apostle John.

2. The great writers and critics at the end of the second and beginning of the third century,—Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement, Origen, and afterward Eusebius, who carefully divide the Scriptures into "undoubted, doubtful, and spurious," — all put this Gospel among the undoubted apostolic writings.

3. No serious opposition to the authenticity of this Gospel has arisen until the present time, and among a special class of critics; while others (like Ewald, De Wette, and Tischendorf), equally acute and free, say that, in regard to external evidence, this Gospel "stands, not in a worse, but in a better position than either the first three Gospels or the writings of Paul." *

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* De Wette, Introduction, &c., § 109.

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We may therefore conclude, that, were it not for the objections arising from the contents of the fourth Gospel, no such doubts of its authenticity would have arisen, as begin now to prevail among a certain class of learned and candid writers.

Let us therefore pass on to examine the nature of the objections taken on internal grounds.

II.

The internal evidence against the authenticity of the fourth Gospel may be distributed under three heads: (1) Its difference from the three Synoptics; (2) Its difference from the Apocalypse; (3) Its difference from the writings of Paul.

We begin with the most important of these. The divergence from the three first Gospels relates to the character of Jesus, the events of his life, and its doctrinal teaching.

The first — and if correct, conclusive — objection against the apostolic origin of the fourth Gospel is this: *It gives a view of the character of Jesus so different from that of the Synoptics, as to constitute another person. The character of Jesus, as represented by the Synoptics and by John, are contradictory to each other.*

M. Albert Reville ("Revue des deux Mondes," liv. de Mai 1, 1866) describes this difference thus: In the first three Gospels, Jesus is a teacher of the Truth; but in the fourth he is the Truth itself. In the Synoptics he appears as a man; in the fourth Gospel, as the Word of God. He finds in its author a scholar of Philo, who had appropriated his Platonic theory of the Word, as the indwelling, unuttered thought of God (*λόγος ἐνδιαθέτος*), and as the manifested divine reason (*λόγος προφορικός*). This Word, according to him, appeared among men as Jesus of Nazareth, and, being essential light, was opposed by the Darkness. He attracts to himself all men in whom the light is supreme, and repels the sons of Darkness. He calls on all men to believe in himself as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life;" as "the True Vine;" as "the Living Bread which came down from heaven;" as the only open "Door" to God; as the "Well-beloved Son, dwelling in the

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bosom of the Father." This, says M. Reville, makes an essentially different character from the simple country rabbi of the Synoptics.

Mr. Tayler's view is the same. "In the first three Gospels," says he, "we have the picture, exceedingly vivid and natural, of a great moral and religious reformer, cautiously making his way through the prejudices and misconceptions of his contemporaries, gradually obtaining their confidence, and changing the direction of their hopes. In the fourth, on the contrary, the unclouded glory of the Son of God shines out complete from the first, and is sustained undiminished till the words "It is finished" announce its withdrawal from earth.

There is, doubtless, some truth in all this. And yet, if we were disposed to take the opposite view, and say that John chiefly developed the purely *human* side of Jesus, how much we might find to say! John says nothing of the miraculous conception, which appears both in Matthew and Luke; nor of his victory over the doctors in his childhood; nor of his defeat of the devil in his temptation; nor of his power over demons and evil spirits; nor of his power over the elements of nature, in commanding the winds and waves; nor of the Transfiguration; nor of his cursing the fig-tree; nor of the shock of nature at his death, the miraculous darkness, the rending rocks, the dead rising from their graves. And, on the other hand, it is the Gospel of John which furnishes the most purely human traits in the character of Jesus, — which shows him weeping at the grave of Lazarus; which depicts him, weary with his journey, sitting by the well; which shows his need of private friendships, in his love for Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, and the beloved disciple himself; and his sympathy with human cheerfulness in the water turned to wine.

Still there is no doubt that the Gospel of John gives a quite different picture of Christ from that of the Synoptics. The Christ of this is more ideal, reflective, spiritual: the Christ of those, practical, direct, and popular. But Hase well says of this, "Since a great, unfathomed character must be differently apprehended by those who surround him, according to

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the difference in the observers, and the measure of each man's mind, it follows that John's different view of Jesus proves nothing against the authenticity of his Gospel, unless it could be shown that a higher unity of these diverse views is an impossibility." *

This year, being only twenty-five years after the death of Dr. Channing, a meeting was held in Boston to commemorate his character and genius, at which speeches were made by different friends of his, all of whom had known him intimately and well. Yet it was noticed, that they gave such different descriptions of his character, as almost to contradict each other. Some described him as inaccessible and retiring, others as specially hospitable and easy of approach; some denied to him imagination and poetry, for which others made a peculiar claim; some, in fine, said that he was not a great thinker, while others considered him one of the leading intellects of the age. The explanation was, that they saw him on different sides of his character.

But the most complete parallel to the divergencies between the evangelists is to be found in the widely opposite view of Socrates, as given by Xenophon and Plato. The first represents him as a moral teacher, inculcating self-control, temperance, piety, duty to parents, brotherly love, friendship, diligence, benevolence; and expressly avoiding all ideal themes, as transcending the limits of human knowledge. He was eminently a *practical* man, as thus described in the "Memorabilia." But, according to Plato, his whole life was passed in speculative inquiries into the essences of things, and in transcendental discussions. And, nevertheless, Mr. Grote and other eminent writers consider both accounts authentic and genuine. Mr. Grote says,† "We find, to our great satisfaction, that the pictures given by Plato and Xenophon of their common master are, in the main, accordant; *differing only as drawn from the same original by two authors radically differing in spirit and character.* Xenophon, the man of action, *brings out at length those conversations of Socrates which had*

* Hase: "Leben Jesu." † History of Greece, chap. lxviii.

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a bearing on practical conduct, and were calculated to correct vice or infirmity in particular individuals. . . . *Plato leaves out the practical, and consecrates himself to the theoretical Socrates*, whom he divests in part of his identity, in order to enroll him as chief speaker in certain larger theoretical views of his own. *The two pictures, therefore, do not contradict each other, but mutually supply each other's defects, and admit of being blended into one consistent whole.* And, respecting the method of Socrates, as well as the effect of that method on the minds of the hearers, both Xenophon and Plato are witnesses substantially in union; though, here again, the latter has made the method his own, worked it out on a scale of enlargement and perfection, and given it a permanence it could never have derived from its original author, *who talked and never wrote. It is fortunate that our two main witnesses about him, both speaking from personal knowledge, agree to so great an extent.*"

We have italicized the passages which illustrate our present point. As Xenophon and Plato to Socrates, so were the Synoptics and John to Christ. Their two portraits of Jesus "differ only as drawn from the same original by two authors radically differing in spirit and character." The Synoptics, men of action, bring out those sayings of Jesus "which had a bearing on practical conduct." John "leaves out the practical, and consecrates himself to the theoretical" Jesus. "The two pictures, therefore, do not contradict each other, but mutually supply each other's defects."

Have we not also reason to say of Jesus, as Mr. Grote says of Socrates, "It is fortunate that our two main witnesses about him, both speaking from personal knowledge, agree to so great an extent"? Let us see how much the four Gospels have in common. John agrees with the Synoptics in regard to the ministry of John the Baptist as a preparation for that of Jesus; the baptism of Jesus by him; the casting of the Baptist into prison, and subsequent return of Jesus into Galilee; the healing of the centurion's servant; the feeding of the five thousand; the walking on the sea; Peter's profession of faith; the anointing by Mary; the entry of Christ into Jerusa-

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lem at the last Passover; the fact of the cleansing of the Temple; the fact of the Supper; the fall of Peter foretold by Jesus; Gethsemane; the betrayal by Judas; the examination before the high priest; the denial by Peter; the examination by Pilate; the accusation and condemnation; the abuse by the soldiers; the crucifixion; the burial; the Resurrection; the appearances in Jerusalem.

Moreover, passages occur in the Synoptics, in exact harmony with those in John, in which Jesus is represented not merely as a teacher of Truth, but as himself the Truth and Life. What is there in John more striking of this kind than the passage in Matthew (xi. 28), "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" or the preceding passage, "No man knows who the Son is but the Father, or who the Father is but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him"? What vaster claim is there in John than that in Matthew (xxviii. 18), "All power is given to me in heaven and earth;" or the picture of himself (Matt. xxv. 31) as the future judge of all the nations of the world, accompanied by the angels? And, on the other hand, John's Gospel asserts, as fully as those of the Synoptics, the human limitations and dependence of Jesus. When accused of arrogating to himself the name of God, he claims only that of a son, appealing with entire humility to the Old-Testament use of language (John xvi. 33–36). He ascribes exclusive honor to the Father only (John vii. 18), and professes to do nothing of himself (John v. 30).

III.

Passing from the picture of the character of Jesus to the story of events in his career, we first encounter this fact: The Synoptics place all the first part of the life of Jesus in Galilee, and say nothing of his going to Jerusalem before the last Passover: John, on the other hand, mentions several visits to Jerusalem, at different festivals. But it is in the highest degree probable, that Jesus complied with the national custom in going to the feasts; and that he took occasion, while there, to talk with the leaders of different parties, and test their state of

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mind in respect to his mission. But he went only as a private man on each of these occasions, as is stated in regard to one of them (John vii. 10, *οὐ φανερῶς, ἀλλ' ὡς ἐν κρυπτῷ*, — "not publicly, but as it were privately"). In accordance with this, he avoided working miracles; or, if he could not refuse the suppliant, he did the work so as to hide, to some extent, his own agency. This we suppose to have been his reason for anointing the eyes of the blind man with clay, and telling him to wash in the pool of Siloam. The man did not discover that he was healed, till he had gone, and washed off the clay (John ix. 1–7). So, in the healing of the impotent man, Jesus avoided publicity (John v. 13). He spoke of himself to the Jews as being sent by God, and speaking what was given him to say; but he nowhere openly claimed to be the Messiah. He spoke of the Messiah frequently under the title of "the Son," and described his qualities; but he refused his brother's request to "show himself to the world" (John vii. 3–6), on the ground that his time had not yet come. This speech of his brethren indicates plainly that he did not appear as publicly in Jerusalem as in Galilee. The Synoptics, therefore, describing only his public life, and apparently not having gone with him to Jerusalem on these visits, say nothing of them; but John speaks of them, because of the conversations which took place there. It is probable, that, meeting at the feasts men of a deeper insight and higher culture than in Galilee, Jesus spoke to them more plainly of his idea of the Messiah, and these are the conversations which John narrates. Questions constantly arose as to whether he was the Christ or not; but Jesus himself delayed any claim to that title. Undoubtedly he asserts a great mission: He is the light of the world. He is from above. If any man thirst, let him come to him and drink. His day was seen by Abraham, therefore he existed in the divine purpose before Abraham. But still he would not say plainly that he was the Christ (John x. 24). His sheep would know his voice, without any such claim.

This, we think, sufficiently explains the silence of the Synoptics in regard to these visits to Jerusalem. Jesus went alone, or with only one or two of his disciples, as a private

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Jew, to the national festivals. For this reason the Synoptics omit mention of them; but John, who may have gone with his Master at these times, found sufficient interest in the conversations to record them as he was able to remember them.

A great difficulty is made of the omission, by the Synoptics, of all mention of the raising of Lazarus. Why they omit it cannot now be known. Lazarus and his family were the objects of hatred to the authorities at Jerusalem (John xii. 10); and, living so near to their enemies, it was perhaps not best to call attention to them. Perhaps only one or two of the disciples had gone with Jesus, on this occasion, to Bethany; and, hearing of the miracle from those who were there, it might not seem to them more important than the others in their own narrations. Perhaps; — but why multiply suggestions? Who can answer such questions? Why does Luke alone relate the parables of the Good Samaritan, the Pharisee and Publican, and the Prodigal Son? Any explanation is better than to suppose this exquisitely natural and touching narrative an invention. If nature and truth ever put their seal to a story, it is here. The little picture of domestic life at Bethany, as it appears in Luke (x. 38–42), prepares the way for the narrative in John. The characters of Martha and Mary are in keeping in both narratives. The active sister, in Luke's picture, is the one who comes first, in John's account, to meet Jesus. The one who sat at his feet, in the story of Luke, is the sister whose tender gratitude violates all utilitarian considerations in the gift of ointment, as narrated by all four evangelists. But, though Matthew and Mark tell this last story, they do not mention the name of Mary; for the same reason apparently, whatever it was, which caused their silence in regard to the raising of Lazarus. Martha, again, who in Luke (x. 40) was cumbered with much serving, true to her active and useful tendencies, appears also in John (xii. 2) as serving on this other occasion. All these little traits combine in a perfect picture; and all are in harmony with the story of the raising of Lazarus, which, the more it is read, seems ever more real.

The difference between the Synoptics and the fourth Gospel,

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as regards the Last Supper, is made by Mr. Tayler almost his chief reason for denying the authenticity of the latter. According to the first three Gospels, Jesus eats the Passover with his disciples on the regular Jewish festival (14th Nisan), and then, after the Paschal Supper, institutes his own memorial feast. He is then crucified on the next day (15th Nisan), Friday, and the bodies are taken down immediately, so as not to interfere with the Sabbath. Jesus lies in the grave on Saturday (the Sabbath), and rises on Sunday, the first day of the week.

But, according to John, the supper (identified by the sop given to Judas [xiii. 26], and the prediction concerning the cock to Peter [xiii. 38]) was the previous day (13th Nisan); since John speaks of it as "before the feast of the Passover" (xiii. 1); since Judas goes out, as was thought, "to buy the things needed for the feast" (xiii. 29); since, on the next day, the Jews were still to eat the Passover (xviii. 28); and since it was the preparation for it (xix. 14, 31).

There is one method, however, of explaining this difficulty, which perhaps has never been fairly presented, and which we will now submit for the consideration of our readers. John has been supposed to have written his Gospel when he was quite an old man, about A.D. 80 or 90. We must not think of him as composing it in the way men write purely literary works, — as one connected whole. He wrote it, or more probably dictated it, as he was able, in fragments and parts. From time to time, he wrote down or dictated some particular passage of his Master's life, or some special conversation. Afterward, they were put together in the best way, either by himself, or by some one else after his death. There are many indications of this fragmentary manner of composition in the Gospel itself. There is no natural connection in the narrative. Often an artificial connection is supplied, — as though the amanuensis had asked the apostle, "When did this happen?" and he had replied, "That happened the next day" (John i. 29), "this was the next day after" (i. 35), "and this, I recollect, was the day after that" (i. 43). "It took about two days to go to Galilee; so this must have been on the third day" (ii.

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1). The amanuensis may be supposed to have asked, "How long did he stay there?" and been answered, "Not many days" (ii. 12). The whole impression given, in reading the Gospel, is as if the aged apostle had been surrounded by a group of younger Christians, who asked him questions about his recollections of Jesus, and wrote down his answers. "Tell us," they would say, "about Nicodemus;" or, "Tell us of the Christ's conversation at the Last Supper;" or, "Tell us all you can remember of his conversations with the Jews at the feasts." So, when he told them about Jesus washing his disciples' feet, they probably asked, "When was this?" and he answered, "Before the feast of the Passover." But, in arranging the different papers on which were written down these conversations and incidents, they may have sometimes misplaced them.

Let us suppose the Gospel to be printed as a collection of separate reminiscences, and not a continuous whole; and, instead of being divided into chapters and verses, to be numbered, Recollection 1st, 2d, 3d, which the reader is at liberty to arrange as he pleases, — what will be the result as to the supper?

First, it would appear that the whole passage contained in John xiii. and John xiv. (with an exception to be noticed presently), is an account, not of the Paschal feast at which the supper was instituted, but, as Lightfoot and others have supposed, of a supper which Jesus and his apostles took in company a day or two before. This would account for the introductory phrase, "Before the feast of the Passover," and for the closing summons, otherwise inexplicable, "Arise; let us go hence."

All readers have doubtless been struck with this last sentence. Why did Jesus say, "Arise; let us go hence," and then go on with a long series of remarks extending through sixty verses, and closing with the prayer in chap. xvii.? If he arose to go, and then changed his mind, why did John record at all the proposal to leave the room at that moment, which thus became insignificant? The simple and natural explanation is, that they *did* leave the room, and close the con-

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versation then; and what follows in the next three chapters is the recollection of another conversation, at another time, not sufficiently distinguished by the compiler of these Johannine fragments. This second conversation (chaps. xv., xvi., xvii.) probably belongs to the institution of the supper, and is a supplement to the account of that transaction as told by the Synoptics. Its opening words, "I am the true vine," connect themselves naturally with the words (recorded by Matthew and Mark), "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, till the day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." For "I am the true vine," &c. The "*new* wine" is there explained to be the new communion, inward, and not outward, by which Jesus was to be no longer with them as a companion and friend, but in them as a life and inspiration. The connection is thus complete. The principal subject of the first conversation, introduced by the washing of the feet, was their duty to serve and help each other after he was gone. The chief topic of the second conversation, introduced by the Lord's Supper, was their communion with him, and common life in him.

The only difficulty in this explanation is the passage, John xiii. 21–38, containing the account of the sop given to Judas, and the prediction of Peter's fall and the cock-crow. These, according to the Synoptics, belong to the second conversation at the Paschal Supper, on Thursday evening; and, if so, have been misplaced, and inserted by mistake here. This mistake was probably occasioned by verse 18th, in which Jesus alluded to his betrayer on the first evening, but less distinctly than on the second. On the other hand, the passage in Luke (xxii. 24–30) seems evidently to belong to the first conversation, and to the washing of feet. With this alteration, the chief difficulty is removed.

We may say, in fact, that, by this change, the *whole* difficulty of the chronology of Passion Week is removed. For the passage in John (xviii. 28) about the Jews not going into the judgment-hall lest they should be defiled, "but that they might eat the passover," is explained by John. xix. 14, which calls this day the "*preparation* for the Passover"

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(compared with verse 31, which makes it the preparation for the Paschal sabbath, which was the great day of the feast; and also compared with Matt. xv. 42, and Luke xxiii. 54, "because it was the preparation, — that is, the day before the sabbath"). The Jews would not go into Pilate's hall, but not because that would prevent them from *eating the Paschal Supper* that evening; for it would not have done so. If the Paschal Supper was still to be eaten that evening, then the feast had not begun; and going into Pilate's hall would not have defiled them. So Lightfoot declares, and there can be no higher authority for Hebrew usages. "To eat the Passover" (John xviii. 28), he understands to refer to the feast on the second evening of the Paschal season, when, as the festival was actually in progress, the Jews would have become ceremonially defiled by entering the Roman prætorium.

The difference between the fourth Gospel and the Revelation is so great, say Mr. Tayler and others, that, if John the Apostle wrote the one, he could not have written the other. To this we reply, —

1. The differences are more superficial than essential, — rather those which touch the form, than such as affect the substance. Suppose the Apocalypse to have been written in the first overflowing ardor of the first persecution, when the writer was comparatively young, and all the passionate fire of his heart and imagination were thrown into this ecstatic vision; and that the Gospel was written long years after, when he had meditated deeply, and when a long Christian experience had purified his soul, — then there need not be any such difficulty in supposing one man the author of both. The difference between them is not so great as between Swedenborg's "Algebra," and his "Heaven and Hell;" his treatise on "Docks, Sluices, and Salt-works," and the "Arcana Cœlestia;" his large folio volumes on "Mines and Mining," and his "Apocalypse Revealed." Baur himself finds points of contact between the fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse, though he thinks that the writer of the Gospel purposely imitated the latter book.*

* Baur, Das Christenthum, &c. Tübingen, 1860.

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"It cannot be denied," says Baur, "that the evangelist wished to give his book the authority of the apostle who wrote the Apocalypse, and so assumed the same intellectual position. There is not merely an outward support in the name of the highly revered apostle, but there are not wanting many internal resemblances between the Gospel and the Apocalypse. In fact, one must admire the deep genial sympathy and the delicate skill, which the writer has shown in finding in the Apocalypse elements which could be developed into the loftier and larger views of the evangelist. He has thus spiritualized the Book of Revelation into a Gospel." The amount of which is, that Baur does not find the Gospel so essentially different from the Apocalypse as Mr. Tayler does.

2. But if we must choose between the Apocalypse and the Gospel as apostolic writings, every thing should lead us to surrender the first. The authorship of the Gospel was never doubted by antiquity; that of the Apocalypse was. At the end of the second century, when the Christian Scriptures were distributed into those which were unquestioned, those which were doubtful, and those which were spurious, the Gospel was placed in the first division, and the Book of Revelation in the second.

One objection urged against the fourth Gospel is its anti-Jewish tone of thought. Granting this in the main, we yet find such expressions as that used to the Samaritan woman, "We know what we worship; for salvation is from the Jews." But it is thought, that if the apostle wrote the Apocalypse, which is strongly Jewish, he could not so soon after have changed his tone so entirely. But is the writer of the Apocalypse so Jewish, when a part of his object is to announce judgments on Jerusalem? And, again, why may not John have risen above his Jewish tendencies into a universal Christianity, since Paul passed through the same change? It is said, that, if Jesus had really taught as anti-Jewish a gospel as is represented by John, the struggle between Paul and his opponents could never have taken place. But this is to ignore the universal tendency in men and sects to notice only that which is in accord with their own prejudices.

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IV.

The history of opinion in regard to this Gospel is as follows. It is supposed to be referred to by Luke and Mark (De Wette). The apostolic fathers do not refer to it directly, but Eusebius tells us that Papias made use of testimonies from the first Epistle of John. Papias had been a hearer of John in his youth, and was an Asiatic bishop in the middle of the second century. Justin Martyr in the middle of the second century, Tatian, and the "Clementine Homilies," contain passages so strikingly like those in the Gospel, that they appear to have been taken from it. Johannic formulas are found in the Gnostic writings, about A.D. 140. The first distinct declaration, however, that the Apostle John was the author of the fourth Gospel, comes from Theophilus of Antioch, about A.D. 180, who quotes the passage, "In the beginning was the Word." After this, it is continually quoted and referred to by all the great writers at the end of the second and beginning of the third century, — as Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian of Carthage, and Origen. None of these scholars express any doubt concerning the authorship of the Gospel; and their quotations from it are so numerous, that, if it were lost, it might almost be reconstructed from their writings.

The first doubts of the authenticity of the Gospel (unless we consider its rejection by the *Alogi* to be based on critical reasons) come in the seventeenth century, and in England, by some unknown writer, refuted by the great scholar Le Clerc. After this there followed a silence of a hundred years, when the attack was renewed in 1792, by another Englishman, — Evanson. Nothing more was heard on the subject, and the replies to these doubts seemed to have satisfied all minds, when Bretschneider, in 1820, renewed the assault in the "Probabilia." He was replied to by a multitude of critics, and afterward retracted his opinion, and admitted that his objections had been fully answered.* No other foe to the authenticity

* Handbuch der Dogmatik, § 84, note.

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of the Gospel appeared till 1835, when Dr. Strauss, in his "Life of Jesus," renewed the attack, and was answered by Neander, Tholuck, Hase, Lücke, and others. Dr. Strauss, moved by these replies, retracted his doubts in 1838, but advanced them again in 1840.*

Then arose the famous school of Tübingen, from which all the recent attacks on the Gospel have been derived. Mr. Tayler, and other French and English writers who have taken the negative side, seem only followers of Baur and Zeller. Dr. F. C. Baur, a truly great man, began his immense labors with a work on mythology, published in 1824; and continued them by several new works, published every year, in different departments of theology, until his recent death. His vast learning, great industry, acute insight, and love of truth, make his writings very valuable. The integrity of his mind was such, that, even when carrying on a controversy, he seems more like an inquirer than like a disputant. Even when differing from his conclusions, one derives very valuable suggestions from his views. One characteristic of the criticism of Baur is his doctrine of *intention*. He ascribes to the New-Testament writers some special aim, which leads them to exaggerate these facts, omit those, and invent others. Everywhere he seeks for an intention, for some private or party purpose which colors the narrative; and in the present instance ascribes to the writer of the fourth Gospel the deliberate purpose of passing himself off as the apostle, in order to impose on the Christian Church his doctrine of the Logos. This attack roused new defenders of the Gospel, among whom the more conspicuous have been Ewald and Tischendorf.

Mr. Tayler differs from Baur, in denying all intent to deceive on the part of the writer of the Gospel, and in maintaining the religious value of the Gospel notwithstanding its want of authenticity. But on these points we think the view of Baur more correct. The Gospel is filled with distinct historic statements of time and place, with minute historic details, evidently intended to produce a belief in the events

* Reville, Revue des Deux Mondes, May, 1866.

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narrated as matters of fact. No Christian in the second century could have put his own opinions in the mouth of his master, unless with the intention of deceiving his fellow-Christian; and this no earnest Christian could have done. The fourth Gospel, if not authentic (by which we here mean, if not *a true narrative* of the life and words of Jesus), is a deliberate deception.

V.

It is a remark of Lord Bacon, that "the harmony of a science, supporting each part the other, is and ought to be the true and brief confutation and suppression of the smaller sorts of objections." This sagacious observation indicates another method of deciding this question. Of these two views, one attributing the Gospel to the Apostle John, the other to an anonymous writer in the middle of the second century, which gives us the most harmonious and consistent story? Let us look at each opinion in reference to this question.

According to the received opinion of the Church, John the Apostle composed this Gospel at Ephesus, in his old age. As years and thought and intense religious life changed Swedenborg, the miner and engineer, into the great visionary and mystic, so years and thought and inward inspiration had changed the Jewish disciple, first into a visionary, and later into a mystic. In his lonely exile at Patmos, his vivid imagination had made a series of pictures, representing symbolically the struggle of Christianity with the Jewish and Roman power, and its ultimate triumph. "Every man," says Coleridge, "is a Shakespeare in his dreams." Day by day these dreams came to John, and he wrote down the visions, and they were collected into the Book of Revelation. When he returned to active life and the service of the Seven Churches of Asia, he came in contact with a new order of thought, for which he had a natural affinity. This was the Platonic and mystic school of Philo, which laid the greatest stress on the distinction between the spirit and the letter, between the hidden and revealed Deity, and between the Logos or reason of God, and the same light shining in the soul

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of man. Contact with this school ripened in the mind of the apostle the mystic tendency peculiar to him; for there is a true mysticism as well as a false. The apostle, mystical in the best sense, loved to look on spiritual facts as substantial realities. Hence his fondness for such expressions as truth, life, light, spirit; and his conception of the Messiah as the Son, Well-beloved, and dwelling in the bosom of the Father. All his recollections of Jesus reposed especially on those deeper conversations in which his Master's thought took this direction. These conversations had been more frequent at Jerusalem, where Jesus had encountered minds of a higher culture; therefore John loved to repeat these. Then in his old age, when the oral traditions, which made the staple of apostolic preaching, had taken form in the Synoptic Gospels, the disciples of John begged him to write for them, or dictate to them, these other relations concerning Jesus, with which they had become familiar. So they were repeated, and afterwards collected in a Gospel "according to John;" and its universal reception in the Christian Church, by so many different schools of thought, as early as the middle of the last half of the second century, shows that there could be no doubt of its origin. In its essence it is a true picture of Jesus, seen on one side of his life and doctrine. Some errors of expression, and of collocation of passages, may have occurred; and sometimes the mind of John himself may have colored the teachings of his Master. But in the main it is a true picture, not of John only, but also of Christ.

Let us now look at the other explanation, as proposed by Baur, Albert Reville, and Mr. Tayler.

While the whole body of apostles and early disciples were teaching to the churches that view of Jesus and his doctrine which finally took form in the first three Gospels, another and a wholly different school of opinion was being developed in the Church, independently of the apostles. This school was derived from the Alexandrian philosophy, and yet grew up within the Christian Church. It held firmly to the Logos doctrine of Philo, but needed some point of contact with the

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teachings of Christ. This led an unknown writer, in the first half of the second century, to write another Gospel, and introduce into it Jesus teaching the doctrines of the Alexandrian school. All the narrations peculiar to this Gospel are pure inventions, — the story of the woman of Samaria, of Nicodemus, of the marriage at Cana, of the man born blind, the raising of Lazarus, the washing of the disciples' feet, the wonderful descriptions of the last days of Jesus, of the arrest, trial, crucifixion, and resurrection. All the sublime teachings of this Gospel are due to this unknown writer; those sayings which have helped to change the world were pure inventions of this heavenly impostor, this spiritual forger of Gospels, this divine liar, this angelic falsifier of the story of his Master's life and death. Jesus never said, "God is a spirit, and those who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth:" our false gospeller put it in his mouth. Jesus never uttered the sublime prayer with his disciples, recorded in the seventeenth chapter, — a prayer which has touched the hearts of so many generations. This also was composed, in cold blood, in order to make the story more interesting. The tender words from the cross, "Woman, behold thy son!" and "Behold thy mother!" are an unauthorized interpolation in that sacred agony. The recognition of her risen Master by Mary, by the tone in which he spoke her name, and the "Rabboni!" with its untranslatable world of feeling, — these, too, are the adroit fabrications of our cunning apocryphist. And this new Gospel, thus invented, is accepted without a question, doubt, or hesitation, in every part of the Christian Church. Other books of Scripture they lingered over, doubtful of their right to enter the canon. But this bold-faced forgery all parties, all sects, all schools, all the great theologians and scholars, swallowed at once, without a question; and this, too, when it was written with the express purpose of teaching them what they did not already believe, and which was in direct opposition to all their authentic and received Gospels!

Many of the "smaller sort of objections" to the authenticity of the fourth Gospel we have been obliged to pass by, for

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want of room. But we have noticed the principal ones, — those based both on external and internal grounds. The result of this examination has been, in our own mind, to show that no historic fact of authorship stands on a firmer basis than this; and that the long-received opinion of the Christian Church is not likely to be reversed in consequence of the investigations and arguments of the school of Tübingen. Were it otherwise, it would seem to us one of the greatest misfortunes which could befall Christianity. However it may seem to those who regard Jesus only as a fallible and peccable man, distinguished in no special manner from other wise and good men, and no more our master than Zeno or Epictetus, — to those of us who believe that he was raised by God to teach mankind in word and life the absolute religion of truth and love, and so to be the central figure in the ages of history, this Gospel is very precious, as containing no ingenious inventions or cunningly devised fables, but the words and acts of Jesus himself, as reported by his best and nearest disciple.

Art. VI. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

It is very high testimony to Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," * that it has been selected for republication, under so competent editorship, "as unquestionably superior to any similar lexicon in our language." This phrase is not, as might possibly be thought, an unmeaning form of words; but a distinct assertion of superiority among many rivals, some of them of very high pretensions. We have a list of five such works of various merit, — all of them published within the last three years, — which we have briefly examined by way of comparison. Lowest in the list we should put the two compact and cheap quartos of Cassells' "Bible Dictionary," whose merits are of a purely popular sort, backed with a rigid orthodoxy. Fairbairn's "Imperial Bible

* American (unabridged) edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Revised and edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, D.D., with the co-operation of Ezra Abbot, A.M. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Nos. I.–VII. pp. 784.

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Dictionary, Historical, Biographical, Geographical, and Doctrinal," (Blackie, London), comprises two large and very handsome volumes, in imperial octavo, with particular excellence and beauty of illustration, and a strong list of contributors, including that of Mr. Gosse, author of "Omphalos," in the department of Natural History. The "Cyclopædia of Biblical Geography, Biography, Natural History, and General Knowledge," edited by Lawson and Wilson (Fullarton, Edinburgh), is also contained in two large octavos, handsomely illustrated; and, along with other critical matter, contains an exposition, entitled "Alternative View of the Exodus," which invites the attention of the curious. A new edition of Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, greatly enlarged and improved, by W. L. Alexander" (reprinted, in three large volumes, from English plates, by Lippincott, Philadelphia), retains the merits of its excellent original, — the pioneer in this grand style of compilation, — with much new material; among the rest, critical articles by Dr. Davidson on such topics as "Revelation," "Chronicles," "Ezra," &c. And, finally, a "Cyclopædia of Biblical Theology and Ecclesiastical Literature," prepared by the eminent Methodist scholars McClintock and Strong (Harper, New York), emulates, in its plan, scope, and scale of dimensions, the great work of Herzog, as a library of reference on the whole field of topics of special theological interest. These have one feature in common, — that each exhibits a list of names, of special eminence in various departments of learning, as responsible for the work in detail; while the editor's part is only to group them in a shapely whole. Taken together, the mass of learning they embrace is prodigiously beyond the competence of any one critic to pronounce upon; and they have, as it were, a *monumental* value, as showing the results of one great era of biblical scholarship, the record of a period of industry, and of a style of mental occupation, which can never have the same relative importance hereafter as it has had in the past. The time has gone by when the Bible could be the final appeal in controversy, and when its least word could bear a value mysterious and preternatural to whoever should understand it. But that time has left its monument in the prodigious patience of research, and toil of exposition, of which this encyclopedic library bears witness.

We have already twice called attention, at some length, to the characteristic features, and to the fidelity in execution, of the "Dictionary" now before us.* We have only a few words to add, as to

* See Christian Examiner for Jan., 1861, p. 140; and March, 1864, p. 228.

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the care bestowed on the present edition. It is a reprint, in the strictest sense, — the entire matter being recomposed by Riverside Press, in a style full as handsome as the English edition, with the amplest guaranties of accuracy, and the silent correction of innumerable small errors; together with a minute care in the editorial detail, which gives it, in many points, an independent critical value. A glance at any number of the work will show important additions, in the shape of supplementary paragraphs, or new sources of information, or careful posting of topics and their literature down to more recent dates. All the improvements are made strictly without any sacrifice of the former material; and the American illustrations — some of them new — are quite equal in execution to those in the original work. The Prospectus is well deserving of attention, as setting forth the principles on which this very careful and scholarly revision has been made. J. H. A.

We have already noticed in this review several of the productions of the mysterious priest, whose sharp invectives and whose bold exposure of iniquities are the more annoying to the Roman authorities, that they cannot hinder the stories from circulating, while they are unable to detect the author, and put him to silence. No secret of authorship, in our time, has been better kept. Conjectures are baffled, and all the efforts of the secret police of the Roman Church have not yet brought to light the insolent ecclesiastic. After eleven octavos of this trenchant writing, more are promised; and the "Country Curate" will soon set forth the difficulties which Ultramontane claims and assumptions make for him.

The work which we here notice* is specially an answer to that delectable pair of volumes by the champion of the Papacy in France, in which the Perfumes of Rome and the Effluvia of Paris are set in such sharp contrast. In sarcasm, innuendo, sneer, and railing, the unknown Abbé is fully a match for M. Veuillot, whose mastery of those arts is undisputed. The Abbé insists that he has no hatred or contempt for the libeller of France and the dispenser of Roman lies, — only *pity*. But his pitying tone is by no means that of an apostle of Jesus. It is full of wrath and scorn; and there is nothing too savage and bitter to say of this vile defender of the faith. Nearly one-third of the volume is devoted to an analysis of M. Veuillot, who is called

* Les Odeurs Ultramontaines. Par L'Abbé ***, auteur du Maudit, de la Religieuse, du Jésuite, du Moine, &c. Paris, 1867. 8vo, pp. 318.

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the "Ingrate," the "Bully of the Church," a "Catholic who is not Christian," and all the hard names that the writer can multiply. He accuses Veuillot of making God in his own image. The marks of personal spleen are so abundant in this part of the book, that the reader is disgusted, and sympathizes with the victim more than with the assailant. The Abbé's attack upon Veuillot will serve only to advertise the works of the latter more widely.

But when the writer leaves these personalities, and comes to the demonstration of Ultramontane follies and illusions, his work has more value. He carries the war with terrible force into the enemy's country, and shows how thin and false, and alien from the spirit of the age, are the pretensions of the Roman hierarchy. By satire and unsparing ridicule, he brings the absurdities of the Ultramontane press into bold relief.

But there is a grave meaning under his ridicule. He sees, what every one must see, the danger to public and personal liberty in these growing assumptions of the Ultramontane writers. It is a singular fact, that, while the Pope is losing power as a political sovereign, and is ceasing to be considered among the nations, except as a vexatious problem, — what shall be done with him, — the papal assumptions increase in assurance, and devotion to the Pope is becoming more than ever an article of faith among the clergy. While the convents are abolished, and the monks are getting fewer day by day, the secular clergy are fast becoming as close an army of papal militia as ever were the friars of St. Francis or St. Dominic. The Pope has more spiritual power than ever. His decrees are the word of God, the law of the Church; and he has not to wait for the councils, in order to establish dogma. Louis Napoleon defends the Pope, — not because he believes in the Church, in the temporal or the spiritual power, but because he is afraid of the clergy of his own empire, who are almost to a man sworn to the support of the Father of Christendom.

The Abbé, in this volume, pretends to have discovered heresy in the recent council of the American bishops in Baltimore; finds in their resolutions a re-assertion of the old Gallican liberties, of the dependence of the Pope upon the councils. But they certainly meant nothing of that sort. There is no clergy more loyal to the Pope than the Catholic clergy of the United States. They are republicans, with this reservation, that the Pope is their chief ruler. Nearly discrowned as is the successor of St. Peter, there never was a time in the history

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of the Roman Church when the priesthood were more devoted to him, or less disposed than now to deny his claim; there never was a time when they were more disposed to receive his word as the word of God. If the Pope should proclaim to-morrow a positive absurdity, as the voice of the Spirit to the Church, it would be accepted, honored, and promulgated as an infallible article of faith, to be believed on penalty of damnation. There are not a few rationalists among the Catholic clergy, — men who love science, and who profess heresies; but the worst heretics hold fast to the papal supremacy, and that the head of the Church has the right to denounce and to dictate. It will take more books than the anonymous Abbé can easily write, to overthrow the loyalty of the Roman clergy to their persecuted head.

C. H. B.

Most Christian historians of the German Reformation find the impulse to that movement in the indignation of the monk Luther against the insults, outrages, and blasphemies of the itinerant Dominican, the seller of Papal indulgences. Dr. Graetz, the learned Israelite, sees this impulse a little further back, in the controversy of John Reuchlin, the defender of the Jewish Talmud, with the Dominicans of Cologne. In the ninth volume of his elaborate "History of the Jews," he has treated at length of the influence of this controversy upon the thought and temper of the German people; and a Cincinnati publisher has now given us, in an admirable translation, the curious chapters which discuss this subject.* It is a comfort to the Jew to know, that his post-biblical literature, his despised collection of traditions and fancies, should not only be vindicated by the most famous of Christian scholars, but should be the means of overthrowing the power of his oppressor, and fatally breaking the boasted unity of the Christian hierarchy. Possibly the Jewish historian makes more of this controversy than its historical importance deserves. But it is certainly an element in the revolt of the human intellect in the sixteenth century which ought not to be left out of sight, and which has not been placed in its just relief in the Christian histories. It was not any special sympathy for the Jewish people that led Reuchlin to take their side in the controversy with the monks.

* Influence of Judaism on the Protestant Reformation. By Dr. H. Graetz, Professor of History at the Jewish Theological Seminary of Breslau. Translated from the German, by Rev. Simon Tuska. Cincinnati: Block & Co., 1867. 8vo, pp. 50.

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Neither he, nor the reformers who came after him, had any love for the outcast race on whom a long curse seemed to have rested. It was not even a chivalrous spirit of justice for the weak and oppressed. The love of Hebrew letters brought the scholar to plead against the destruction of a great literary monument. It was only a Cabbalist Christian student defending his treasure.

Some of the arguments by which Reuchlin defended the Talmud are queer, not to say satirical. If the book is bad, he says, it ought to be kept, that the Christian theologians may have a good target to shoot at. If it were destroyed, the Jews would cling to it all the more strongly, on the principle that forbidden fruit is the more tempting. The Jews, too, could say, that the Christians burned their book because they were afraid. Besides, by and by, they might want the book, for reference, in their synods; and, if it were burned, where should they find a copy? Moreover, the existence of the Talmud gave a convenient theme for controversy. Take this away, and Dominicans and Franciscans would be left to quarrel among themselves, to the great scandal of the Church. The logic of the great scholars of the Reformation is not always careful or edifying. It is singular too, that, while Reuchlin defends the Talmud as the source of sound interpretation of the Scriptures, of which the wisest Christian teachers have not scrupled to avail themselves, — while he insists that the Jewish commentaries are excellent for Christian use, — he should confess that he himself *knows nothing about the opinions* of the Talmud, and has no particular care for them. His only interest in them is as they are *Hebrew* books, and not as they are true books.

Some one has said, that, if you examine any quarrel or trouble in the world, you will be sure to find a Jew at the bottom of it. Since the dispersion of the race of Jacob, it is true that the skill or wrongs or miseries of this race have had something to do with almost every important movement among civilized nations. Perhaps, in the next century, when the calm history of our late war shall be written, Levy and Benjamin and Belmont, with their cunning and their gold, will be found to have brought on the contest as much as the long disputes about slavery or the tariff. Already, in the triumph of the Reform Bill under Disraeli, accomplishing what Gladstone failed to accomplish, they see the power of the synagogue above the Church. Is not a Jew the moving spirit in the councils of Napoleon?

C. H. B.

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PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

THE position of Mr. Maudsley, in his very able and interesting work on the Physiology of the Mind,* is substantially that of Büchner and the German materialists. He does not, like them, pronounce against the immortality of man; but, like them, he denies the validity of the psychological method, and finds all mental powers, functions, and phenomena in the structure and the action of the nerves and nervous centres. In his view, the souls of man and beast are not different in kind, but in degree; and are alike the product of the coils of brain and the threads of marrow. Of innate ideas, he finds none, other than those which belong to the inherited organism. The freedom of will he quite discards: volition, not less than passion, is in the nervous system. Memory and imagination, love and hatred, are all dependent on the state of the cerebrum and the vibrations of the spinal cord. He finds the errors and confusion of metaphysics mainly in the wrong start of this so-called science, assuming the existence of mind and mental qualities as a separate fact of human life. All true science must start from the point of bodily existence and bodily function, and must, in examining this, discover, if possible, spiritual life. Mr. Maudsley thinks that he has discovered this adequately, and that his intimate study of the nerves has brought him to an accurate theory of the soul and its essence. It is not probable that the preachers will consent to his theory, or will give up their necessary postulate of the soul as an entity, which dwells only for a time in the physical frame. But medical men, as we are led to believe, will find the argument sound; and will welcome it, as expressing a conviction of their own thought and experience. Very few doctors have patience with the spiritual philosophers. Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel" has no other anthropology than the graver work of the English physician.

There can be no doubt, that the physical theory of the constitution and work of the soul is gaining ground. "Muscular Christianity" is one of its manifestations. Insane hospitals, treating madness in every kind as physical malady, are another. It is a sign of the time, that popular preachers, who profess to favor revivals, find the fears and fightings of self-accused sinners in a disordered liver or a disor-

* The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D., London. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1867.

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dered brain, and commend air and exercise as the best remedy. It is not unlikely that the preachers will have to borrow the methods of the physicians, if they are to minister wisely to minds diseased; and that the pulpit appeal will have to be changed. Indeed, health and disease are now, with most intelligent men, the synonyms of heaven and hell. The theological hell has ceased to be terrible, or to have much influence in the reform of men. The "Miltonian Tableaux," which carry Hell and the Devils round from town to town, offering the awful spectacle for fifty cents, with reserved seats, are not denounced as blasphemous: they are only ridiculous. Women and children even can look upon the dreadful burning, as they look upon Madame Tussaud's or Mrs. Jarley's wax-work, and enjoy the scene, with no thought that it has any connection with the real fate of men.

Mr. Robert Dale Owen finds the only counterpoise of this tendency to materialism in the revelations of the "Spirits" and their "Mediums." It may be doubted, nevertheless, if these will prevail to check the tendency. The men most sceptical of the separate existence of soul, that we know, are men who have been most earnest "Spiritualists." The Scripture teaching will hold far more to the ancient faith than any revelations of the "circles." A denial of separate spiritual existence, however, is not necessarily a denial of future life, or even of personal immortality. The nerve-power may have a life beyond the form in which it is now manifest. The wise physicist has nothing to say about the future, of which he knows nothing. He tells only what he sees in the present condition of man.

C. H. B.

Mr. Lewes's "History of Philosophy"* has several special claims on our attention. It is about twenty-three years since the first sketch of it was published in four of Knight's little weekly volumes, under the title of a "Biographical History;" brief, fresh, vigorous, and above all readable, marked by the very independent view taken of such disputed matters as the Pythagorean philosophy and the sophists; by its entire omission of the Christian or dogmatic philosophies of the so-called "ages of faith;" and by the frank espousal of the Positive Philosophy of Comte, implying the condemnation of all metaphysical methods and results. Since then, Mr. Lewes has worked

* History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte. By George Henry Lewes. London: Longmans. 8vo, 2 vols.

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steadily in the same line, and has won himself a place of some eminence, if not among the first-class, at least among the second-class, writers and thinkers of the day. In editorship, the "Leader," and since that the "Fortnightly Review," have borne the mark of his facile and vigorous hand. In chemical physiology, he has advanced, if not original discoveries, at least independent views and arguments of his own. In a second edition of his "Biographical History of Philosophy" (republished in New York), and in a sketch of "Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences" (1853), he has shown himself a faithful expositor of the scientific method he adopts, while guarding himself with a prudent reserve on the side of religious prejudices and beliefs.* And, in more immediate preparation for his present task, he has published, within two or three years, a very elaborate comment or "monograph" on Aristotle, written with the special object of defining his true place in the history of science.† In this discussion, rare interest is given to an obscure and difficult subject, by constantly checking the views of Aristotle in detail with the actual results of modern science; so that the volume becomes a *resumé*, in brief, of a great array of studies and observations in the field in which Mr. Lewes has the training of an expert. The extraordinary penetration and frequent accuracy of Aristotle's hints are fully exhibited; while the loose and exaggerated claims made for him by some moderns are brought to a rigid test of fact. The work gives a very high idea of the author's scientific and critical ability.

The present work occupies very nearly the same ground with the earlier sketch; that is, it omits the whole mediæval period of philosophy, ending the first volume with a rapid sketch of the new Platonists, and prefixing to the modern revival of thought only an extremely brief and imperfect view of the Arabian philosophy and of the Schoolmen. We regret that the plan of the work did not include some

* We were witness to the vehement anger and scorn with which Comte himself regarded the "hypocrisy" of a long note in the book last mentioned, in which Mr. Lewes criticises the famous phrase, that the heavens declare the glory, not of God, but of the great discoverers, Hipparchus, Kepler, and Newton.

† Aristotle; a Chapter from the History of Science, including Analyses of Aristotle's Scientific Writings. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1864. 8vo, pp. 404. — Mr. Lewes seems to us certainly wrong in his translation of a passage by which he would prove Aristotle's view to be Berkeley's or Mill's idealism. The words are ὅλως δὲ ὁ νοῦς ἐστιν ὁ κατ' ἐνέργειαν τὰ πράγματα νοῶν; which he renders, "the mind, in the act of thinking, *is the things thought of*." — *History of Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 328.

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slight view of the *constructive* period of Christian thought, represented by such names as Origen and Augustine; but that would be ground on which the author is relatively weak. In what he has given, however, he has the great advantage of setting out with a very clear and definite conception of the goal towards which, in his view, human speculation inevitably tends; and, while his work is not quite so rich in names as many others, especially in the later periods, — crowding the entire school of French eclectics into an obscure corner, and passing by with little notice, such eminent names as Reid and Hamilton — it deals with the history of thought as a movement with well-marked boundaries, and with waymarks of precise results. Allowing for the writer's point of view, we think he will be found at once far more interesting and more instructive than any of his predecessors in this field.

A few sentences from the earlier part will show the distinctness with which he holds the main position from which the book proceeds. "Truth is the correspondence between the order of ideas and the order of phenomena, — the movement of thought following the movement of things," — the knowledge of *things in themselves* being, as he holds, utterly inaccessible to the human mind. Of the three great departments of human thought, "The object of theology is the systematization of our religious conceptions," which have their root in emotion and inward experience; "the object of science is the systematization of our knowledge of the order of phenomena, *considered as phenomena;* the object of philosophy is the systematization of the conceptions furnished by theology and science." — "The very groundwork of philosophy consists in Reasoning, as the groundwork of religion is Faith. There cannot, consequently, be a religious philosophy: it is a contradiction in terms" (p. 406). "Dualism has been the universal creed of those who admitted any distinction between the world and its Creator" (p. 396). And, in the very clear and interesting account given of the Platonic writings, "The notion of an antagonist principle is inseparable from every religious formula: as God can only be good, and as evil does certainly exist, it must exist independently of him; it must be eternal" (p. 261). We copy the following admirable passages from the summary at the close of the first volume: —

"Those centuries of speculation were not useless: they were the education of the human race. They taught mankind this truth at least: the Infinite cannot be known by the finite; and man, as finite, can know only phenom-

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ena. Those labors, so fruitless in their immediate object, have indirect lessons. The speculations of the Greeks preserve the same privilege as the glorious products of their art and literature; they are the model from which the speculations of posterity are reproductions. The history of modern metaphysical philosophy is but the narrative of the same struggle which agitated Greece. The same problems are revived, and the same answers offered." — p. 395.

"Those great thinkers, whose failures we have chronicled, did not live in vain. They left the great problems where they found them; but they did not leave humanity as they found it. Metaphysics might still be a region of doubt; but the human mind, in its endeavors to explain that region, had learnt in some measure to ascertain its weakness and its force. Greek philosophy was a failure; but Greek inquiry had immense results. Methods had been tried and discarded; but great preparations for the real method had been made." — p. 405.

As the best indication of the ground and method taken in the modern portion, we copy the titles of the eleven "epochs," into which it is divided by the author: 1. Separation of Philosophy from Theology (Bacon and Descartes); 2. Pantheistic idealism (Spinoza); 3. Attempt to ascertain the limits of the human mind (Hobbes, Locke, Leibnitz); 4. Existence of the external world as a problem of Psychology (Berkeley); 5. Idealism leads to scepticism (Hume); 6. Investigation of the mechanism of mental action (Condillac to Cabanis); 7. Re-action of common sense (Reid); 8. Psychology as a branch of Biology (Gall); 9. Critique of the origin of knowledge (Kant); 10. Claim of Philosophy as absolute knowledge (Fichte, Schelling, Hegel); 11. Positive Philosophy. These epochs are treated with very different degrees of fulness and ability, the interesting point in them all being the constant test or verification of the results by the standard of modern scientific truth; while the validity of a religious interpretation of the facts, consistent or not with the author's principles of reasoning, appears all along to be assumed. This work, indeed, as well as that on Aristotle, shows the hand of the man of letters, and of English culture, even more distinctly than that of the scientist or the critic.

The freshest and most striking portion of the second volume is contained in the space — which some may think disproportionately great — devoted to an account of the life and works of Comte. This is extremely interesting, biographically; including the material of the papers on that subject in the "Fortnightly Review," together with some well-characterized personal reminiscences. It is by far the

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most full and authentic account that we have seen in English of the career it records; and effectually serves its end, — of transferring an austere and obnoxious scientific creed within the range of human sympathies and human experience. With his unreserved acceptance of Comte's *philosophy*, which teaches that the "objective method" is the only true one in the search for objective truth, his criticism is accurate and clear in condemning Comte's *practice*, when he constructed his portentous scheme of political ethics and religious dogmas by dint of authoritative assertion and sentimental analogy. Yet he does justice to the great merits of the "Politique Positive," as a work full of suggestion, and of profound incidental discussions of moral truth. "Grave students," he says, "think it no misuse of time to study the Republic and the Laws of Plato. Let them approach the 'Système de Politique Positive' in a similar spirit: they will find there an intellect greater than Plato's, and an amount of available suggestion incomparably greater." J. H. A.

WHATEVER the future fortunes of the Positive Philosophy, it seems at any rate destined for some time to come to be the pivot of controversy in the philosophical discussions of the day: its maxims come insensibly, in a large class of minds, to set a standard of certainty by which the whole circle of beliefs is to be tried; and it suffers alike from incompetent partisanship, as from intelligent hostility, or ignorant contempt. But it is always one of the most interesting views respecting any system of opinion, to consider it as a chapter in the history of thought at large; and, especially, to see it in germ and in growth in the mind that gave it shape. M. Littré, one of Comte's earliest and warmest disciples, has attempted to do this for the philosophy he adopts.* His book is disappointing as a biography; omitting some things of particular, personal interest which we should be glad to know, and dealing with the remainder in a heavy, weary, and cumbersome way, worthy of the philosopher himself. As a system of thought, he undertakes to define Comte's own share in it, by comparison with the hints of a scientific method found in earlier thinkers, and with the hints and impulses he may have got from contemporaries, especially by his intimate relations with St. Simon and his school. Perhaps the most interesting testi-

* Auguste Comte et le Philosophie Positive. Par H. LITTRÉ. Paris: Hachette.

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mony he gives is that which shows how early, how firmly, and how broadly the conception of his scheme was seized and developed by Comte himself; and how the massive generalizations of the later portions of the "Philosophie," so rich in facts thoroughly mastered and grouped, were the fruit, wholly, of the reading and meditation of his early years: for, after the publication of his first writings, Comte resolutely refused to read any contemporary literature whatever, or even to post himself in the advance of the sciences he expounded. This "cerebral hygiene," however essential to the singleness and continuity of his great work, is well shown by his critic to have been persisted in long after it became a positive harm; and to have been the occasion of a large part of the intolerant dogmatism and the irritable self-assertion so marked in his later years.

A long and very curious chapter in this volume is given to an account of the attack of insanity under which Comte suffered at the age of twenty-eight, — so violent, that only the great courage, good sense, and watchfulness of his wife saved him from suicide, after liberating him from the exasperating confinement of the mad-house. Madame Comte appears to great advantage in this memoir.* For some reason not manifest, her husband's family never acknowledged her cordially, and tried to set her aside entirely, in claiming jurisdiction over him in his malady; but, with prompt decision, she got the right medical counsel, and assumed the hazardous charge, gallantly and successfully, like a loyal wife. But the philosopher, in his personal relations, could never tolerate any will other than his own. He chafed for years under the shrewd and resolute domestic administration by which she managed his scant finances; with indiscretion equal to his ingratitude, he spoke in his correspondence (with Mr. Mill and others) of his domestic grievances; and when, with steady good sense, she remonstrated against the publication of the extraordinary preface to the sixth volume of his "Philosophy" (1842), in which he assaulted the whole scientific administration he depended on for office and salary, he charged her with joining the party of his enemies; and the dispute led to a separation, which was one of the crosses and scandals of his later life. Yet he spoke of her always as a woman of superior mind and character: he voluntarily increased, as she voluntarily diminished, his annual allowance for her support, as his

* An *ex parte* account, as we learn from Mr. Lewes, and sharply opposed by the counter-statement of Robinet.

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resources varied; she steadily refused to allow any statement or complaint from her to be used to his disadvantage, in a letter which is a model in dignity and propriety of style; and after his death she chose in honor to discharge the moderate debt that made his only bequest.

A large part of the volume is taken up with correspondence, always giving Comte's side of it alone, on various matters of interest, personal or intellectual. That with Mr. Mill — taken in connection with the very seasonable service which his English friends were able to render at the time of his official discharge — is especially interesting. But these letters add little to our knowledge of his views, and lose whatever value might have been given by showing the other side of the discussion. Indeed, the biographical interest of the book is everywhere sacrificed to an unsatisfactory theory and an awkward execution. J. H. A.

We confess to having taken up the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law" * with a shade of prejudice, half expecting to find in it an argument for some foregone conclusion, — an attempt, like McCosh's, to get a basis for Scotch Presbyterianism in the nature of things; or else, a sort of "Butler's Analogy," more intensely Calvinized, under aristocratic auspices, and with a certain official sanction, like that which the Earl of Shaftesbury gives to the narrow Anglican evangelicalism. But any such lurking prejudice does injustice to the writer. The Duke of Argyll is a man of near forty-five, a statesman of some experience, a writer of considerable eminence on such practical matters as geology and political economy, and a very respectable authority in some departments of natural history. Mr. Lewes, in the "Fortnightly," contrasting and disparaging his main argument, yet admits, that, in his chapter on "The Wings of Birds," he has made an original contribution to the naturalist's library of facts, intelligently seen. And, while the lines of thought he draws *may* be meant as the outworks of defence to an obnoxious creed, the book itself is a fair and manly exposition of a view perfectly legitimate in the philosophical discussions of the day.

"The Reign of Law" comes in collision with the prevailing drift of the scientific mind in these three especial points: first, in inter-

* The Reign of Law. By the Duke of Argyll. London: Alexander Strahan.

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preting what we call natural law as a *condition* of the acts of an intelligent Will; second, in the assertion of something "spontaneous," a real province of free-will, in the acts of the human mind; third, in the vindication of the argument from design,* in the interpretation of nature. Each of these points, as here presented, though against the present fashion of scientific thinking, is not only fair ground for philosophical discussion, but is necessarily opened as soon as the existence of God is admitted, not merely as a matter of belief, but even of speculation. Deism, as De Quincey has well said, is understood to admit the very least that can be included in the belief of a God; but Theism is understood as including very much more, — "the belief in God as a moral governor of the world, for example." The laws of which science informs us give us simply the "sequences of phenomena," and, as included in these, the properties of the elements which are grouped to form the world. But every single fact which science attempts to explain, implies the grouping and co-working of many laws; and their intelligent co-ordination must be expounded (if at all) by another philosophy than that which deals with the phenomena merely as such. In qualification of the merely naturalistic definition of law, the analysis in the first chapter of this book is comprehensive and just.

Any person well instructed as to the real facts of nature must shrink from carrying to its last results the argument from "final causes." As Mr. Lewes asks, How does this argument hold, when we find the development of cancer-cells going on by the same laws of organic growth that built up the nobler life they so cruelly ravage and destroy? and no one will be so bold as to attempt the answer. Faith cuts the knot which theory never can untie. Patience, trust, and love can, and in fact do, reconcile themselves to those natural evils which our best philosophy of "morbid growths" can hold up only as matters of curiosity, or else of horror. Faith, we know, can make no claim to the forbearance or the respect of science on its own ground. But it occupies different ground. Its province is to assert the postulates of a philosophy that is to satisfy the conscience and heart, as well as the understanding. And, in regarding the universe and human life as a whole, we are entitled to the benefit of

* Which it distinguishes from final causes; this latter implying a knowledge of the *ultimate motive* of the Creator, which the human mind can no way pretend to.

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all those analogies in detail, which show how Law, in human things, is only (so to speak) the raw material for Will to work on.

Again, in interpreting the facts of the outward world, there is a difference between claiming to understand the ultimate purpose, or "final cause," of the creation, and tracing in special instances the marks of intelligent design. Science is inestimable and strong in tracing the course by which things came to be as they are: it is worthless and weak in attempting more than a simple co-ordination of the facts. Mr. Spencer, in some very interesting and curious chapters of his "Principles of Biology," undertakes to show how the functions of the liver *may* have been specialized, from a general function of excretion existing in a diffused state in the blood and in other organs; and how the complex digestive organs of ruminating animals *may* have been developed, under the conditions of "natural selection" and "struggle for existence," from a stomach as simple as a dog's; that is, he traces, with great subtilty, the line of analogy, or similarity of function, and suggests an actual order of facts to correspond. This business of the scientific understanding is very entertaining, and perfectly fair, as far as it goes; but, so far from pretending to account for facts, its postulate is that, at bottom, there is no accounting for them. To trace, however curiously, the path of creative intelligence, is certainly no help towards dispensing with that intelligence. No sane mind pretends to explain the way in which it works; but no wildest conjecture of anthropomorphism is so insane as that which finds any satisfaction in the theory, that impersonal Force, working upward from "undifferentiated" elements of things, accomplishes the facts without any directing intelligence at all. Not that Mr. Spencer himself says as much, but sometimes his arguments seem to mean it. And there is always a class of unreflecting persons, who will understand them so.

Mr. Darwin's theory — the favorite one among the naturalists of the present day — appears to "co-ordinate" a larger range and greater variety of facts than any other; and so is accepted by some minds as if it were a real help in accounting for the facts themselves. Mr. Darwin himself says, that, logically, it ought to account for all organic forms by development from two — perhaps one — of the very simplest. But the theory hides two assumptions: first, that there is an enormous spontaneous impulse, wholly unaccounted for, towards unlimited *variety* of development, held in check only (not created) by the "conditions of existence" to which living organisms

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must conform; and, secondly, a tendency, equally spontaneous and unaccounted for, towards the prodigious *complication* of structure, which we find in the higher forms of organization. Let us take a single example. Professor Tyndall, in his recent lectures on Sound, after describing the curious structure of the ear, so well known in our popular anatomies and natural theologies, mentions the recent discovery of what he describes as a "lute" of three thousand strings, — an apparatus of inconceivable delicacy, afloat in the watery substance of the inner ear, and designed, apparently, to convey to the nerve the varieties of pitch in sound. Certainly no one will pretend that any conceivable law of "natural selection" or advantage in the struggle of existence, can help us to imagine, much less account for, the process by which this amazing instrument was devised, and put where it was wanted. Not that "faith" can account for it, either; but "faith" distinctly challenges and denies any assertion which seems to imply, that it could have come about without a conscious purpose somewhere, and a plastic skill, or that we have no right to say it was *meant* to be so. If science ever seems to make that assertion, science itself refutes it by its constant discovery of facts, exhibiting higher and higher degrees of that shaping intelligence, which, without any thought of conceiving or comprehending it, we ascribe to God.

We have followed the line of thought, not of illustration, of the book before us. Its interest to the intelligent reader will be not any special profundity of argument or novelty of view, — to which it makes no pretension; but that it attempts to state the familiar argument from design, — as distinct from that of final causes, which it does not attempt, — under the conditions demanded by the present state of science. One chapter, that on the power of flight in birds, we have already spoken of. Another, equally curious and beautiful, reasons against the limitations of the Darwinian theory, from the facts gathered respecting the very interesting group of hummingbirds. Of these exquisite creatures, four hundred and thirty species have been registered and described, — each, so far as the habits of the bird are concerned, as distinct from every other as goats and sheep; while the whole group is confined to the single continent of America. Between some of them the difference is so slight as a crimson tuft, perhaps, instead of one blue or green; yet, with these delicate boundaries, there is no crossing of breed, or confusion of species. The facts, which are set forth with some fulness, are employed by the

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author, — first, to show that *delight in beauty and variety of color* (which can have no supposable advantage in the struggle for existence) is as much a purpose in creation as mere utility of function; and, secondly, to show how far he accepts the theory in question, — since he holds, not that each species of humming-bird is an independent creation, but that they are *intentional* modifications of the original type, hatched in the ordinary way, under special conditions, and thenceforth separate and distinct. Scientifically, the thought is a little confused; but here, where we are all out of our depth, poetry is perhaps as true as science, and a good deal more attractive. Even if we have to invent a *génie* or fairy of the humming-birds, commissioned to indulge its loveliest dreams or its queerest fancy in those quaint, mobile forms, it is, after all, no wilder untruth than the idol which some have made of that bleak abstraction, "the Unknowable." The "Force, on which all things depend," — if we undertake to sum up a little part of what that phrase implies, — must include not *less*, but rather *more*, than what our arguments for natural theism have implied, in speaking of the Wisdom, the Skill, the Forethought, the living Providence, the intelligent Purpose, the sovereign Will, of God. J. H. A.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

The Addresses and Speeches included in Mr. Winthrop's volume* are arranged chronologically, and without reference to the subjects of which they treat; but for our present purpose they may be classified under two distinct heads, — the first comprising the political speeches; and the second, and much the larger division, consisting of commemorative and miscellaneous addresses. Of the speeches under the first head, we do not propose to speak in detail. Many of the questions discussed in them have ceased to be of practical interest, while they are still of too recent importance to be calmly considered now. It is enough to observe, that they are uniformly characterized by boldness, frankness, and courtesy, and by an unfaltering love of country. However much any one may have differed with Mr. Winthrop, no honest opponent can fail to bear witness to the ability and dignity with which he advocated the views he had deliberately adopted and firmly held, and to the spotless purity of his motives. To the consideration

* Addresses and Speeches on Various Occasions, from 1852 to 1867. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1867. 8vo, pp. xiii, 725.

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of every question he brought a ripe and various scholarship; his arguments are clearly and strongly stated; the style is smooth, compact, and polished; and nowhere is there a better presentation of the doctrines and policy of the political party of which he was so distinguished an ornament. As illustrations of one phase of our recent political history, they must possess a permanent interest and value not easily exaggerated.

Turning now from the political discussions, — which cover, indeed, only a hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Winthrop's volume, — to the more attractive field of literary endeavor, it is impossible not to be struck by the variety and interest of the topics embraced in the remaining pages. The obligations and responsibilities of educated men; the precious memory of the founders of New England, of the fathers of the Revolution, and of the historians and scholars who, in our own time, have illustrated and adorned American literature; the needs and prospects of American agriculture; the history of music in New England; the necessity of a more systematic organization of our local charities; the claims of the citizen soldier in a period of civil strife; the importance of the religious instruction of the young, and of a wider circulation of religious books; the various relations of luxury and the fine arts; and the worth of Christianity as a remedy for social and political evils, — these, and such as these, are the themes which he has touched only to elucidate and embellish. Many of the addresses, it is true, are extremely brief, covering not more than five or six printed pages, and presenting only a single aspect of the subject to which they relate; but all are suggestive, and several are careful, elaborate, and well-nigh exhaustive discussions.

In dealing with subjects so various and so dissimilar as these, Mr. Winthrop exhibits in a high degree the versatility of power, the ready command of his resources, and the aptness of illustration, which might naturally have been anticipated as the fruit of his long and brilliant career in our State Legislature and in Congress. Joined with these are a ripeness of scholarship and a familiarity with general literature too seldom exhibited in this country by the successful statesman or politician. While there is never any thing like a pedantic display, we everywhere find the rich traces of early and later study of the Greek and Roman classics, of a wide acquaintance with English literature, and of careful research in our own annals, and among our own early writers as well as their more distinguished

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successors. Even the shorter speeches are productions of more than ordinary ability; and are marked by good taste, simplicity, and directness, and by a just appreciation of the special demands of time and place.

Perhaps the most striking and eloquent piece in the collection is the address delivered at the inauguration of the statue of Franklin in Boston, on the 17th of September, 1856. On more than one previous occasion, Mr. Winthrop had spoken, in terms of warm eulogy, of the character and services of "the Great Bostonian;" and it is to a suggestion in his lecture on Archimedes and Franklin, before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, in November, 1853, that the city of Boston is indebted for the fine statue of Franklin now in front of the City Hall. The inauguration of this statue was made the occasion of a general tribute to the memory of Franklin, by the citizens and municipal authorities of his birthplace; and Mr. Winthrop was very properly invited to deliver the principal address. The oration which he pronounced in accordance with this request is one of the best productions of its class, and presents a careful and discriminating portraiture of Franklin's character, viewed under the fourfold aspect of a mechanic, a philosopher, a statesman, and an ambassador. With the skill of a consummate artist thoroughly interested in his work, Mr. Winthrop seizes upon the salient events in each period of Franklin's crowded career; and, blending them all in a rapid and harmonious narrative, traces that career from its humble beginning to its conspicuous close, dwelling on those incidents only which are best adapted to illustrate the real greatness of Franklin. As a sketch of his life and character, there is nothing, so far as we know, within the same number of pages, which can be compared with it for brilliancy and power; and, if Mr. Winthrop had done nothing else, this address would be enough to establish his place among our most accomplished orators. It is a more durable monument than the most skilfully fashioned bronze, and is alike honorable to the orator and to the subject of his eulogy.

Next in interest and importance to this address we are inclined to put the admirable and scholarly discourse on "The Obligations and Responsibilities of Educated Men in the use of the Tongue and of the Pen," delivered before the Alumni of Harvard College, in 1852. In this discourse Mr. Winthrop justly maintains, that, "when false sentiments and mischievous notions prevail on any subject," it is the educated men in the community who, "in their various avocations

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and professions, are mainly responsible for their existence. They are responsible for what they say, and for what they leave unsaid; for opinions which they take part in establishing, and for opinions which they take no part in overthrowing." In proceeding to illustrate and enforce this thesis, he pauses for a moment to consider what an immense increase of power the spoken and the written word have gained by modern inventions and modern institutions, when compared with the limited "means which the ancients enjoyed for instructing, controlling, and marshalling" public opinion; and, after speaking at length of the added responsibilities which these changes impose on the educated men of the present age, closes with an earnest appeal to his hearers to do something to advance the interests and extend the reputation of the college to which they owed so much.

Scarcely inferior in ability to this address, and characterized by the same high tone, is the address before the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, April 7th, 1859, entitled "Christianity, neither sectarian nor sectional, the great Remedy for Social and Political Evils." Written in the interest of no sect or denomination, it sets forth, in strong, clear, and manly terms, the need of "more true Christian spirit, principle, and motive in all the various affairs, transactions, and enterprises of the world we live in," — in religion, morals, business, politics, and the various social amusements. On all these points, Mr. Winthrop speaks wisely and well, and with the impressiveness of thorough conviction.

Similar in its general tone and character, and equally deserving of high praise, is the address on "Luxury and the Fine Arts, in some of their Moral and Historical Relations," first delivered in Baltimore, in May, 1859, before the Young Men's Christian Association, and afterward repeated in Boston, in aid of a fund for the erection of an equestrian statue of Washington. It is a rather discursive, but striking and eloquent, discussion of the effects of luxurious tastes and habits on the individual and the community; closing with an exhaustive consideration of the question, "Whether our own land and our own condition of society do not afford ample opportunity for the enjoyment and encouragement of the fine arts, without danger to liberty, and without just liability to the charge of furthering and fostering a pernicious and poisonous luxury?"

Of the remaining addresses, perhaps the best is the interesting his-

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torical sketch of the progress of musical taste and education in New England, delivered at the opening of the Musical Festival in Boston, in May, 1857. C. C. S.

THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY is the oldest of our historical societies; and, from the first, it has done its full share in promoting the objects for which it was incorporated. The thirty-seven volumes of its Collections, and the seven volumes of its Proceedings, have been compiled with rare judgment; and together they form a reference library, to which every student of our earlier or later annals must have frequent and satisfactory recourse. The most recent volume bearing the imprint of the Society comprises the Proceedings from January, 1866, to April, 1867;* and, like several of the later volumes, has been mainly edited by Mr. Charles Deane, one of the ablest and best known of our American antiquaries. Beside the record of the monthly meetings, and of the special meeting held in commemoration of Mr. Sparks, the volume contains several papers of much interest and value. First among these in the order of publication is an able, elaborate, and well-considered essay, by Professor Parker, on "The Origin, Organization, and Influence of the Towns of New England," written with great clearness and force, and exhibiting much careful research. Next in order is a "Memoir of President Quincy," by the Rev. Dr. Walker, covering nearly seventy-five pages, and presenting a most admirable sketch of the life and character of that remarkable man. Lucid in statement and dispassionate in tone, it is characterized throughout by that calm, practical wisdom which is found in every production of Dr. Walker's pen, and is in all respects a model biography. Another paper of more than ordinary interest is Mr. Amory's "Vindication of General Sullivan from the Misrepresentations of Mr. Bancroft, in the ninth volume of his History of the United States;" and there is also an interesting paper on "The Early Painters and Engravers of New England," by Mr. W. H. Whitmore. The volume also contains a reprint of Wheelwright's famous "Fast-day Sermon," preached in 1636; "Bacon's and Ingram's Proceedings;" and several other documents, of scarcely inferior interest. As a whole, it is one of the best and most interesting of the miscellaneous volumes published by the Society. C. C. S.

* Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1866–1867. Published at the charge of the Peabody Fund. Boston: Published for the Society, by Wiggin & Lunt. 1867. 8vo, pp. 524.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

SLAVERY is dead, to begin with. So might some American Dickens begin a new "Carol," and summon the spirits of freedom — past, present, and future — to tell the story of what might have been, what is, and what may be, the lot of our Southern freedmen. That there is no doubt about the death of slavery, is clear enough; since, otherwise, how account for the appearance of its ghost, which rises before us in such books as the volume of "Slave Songs"? * Probably, Professor Allen would disclaim the *rôle* we have thus assigned him, and deny that the ghostly presence comes at *his* bidding. But it is there, nevertheless; and few persons will take up these Songs without soon feeling, that they are not only learning the hymns and tunes which these people sang, but are also reading the "crushed hopes, keen sorrow, and dull, daily misery which covered them as hopelessly as the fog from the rice swamps." The negro "Spirituals," or "Shout Songs," brought together in the volume before us, show the utter worthlessness of the slaveholders' plea, that the blacks, though wisely kept in ignorance respecting "secular" knowledge, were yet instructed in religion, and had the gospel preached to them. What sort of a religion slavery taught, and what this Southern gospel was, has never been revealed so clearly as in these "Slave Songs," — the fossil remains of the slave-epoch in our national history. One is inclined, at first, to smile upon meeting with many of the words and phrases with which these songs abound. It is hard to recognize the reverence of the Hebrew, "O Jehovah!" in the negro's "Jehoviah, hallelujah;" and we can hardly help laughing, in comparing the sublime opening of the twenty-third psalm, with the ridiculous translation in the "Sperichils" of "De Lord *is perwide.*" The meaningless refrain, so common in the shout songs of "Roll, Jordan," reminds us of the comic, rather than the sacred, poem concerning that ancient stream; while the Scriptural quotations and allusions make such ludicrous patchwork, as almost to destroy the real pathos of many of their peculiar versions and idioms. But the impression, on the whole, which these songs leave on the mind, is one of sadness, and not of mirth; and the description which the woman "Molsy" gives in the preface of her sister's experience in searching for religion, may be

* Slave Songs of the United States. New York: A. Simpson & Co., 1867.

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applied to the slaves as a class: "Couldn't fin' dat leetle ting — hunt for 'em — *huntin' all de time.*"

Merely to *describe* the book, belongs to the department of advertising; and criticism finds little scope in so unique a production as this.* . Its value as a contribution to musical literature, is certainly very great. Not that we should like to see Mrs. Kemble's suggestion carried out, and the "fortune of an opera" made by the "skilful adaptation" of these melodies. The "Shout Songs" of the American freedmen will take their own place, as most original and unique specimens of what, for want of a more exact phrase, we must term *ballad music.* Too fragmentary to be called ballads in the ordinary meaning of that word, they are yet genuine products of what, if we were Germans and theologians, we might call the *ballad-making consciousness.* For confirmation of this view of the "Sperichils," we refer the reader to page xvii. of Professor Allen's preface, where the method of their composition is discussed. It is difficult for a reviewer to add much to the valuable explanations which this preface contains, or indeed to offer any criticism on the book itself. We were struck, when at Port Royal, with the peculiar mode of beating time in the "shout," of which we find no mention in this work. Instead of clapping the hands in unison with the accented parts of the measure, the singers uniformly beat the time *in syncopation;* i.e. striking the hands together *immediately after* the accented notes were sung. H. G. S.

Mr. Tuckerman's crowded and valuable book† presents a multitude of attractions for the large class who are interested in the subject which

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* We copy the following memoranda from a private note: —

"The words in the succession of verses of No's. 17 and 19, are quite characteristic. Those of 17, I arranged with some care. 26 I think remarkably sweet, and no doubt it is genuine. 29 is very odd. 33 is characteristic; also 47. 48 is especially worth noticing. The wide range, geographical and in variations, of 93 (45) and 22 (100) is very interesting. Very interesting pieces are also 10, 38, 74, 75, 82, 87, 89, 98, 102, 112; and all the Tennessee and Louisiana ones, particularly 132 and 133. I wish the book were more handsomely got up: it was hurried, and then printed on inferior paper, so as to make the price less than announced, — I think, a mistake."

† Book of the Artists: American Artist Life, comprising Biographical and Critical sketches of American Artists; preceded by an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of Art in America. By Henry T. Tuckerman. With an Appendix containing an Account of Notable Pictures and Private Collections. Royal 8vo, p. 689. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1867.

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it treats. It is a history of American art, embodied in a connected series of biographical sketches of American artists, including between two and three hundred names. The author has lingered over his theme with a fond fidelity of research which nothing of importance has escaped. He brings to his task a nature richly endowed with the love of the beautiful and good, a mind stored with the fruits of a varied and sedulous culture, a heart and memory full of the cherished results of æsthetic studies and of life-long friendships with artists. The work abounds with racy and genial anecdotes; with romantic incidents and descriptions; with distinct portraitures of original characters; with careful discussions of the nature and rise of art, with sound and stimulative patriotic sentiment, and with winsome accounts of that leisurely life of observation, meditation, and refined ideal pursuits, which is as yet so little cultivated by our emulous and utilitarian people.

It would be easy to cite from Mr. Tuckerman's book examples of carelessness in style, of vague rhetoric, of loose or diffuse thought, and feeble moralizing. But these are exceptional faults, and comparatively so trifling, as not much to alloy the hearty praise we are glad to give to a work which is, as a whole, so instructive, so genial, so elevated, and so timely. Let all who are interested in the cause of fine culture in America place this excellent "Book of the Artists" on their tables. W. R. A.

A FEW interesting facts of domestic life in the royal homes of Egypt and Turkey are given in Miss Lott's latest book;* but, as a whole, her revelations are neither new nor valuable. She has no skill in description, and spoils her pictures of palace and garden by tedious multiplication of details. She has a quick eye for the materials of dress, but no power of showing the person who wears the dress. Perhaps those queens and favorites of the harem have really no character: they certainly have none in Miss Lott's pages. The heroine of the book is the author of the book; yet it does not appear that she did much or that she suffered much. She frequently mentions her "sensitiveness" and her "delicacy," and notices affronts offered to her high-born dignity. That refinement, however, does not

* Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople. By EMMELINE LOTT, late Governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of His Highness Ishmael Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, authoress of "Nights in the Harem." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 12mo, pp. 357.

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appear in her allusions and her epithets, which are often strangely indelicate; in her account of the furniture of the rooms, and especially in her constant talk about the "eunuchs," — "phantoms of humanity," "spectres of humanity," as she calls them constantly, while she more than once says that they hold criminal relations with the women that they guard, and become the fathers of numerous children. There is no evidence, in Miss Lott's volume, of any peculiar delicacy of feeling, or any large culture. She writes indifferent English; connects singular nouns with plural verbs; says "*us* Europeans," instead of "we Europeans;" and jumbles her pronouns in annoying confusion. No Jew or Greek ever talked in Egypt, as she makes a Jew and a Greek talk with her in the car, when she goes up from Alexandria to Cairo; and the cheat is incautiously revealed by the words "kind reader," which slip into the Jew's remarks. From the small portion of the face shown in Miss Lott's portrait, in the frontispiece, we should judge that her fears of being violently adopted among the favorites of the pacha's harem, were quite groundless. There is no intimation that any of the wives or damsels in the palaces were jealous of the Englishwoman's beauty. Miss Lott ought to have some Irish blood in her veins, as she calls the young boy-prince "the very prototype" of his deceased grandfather; and speaks of the wholesale massacre of the Memlooks as their "decimation."

The short closing chapter of the volume sums up the iniquities of harem life, and pronounces a damning sentence upon the conduct and conversation of the caged beauties. But that chapter has no connection with any thing that has been told in the accounts of the daily life, which are rather suggestive of vanity and laziness, than of immorality. There are no pictures of intrigue and licentiousness in the actual story of Miss Lott's observations, — no such tales of love, jealousy, and sensual indulgence, as we find in the stories of Parisian life, or the disclosures of the convent. The only chapter of intrigue in the book is in the highly colored narrative of an Italian count's daring stratagem in penetrating the palace of Mehemet Ali, in woman's clothes, and its half-tragic result.

The substance of what Miss Lott tells us is, that Ishmael Pacha, the ruler of Egypt, is very rich and very rapacious; that his palaces and steamboats are very splendid; that his three wives and their attendants have a great many jewels, and silks in profusion; that the boy-prince of half a dozen years is good-humored and bright, but cruel, grasping, and vindictive; that the Nubian black nurse is a cun-

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ning and malignant devil, deserving her name of "Shaytan;" that they are all afraid of poison in the harem; that the women of Constantinople have more freedom than the women of Cairo; that German-Jew bankers, in the East, are probably knaves; that a spot of kohl on the forehead is a "sectarian sign;" that loaves of bread are sometimes broken over the heads of princes, for a reason which she does not know; that the Egyptian royal children are very fond of raw fruit and vegetables; and that "Baksheesh" is chief among the "Princes." She fails to make harem life attractive to the reader; and yet she fails to show it as peculiarly repulsive. When we consider the opportunity of the author, the book must be called a very poor one. C. H. B.

Very comical, and very capital too, are Mr. Harte's volume of fugitive newspaper sketches;* and it is fortunate that such clever imitations were not left to perish, but will gain the wide fame that Carleton's press can give them. Mr. Harte must be a very pleasant companion. Thomas Starr King, to whose memory the volume is dedicated, must have found the society of so genial a humorist a large compensation for the loss of his New-England home and friends. In this instance, California has not given us coarse or boisterous wit; and there is nothing to offend refined tastes.

The first half of the volume is made up of "condensed novels," — short imitations of the style of the popular writers of fiction, — Cooper, Lever, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, Dumas, Bulwer, Dickens, Charlotte Bronté, Guy Livingstone, Maryatt, T. S. Arthur, Wilkie Collins, Victor Hugo, Michelet, Sala, — all of which are so well done, that it is hard to tell which is best. The other half of the volume is equally divided between "Civic Sketches" and "Legends and Tales." These last, if less finished than the stories of Irving, are not less rich in sportive fancy. The legends of Monte Diablo and of the Devil's Point will compare with the legends of Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. The story of the Ruins of San Francisco might well have been written by the author of the Man without a Country, and is quite as accurate in its dates and facts as the stories of that writer. A Night at Wingdom shows that the humorist can be pathetic when he chooses. The Ogress of Silver Land is

* Condensed Novels and other Papers. By F. Bret Harte. New York, 1867. 12mo, pp. 307.

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as good as some of the tales of the "Arabian Nights." Waiting for the Ship is a cabinet picture.

The pictorial illustrations by Frank Bellew are not positively bad; but they are not good enough for such choice sketches, which are worthy to employ the pencil of Darley or Eytinge. The book itself is more picturesque than its pictures. C. H. B.

The veteran author and renowned missionary, William Ellis, in revisiting Madagascar, to explain the objects of the London Missionary Society, and arrange the different fields of labor, has laid the religious public again under obligation,* as by his "Polynesian Researches" and "Three Visits to Madagascar." But this time it is to exult over an accomplished work; to gather in the harvest he had helped to sow; to consecrate churches whose corner-stone had been laid in the blood of martyrs. When he reached this island in 1862, Radama II. had replaced the terrible persecutions of his idolatrous mother with friendship, if not favoritism, for Christian teachers. He was not a Christian himself; but anxious to hear, thoroughly humane, and only too zealous in introducing European customs among his half-civilized subjects. With the single exception of occasional intoxication, — to which foreigners tempted him, and which he deplored as deeply as any one; and a desire to carry out his own views, without regard to the advice of his counsellors, — Radama showed a noble character for an hereditary sovereign nurtured by such unfavorable influences. He listened to all grievances, redressed all wrongs, was gentle to the poor, devoted hours to personal improvement, and befriended, heartily, all who desired the religious elevation of his people, whether Protestants or Catholics. But an obnoxious measure, in which he persisted, against all remonstrance, — in fact, the authorization of duelling, — prompted his assassination, by the orders of his prime minister, who, not long after, for his arrogant assumption of power, was driven into exile, Queen Rabodo reigning with more limited sway than any sovereign before.

The sudden murder of so mild and worthy a prince as Radama II. does not promise much for the perpetuity of authority in Madagascar. The abundance of foreign wines, during the abolition of impost duties has assailed the self-indulgent native on his weak side: nothing but

* Madagascar Revisited. By Rev. William Ellis. London: Murray, 1867. Dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.

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the moral energy of the gospel, as Mr. Ellis remarks, can save this interesting race from extinction. Outwardly, our religion has made amazing progress in Madagascar. During these four years, the native Christians have more than doubled, and the communicants increased tenfold. Mr. Ellis now numbers eighteen thousand fellow-believers, under seven English missionaries and ninety-five native teachers. A fresh opportunity is now offered to this easily moulded race, of entering on that course of intelligent activity, which will give them a permanent place among the nations of the earth. F. W. H.

"CHRISTIANITY among the New Zealanders" * is the title given by the Bishop of Waiapu to his eulogy of the mission among a warlike race of natives, who are doomed to disappear from the face of the earth. Bishop Williams has purposely excluded from his narrative the general information about these little-visited islands which would have rendered his book a valuable contribution to the geography of the world; and surely we did not need to see, at this late stage of the work, that Christian missionaries have shown the most admirable heroism, endurance, and self-sacrifice. His method of vindicating the wisdom of this particular mission will satisfy none who have entertained any rational doubt. Nobody doubts that there have been instances of remarkable conversions; that whole villages have engaged in church services with the greatest apparent solemnity; that savage conflicts have been many times prevented by missionary influence. Unquestionably, the same number of devoted, energetic, educated ministers would have produced marked results wherever they had labored together. These Maori were very probably ignorant of any principles of religion when the apostolic Marsden first appeared among them, — cannibals in time of war, and passionately interested in warlike feuds; though we have never been able to find any thing that justified the missionary statement, of their being more abject even than African savages. On the contrary, their first visitors speak of them "as vastly superior to any thing you can imagine in a savage nation;" and the united, persevering, heroic resistance they have made to the invasion of English settlers puts them at least on the same level with the Indians of the Far West. Still, twenty years of faithful, prayerful labor, resulted in only fifty converts; and, though

* Christianity among the New Zealanders. By Bishop W. WILLIAMS. London, 1866.

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afterwards the Scriptures in their own languages were eagerly welcomed, gratuitous schools well attended, and spacious churches erected as the free-will offerings of the natives, we look in vain for evidence that the people had been cured of their warlike propensities, had entered resolutely upon civilized habits of life, — in a word, were rescued from the extinction which threatens a feeble race in contact with one of more power. The Bishop's defence is, that nothing has befallen this mission but what the Christian Church has had to endure elsewhere; that these outbursts of fiendish fighting and these invasions of intriguing Jesuits are no novel devices of Satan: — all of which may be readily granted, without our being satisfied that the New-Zealand sacrifice of money and life was the wisest that could have been made, or its well-known results all that could have been asked. F. W. H.

The gorilla-discoverer, in his book on "Equatorial Africa," fared very badly: the narrative was so strangely confused as to the different expeditions, the descriptions of new animals were so highly dressed up, the tendency to magnify his own exploits was so manifest, that the Boston Society of Natural History named his new otter "Mythomys," in ridicule of Du Chaillu's inventiveness. The distrust was even greater abroad, especially in Germany; and, with the exception of a few men like Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Owen, an overwhelming tide set against him: even the great African explorer, Dr. Barth, doubted whether any such journey had been taken; and nearly every reflecting person supposed that the narrative had been worked up by some over-ingenious person as a sensation story.

In his new work, "A Journey to the Ashango Land," * Mr. Du Chaillu signalizes his triumph by placing on the titlepage a wood-cut of the animal Professor Gray had named "Mythomys," whose skeleton now awaits the examination of curious people in England. His marvellous statements of the gorilla seem to be confirmed in this volume, though many particulars remain unauthenticated. His purpose, in the new expedition, was to leave nothing unattempted, which man could do, to confirm his peculiar views, establish his previous discoveries, and gain the whole world to his side. He makes certain the existence of a race of dwarf negroes, deep sunken in animalism,

* A Journey to Ashango Land. By Paul B. Du Chaillu. New York: Appletons, 1867.

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and regarded with scorn even by their negro neighbors. There seems to be no doubt, too, of the prevalence of cannibalism, as well as slavery and polygamy, among the savages whom he visited. It may be regarded as certain, that these unimprovable black races are dying out; that they have no means of protection from epidemics, like small-pox; that, wherever they approach white men, they have gained nothing but a speedier extinction; and that, even when partially civilized, if left to themselves, they fall back into primitive barbarism. Yet no traveller ever received kinder treatment; considering that disease and death haunted Du Chaillu's steps, that his men sometimes appropriated even the wives of their entertainers, that many of the native superstitions were openly assailed, and generally with success. His repulse from the Ashango Land was owing to a double homicide, committed by a careless native in his eagerness to display the superiority of European arms. Had Du Chaillu consented to surrender the offender, according to African ideas of justice, his interesting collections, and part even of his journal, would not have perished in a panic-stricken retreat. As it was, every calamity was visited upon the brave adventurer: he was nearly drowned at landing; he was nearly killed by starvation; was once prostrated by disease; was pierced by a poisoned arrow; was systematically robbed; and, finally, owed his return to England to the pity of a trading vessel, which happened to touch at the Fernand Vaz River. F. W. H.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels. By Andrews Norton. Abridged Edition. Boston: American Unitarian Association. pp. 584. ("This edition contains the whole of the original work, with the exception of such portions as might be omitted without essential injury to the force of its main argument. The omissions chiefly consist of passages addressed rather to the scholar than to the general reader; and they have been the more readily made, from the belief that any student who might be desirous of following the author in his investigation of the subject in its more obscure, collateral developments, might, without much difficulty, obtain a copy of the work in its original form." A list of these omissions is appended. The volume is a handsome and valuable addition to the Association's excellent library of Unitarian literature.)

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Prayers of the Ages. Compiled by Caroline S. Whitmarsh. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 335. (Gathered from very various sources, some of them rare and curious, and giving sufficient examples of pagan and Oriental piety. The deficiencies appear to be of special prayers from such sources as the Jewish liturgy, and of a larger variety from the older English, like the very interesting examples on pages 144 and 147; while too much space is taken up with long and formal prayers, — some quite conventional and commonplace, — of recent composition. Still, in its breadth of devotional sympathy, and its absolute freedom from the limits of any religious creed, it is unique among similar collections; and in typography and arrangement extremely neat.)

The Theology of the Greek Poets. By W. S. Tyler, Williston Professor of Greek in Amherst College. Boston: Draper & Halliday. pp. 365. (The most interesting part of this volume, to the general reader, is the outline which it gives of the dramatic story of Æschylus and Sophocles, so strikingly illustrative of the subject it treats. The scholar will be disappointed at finding one-third of the volume taken up with irrelevant, however interesting, discussions, — one, a purely theological essay, "The Head of the Church Head over all Things;" and the other, a re-arguing of the "Homeric Question" on the familiar ground taken by Colonel Mure. The parallelism between the religious ideas of the elder Greek poets and those of the Hebrew Scriptures is a little tedious; but has its value to the scientific student of opinion, as well as to those who, like the author, seek in it a support to their own doctrinal system.)

History of the People of Israel, to the Death of Moses. (English translation.) Edited by Russell Martineau. London: Longmans. (To be reviewed.)

The Continuity of Religious Development. By David Griffith. London: Williams & Norgate. pp. 180. (An earnest and scholarly attempt, in a series of sermons addressed to a Christian congregation, to illustrate the familiar scientific notion of development, in the history of religious thought and institutions.)

Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. pp. 332.

The History of the Church of God during the period of Revelation. By Rev. Charles Colcock Jones, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo. pp. 558.

Sermons by the late Rev. W. H. Drummond, D.D., M.R.I.A. With Memoir by Rev. J. Scott Porter. London: E. T. Whitfield. 12mo. pp. 365.

Lectures, on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century, delivered in the Mercer-street Church, New York, Jan. 21 to Feb. 21, 1867. By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 451.

The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles. With an Appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 448.

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NOVELS AND TALES.

Opportunity: a Novel. By Anne Moncure Crane. pp. 336.

The Guardian Angel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. pp. 420.

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MARCH, 1868.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MARCH, 1868.

ART. I. — JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

By James Freeman Clarke

Rousseau et les Génevois. Par M. J. GABEREL, ancien pasteur. Genève: Joel Cherbulier, 1858. Paris: Même Maison, Rue de la Monnaie, 10.

THIS book, published some years since, contains interesting matter for any new biography of the great, sad prose-poet of France in the eighteenth century. It contains reminiscences concerning him from simple, honest, Christian men, — his fellow-townsmen, who knew him and loved him. They do not think of him as the great philosopher and marvellous writer, who first set the French language on fire, and turned its cold phrases into burning eloquence. They think of him only as one whom they could not quite understand, or quite approve of; but whom they could not help loving. It contains contributions from many citizens of Geneva and the neighboring towns, and shows us Rousseau when his unquiet heart and sensitive nature found peace for a time among his simple fellow-citizens. The period, perhaps, has hardly yet arrived for writing the biography of this great soul; but, when it comes, this unpretending volume will be one of its "Memoires pour servir." It informs us, too, that there is a collection of nearly two thousand inedited letters of Rousseau in the Library of Neufchâtel, classified by the librarian, M. Bovet. It also

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mentions, that M. le docteur Coindet, grand-nephew of Rousseau's friend of that name, has a voluminous collection of notes and letters, addressed to his uncle by the philosopher. It has many interesting anecdotes, all tending to show, that, in the opinion of these good men, who knew Rousseau in his private life, he was a sincerely religious man; a truth-seeking, truth-loving man; and one who desired human love and sympathy more than fame.

Perhaps the present century may be able to do justice to Rousseau, and we have long desired to utter at least one protest against the wide-spread opinion, in the Christian public, of his infidelity in opinion and his immorality of character. The common view of Rousseau is wholly unjust to his belief and his life. Unfortunate and unhappy in a thousand ways, he is not that ogre of evil which his name represents to so many minds.

Rousseau was a phenomenon, unintelligible to his own time, and not yet understood by ours. To his contemporaries, he was the object of immense admiration and enormous odium; and, to our age, he stands as a misty representative of sophistry and unbelief. He is classified with Hume and Voltaire, though radically opposed to them in all his ideas, and antipathetic in all the tendencies of his nature. When his works first appeared, they electrified France and Europe. Hume writes from Paris in 1765, "It is impossible to express or imagine the enthusiasm of this nation in his favor: no person ever so much engaged their attention as Rousseau. Voltaire and everybody else are quite eclipsed by him." When "La Nouvelle Héloïse" appeared, the libraries could not answer the calls made for it from all classes. The book was let by the day and by the hour. But this universal and immense admiration was attended or immediately followed by a terrible hatred and persecution. Banished from Paris for the publication of "Emile," a work which contains the germs of our modern improvements in education, he went to Geneva; threatened with imprisonment there, he fled to Neufchâtel; driven from that place, he went and lived on an island in the Lake of Bienne, from which he was again expelled by the

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Canton of Berne. Longing for repose, he was a perpetual wanderer; thirsting for sympathy, he was in constant warfare. The only literary man of his time who was sincerely religious, he passed then, and has passed ever since, as an example of unbelief. A singular character certainly, and well deserving our study. Lord Holland tells us that Napoleon said of Rousseau, that "without him there would have been no French Revolution." The historian Schlosser speaks of his "bringing forward an entirely new system of absolute democracy." Von Raumer, in his history of education, gives Rousseau a high place as the founder and inspirer of this modern science. Sismondi says, "Rousseau, in his writings, went to the foundations of human society." Buckle remarks, that he has not found a single instance of an attack on Christianity in all Rousseau's writings; and that in this respect he was entirely distinguished from the other writers of his day. Louis Blanc declares that Rousseau alone withstood the movement headed by Voltaire and all the philosophers, resisting by himself the whole spirit of his time. "The age exalted reason; he preached sentiment. Among the prophets of individualism, he alone taught the Christian doctrine of brotherhood. The mission of Jean Jacques, in a society which was in a state of disintegration, was to oppose to the exaggerated worship of reason the worship of sentiment." M. Villemain, one of the most respectable among the historians of French literature, considers him "the successor of Montesquieu in political science," "the sincere friend of morality and justice," "magical in his talent," "with a soul of fire;" and agrees with those who ascribe to his genius an immense influence over the future. He was, says he, "the Bible of his time; and there was not an act in the French Revolution in which you do not find his good or evil influence." But, as regards religion, Villemain declares, that, "at a period when the old religious beliefs had faded away from the public mind, no better and no more useful book than 'Emile' could have been offered to it." Rousseau, he adds, "was the religious teacher of his time, inspiring a faith in God, in the Soul, in Goodness here and Immortality hereafter,

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which was not taught then, even in the Christian pulpits. For the Catholic pulpit of France then preached mere moral discourses on 'Affability,' on 'Equanimity of Temper,' or 'The Love of Order;' and sought to be pardoned its sacred mission by affecting a kind of judicious worldliness." The school of Sensation ruled in philosophy: and to the school of Sensation Rousseau uttered these words: "Judgment and Sensation are not the same thing: I am not merely a sensitive and passive being, but also an active and intelligent being; and, whatever Philosophy may say about it, I shall venture to claim the honor of being able to think." In reply to Diderot, d'Holbach, and Helvetius, and to the Atheism which they taught, he inferred an intelligent Supreme Being from the very existence of matter. To the Encyclopedists he replies, "Philosophy can do nothing which Religion cannot do better than she; and Religion can do a great many other things which Philosophy cannot do at all."

We have quoted these authorities to show, that we are not alone in asserting, that, down to the present time, Rousseau has not been generally understood, and that he deserves a further and more impartial study. We shall endeavor to avoid the opposite extreme of indiscriminate praise. We shall point out the errors and faults of Jean Jacques, neither of which are hard to discover.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was born at Geneva in 1712, and died near Paris in 1778, at the age of 66. He was a contemporary, during most of his life, with such men as Swedenborg, Kant, Voltaire, John Wesley, Benjamin Franklin, Linnæus, Dr. Johnson, Hume, and Burke. How different were these from each other! how hard for them to understand each other! How hard for the practical Benjamin Franklin, the tory Samuel Johnson, the pious Wesley, the philosophic Kant, or the mystical Swedenborg, to find any meaning or use in such a man as Rousseau! But posterity, looking backward, can recognize the good which all have done by all their different methods. "There are so many voices in the world, but none without its own signification."

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I.

The Life of Rousseau divides itself into these periods: —

I. From 1712 to 1741, — that is, from his birth till he was twenty-nine; during which time, an orphan; sent to school at Bossey; apprenticed to an engraver; with the curate in Savoy, and with Mme. Warens; he slowly develops unknown to the world.

II. From 1741 to 1750; that is, from twenty-nine to thirty-eight. In Paris, with his system of musical notation; with the French Embassy to Venice, and in Paris again; but still unknown.

III. From 1750 to 1762; that is, from thirty-eight to fifty. He publishes his first Essay, his "Social Contract," his "Emile," and his "Nouvelle Héloïse."

IV. From 1762 to 1778; that is, from fifty to sixty-six. He lives a life of exile and controversy, till his death.

The family of Rousseau were French; and, though Rousseau was fond of calling himself a citizen of Geneva, he belonged altogether in his soul, as in literature, to France. His ancestors were Huguenots, who had gone to Switzerland to secure liberty of conscience. His father was a watchmaker. His mother died when he was born; and he never knew a mother's care. He was a sickly child; and his father, to amuse him, would sit up all night reading novels to him. But when he was ten years old he lost his father also, who went into exile in consequence of fighting a duel, and abandoned his child to the care of his uncle, who placed him at school in the town of Bossey. At twelve years he was put as an apprentice with an engraver, who was a harsh employer; and, when Rousseau was sixteen, he ran away, and took refuge with a Catholic curate in Savoy, who, instead of sending him back to his family, preferred to keep him, that he might convert him to the Catholic Church. For this purpose, he sent him to live with Madame Warens, a lady who figures largely in his memoirs. She was a recent convert to the Catholic Church. She had deserted her husband, with whom she did not live happily. Protected by the King of Sardinia, and living on

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a small pension; a pretty woman, kind-hearted, but without principle, — she persuaded Rousseau to abjure Protestantism, which he did in the city of Turin in 1728. Here, as before, the boy was left without friends or protectors. He lived at service, and received good advice from a deistical abbé, who taught him at the same time morality and deism. From Turin he returned to Madame Warens, who was still living at Annecy. He studied music and gave lessons therein, by which he helped to gain a support. After some wanderings and changes of fortune, at the age of twenty-one he received an appointment from the King of Sardinia, through the influence of his old friend, Madame Warens. In 1736 he went to live with her at Charmettes, in the country, where he passed some happy years in work, in study, and the enjoyment of nature.

In 1741, at the age of twenty-nine, Rousseau went to Paris in order to exhibit a new method of musical notation. He carried in his pocket fifteen pieces of silver and his comedy of Narcissus. His musical notation did not succeed; but he obtained introductions to different persons of distinction, and through one of them received the office of Secretary of Legation to the French embassy at Venice, where he distinguished himself by his fidelity and energy. Returning to Paris, he became acquainted with Thérèse le Vasseur. She was a laundress, three and twenty years old, ignorant, and incapable of being educated. She never could learn the names of the months, nor how to count. But she was lively, gentle, and kind. With her Rousseau lived many years, and finally married her. His father dying about this time, Rousseau secured his share of his mother's inheritance, the life interest of which he had allowed his father to enjoy. But all his means were wanted to help his friend Madame Warens, who had become poor, and the relations of Thérèse, who were very greedy.

In 1750, when thirty-eight years old, he wrote the work which introduced him to the public, which was a short treatise on a prize question proposed by the Academy of Dijon, on the question whether the revival of learning has contrib-

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uted to the improvement of morals. He took the negative side, and in doing so commenced the career of thought which gave him all his distinction. His doctrine was, that man was only good and only happy while following nature, and that the arts and sciences are the children of a corrupt civilization. His treatise received the prize. It was followed by a successful opera, a letter on French music, and, in 1753, a Treatise on the Origin of Inequality among Mankind. In this he carried still further his favorite doctrine of the fall of man through civilization.

He had before him the terrible inequalities which then existed in France. He meant to attack Despotism, and he attacked all society. He meant to attack the enormous distinctions of property, and he attacked property itself.

"The first man," said he, "who, having inclosed a piece of ground, said, 'It belongs to me,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, and murders would not *he* have spared to the human race who should have plucked up the fence, and said to his companions, 'Beware of listening to this impostor: you are lost if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong to everybody, and that the earth itself belongs to nobody.'"

This treatise produced great excitement, and, of course, much opposition, as well as admiration. Voltaire, thanking Rousseau for his work, wrote to him, "One feels a desire to go on all fours while reading your essay." Buffon brought some serious objections, founded on the physical nature of man, which demanded society to protect the feeble age of childhood.

From this time it was evident that there was a breach between Rousseau and the French philosophers Diderot, Grimm, and Holbach. His ideas and theirs were radically opposed. He believed in God, in Immortality, and Retribution: they believed in this present world and the five senses. He believed in the Brotherhood of man: they believed in every one for himself. He was the champion of Equality: they were the friends and *protegés* of the Aristocrats. They

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looked down upon him with an air of patronage, and treated him with contemptuous and tyrannical superiority. The blame of these difficulties long rested on Rousseau, and was attributed to his morbid jealousy. But M. Villemain says that now, when so many correspondences have been published, we must confess that these friends of Rousseau were very hard upon him.

In 1754, Rousseau took possession of the cottage at Montmorency, about four miles from Paris, called the Hermitage. It was a present from Mme. d'Épinay, who owned the estate. Walking with her one day in this pleasant valley, he cried out, "What an asylum for me!" She made no reply, but rebuilt the house, and, the next time they visited the place, playfully said, "My bear, behold your asylum!" In this happy retirement he wrote the "Nouvelle Héloïse," and most of the "Emile." What an active and marvellous employment of his time during the six years which he passed here, and at the village of Montmorency afterward! For, beside the "Héloïse" and "Emile," he wrote the letter to D'Alembert, and the "Social Contract;" and, when driven from his asylum, during his flight, "The Levite of Ephraim." It was the most fruitful period of his life, — the happy autumn in which the long, cold spring-time of his struggling youth, and the passionate heats of his summer, bore the rich fruits of thought and labor. It was the only really happy period of his life, — the little interval of sunshine in the midst of a stormy day. The rest of his days — persecuted at once by Catholic and Protestant bigots, and by philosophical unbelievers; driven an exile from France into Switzerland, from Switzerland into Prussia, and from Prussia into England; half crazy with suspicion and jealousy; the object at the same moment of fanatical hatred, extravagant admiration, and bitter ridicule, — he never knew a quiet hour till he dropped exhausted into his grave. And, as if the same fate which pursued him in life was to follow him into his tomb, he was not allowed to sleep peacefully on the island in the little lake, shaded with poplars, so well suited as a resting-place for the tired son of genius; but was carried in 1791, with Voltaire, to the Pantheon, and

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placed in a kind of stone cellar below the church, in a wooden sarcophagus, *en attendant* something better.

II.

What, then, was the *religious belief* or *unbelief* of Rousseau?

First, in an age in which atheism was the fashion, he believed firmly in God.

For, in the period preceding the French Revolution, philosophy in France had sunk into the grossest materialism. De la Mettrie gave himself all possible trouble to deny to man a soul and immortality, and to prove him an automaton, or at most a vegetable. He was a decided materialist and atheist. He wrote one book, called "The Man-Machine;" and another, called "The Man-Plant." Him followed Denis Diderot and Jean d'Alembert, hating not only Christianity, but all religion, — philosophers of matter, believers in sensation alone, preaching the gospel of the five senses. They were the chief editors of the "French Encyclopædia," the object of which was to revolutionize all belief on the basis of atheism. To them associated himself Baron Holbach, author of "The System of Nature;" and Helvetius, writer of two shallow books on "Man" and "The Mind." Of all this party only Voltaire was a theist. Voltaire was by no means an atheist. On the contrary, he wrote a story called "Cosi-Sancta," containing one of the best arguments from the evidences of design in nature for the existence of Deity. But Voltaire's theism was purely intellectual, and not, like Rousseau's, a sentiment, a feeling, a love. Rousseau believed in God with his whole heart: not merely as a law, a power, an order of the universe; but as a personal God, a divine providence, a friend to the human race, especially to the poor and wretched. The philosophers pardoned Voltaire his theism, for it was a mere speculation; but they could never forgive Rousseau, for his was faith, — and faith in a living God.

Take, as one proof of this (since we have no room for more), not any single passage from his own writings, which might

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be suspected of not giving his average and level belief; but an account given by his friend and protector, Mme. d'Épinay, of a conversation in which he took part in her house. There can be no doubt that this expresses his real belief, since he could not have thought that it would ever be preserved. It was the overflow of his mind at the hour. Rousseau here maintains, in private and in difficult circumstances, the same positive religious convictions which he always announces in his works: —

"Mlle. Quinault said that in religious matters every one was right; but that each should remain in the religion in which he was born.

"'Not so,' replied Rousseau, warmly: 'not if it is a bad religion, for then it could only do one harm.'

"I then said that religion often did much good; that it was a restraint for the lower classes, who had no other. Every one cried out against me, and overwhelmed me with objections; they said that for the lower classes the fear of being hung was a much better restraint than the fear of being damned. So they went on, till I, fearing they would destroy all religion, begged for mercy, at least, for natural religion. 'Not more for that than for the rest,' said St. Lambert. Rousseau said, 'I don't go with you. I say with Horace, "I am more infirm."'

"Then St. Lambert and others attacked with bitterness all belief, even in God. Rousseau muttered something between his teeth: they laughed at him.

Rousseau. — "'If it is a baseness to hear one's friend abused in his absence, I consider it a crime to listen to things said against one's God, who is here. For myself, gentlemen, I believe in God.'

"They went on, however, in the same way, till Rousseau said, 'If you say another word of this sort, I shall retire.'

"Afterward, being seated near Rousseau, I said, 'It troubles me that St. Lambert, so intelligent a man, should not believe in God.' — 'I cannot bear,' answered Rousseau, 'this rage for pulling down every thing, and never building up any thing.' — 'Still,' said I, 'his arguments are very strong.' — 'What! are you going to be convinced by his atheism? Don't say that, Madame; for I could not help hating you. Besides, the idea of God is necessary for our happiness; and I wish you to be happy.'

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"A few days after, as we were walking together out of doors, I confessed to him that I had been disturbed by St. Lambert's arguments

"'I think,' said Rousseau, 'that there are some convictions so rooted in our nature, so universally received, so efficaciously preached, not by men only, but by the phenomena of nature, always renewed around us, that we cannot resist such concurrent proofs. The animals, the plants, the fruits of the earth, the rain, the seasons of the year.'—'Yet,' said I, 'what St. Lambert said was very strong.'—'Madame,' replied he, 'sometimes I am of his opinion: in my shut-up study, with my two fists in my eyes, or in the darkness of the night. But look at that' (said he, lifting his hand to the sky, like one inspired): 'the sunrise, sweeping away the vapors, and revealing the magnificence of nature, sweeps away at the same time these dark vapors from my soul. I recover my faith in God; I reverence and adore him; I bow in his presence.'"

In 1756, Rousseau published a letter addressed to Voltaire, in defence of Providence. In it he says,—

"No: I have suffered too much in this world to be content to relinquish the hope of another. All the subtleties of metaphysics never induce me to waver for a moment in my faith in the Immortality of the Soul, and in a beneficent Providence. I feel it to be true; I believe it to be true; and I long to have it true."

Voltaire was once discussing the famous picture in "Emile" of the rising sun, in which passage Rousseau declares that no one can help seeing God, if he sees the sun from the top of a mountain summit, rising in its majesty over plains and woods. Voltaire said, "I should like to go to the top of a mountain too, and see if I shall be compelled to worship the Creator." He went to the summit of the Jura, waited for sunrise, and then kneeling down uttered this half-blasphemous sentence, "Yes: Creator of heaven and earth, I adore thee in thy works. Mais pour Monsieur votre fils, et Madame sa mère, je ne les connais pas."

When Rousseau was told of this, he cried, "Ah, cet homme, cet homme! He will make me hate that passage in all my writings which I loved the most."

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The theism of Rousseau was not the common deism of his time, which was a negation. His was positive, full, warm. His God was with him in all his sorrows as a comforter. No pious Christian was more constant in his devout habits than this so-called philosopher of unbelief. He read the Bible every day, not as a critic, but exactly as the humblest Christian reads it, — for comfort, strength, and inspiration. One anecdote has come up among the recent memoirs, which gives us a little picture of Rousseau, with the "Imitation of Christ" in his hand, as his companion, wandering among the fields, and gathering flowers. It is from the "Memoires d'un Bibliophile. Par M. Tenant de Latour. Paris, 1861."

M. Latour one day picked up at a bookstall in Paris a copy of Thomas à Kempis' "De Imitatione Christi," with the autograph of Jean J. Rousseau on the titlepage. It had been evidently read with great care, and more than half the book was underlined with the pencil. It bore marks also of having been the constant pocket companion of Rousseau. It had been read in the evening, for there were drops of grease from the candle on its pages; and it had accompanied him in his country walks, for there were dried flowers stuck here and there between the leaves. Now, a letter of Rousseau to a Paris bookseller is extant, dated 1763, containing the following sentence: "Voici des articles que je vous prie de joindre à votre premier envoi, 'Pensées de Pascal, Œuvres de la Bruyère, Imitation de Jésus Christ, Latin.'" It may be added also that this volume contained a dried and pressed periwinkle; and that, just a year after the date of this order for the purchase of the book, occurred the event recorded in his "Confessions," of his finding a periwinkle in one of his walks near Crozier, and the pleasure it gave him.

Such being the character of his theism, what were his views concerning Christianity? Here it will be supposed, that he was, of course, an entire infidel. But the whole amount of his infidelity was a scepticism concerning the miracles of the New Testament. He does not profess to disbelieve them: he thinks them doubtful. He questions them, and leaves them. He asserts everywhere that he believes Christianity,

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but he believes it on the ground of its own sublime truth, beauty, and usefulness, and on the ground of the holiness of Christ's character. His belief here, also, is no cold assent. So far as he does believe, it is with the passionate faith of an admiring and loving heart.

It is well known, that the book in which his infidelity is supposed to be taught, and for printing which he was driven from France, from Geneva, from Neufchâtel, and from the little island of St. Peters, in the Lake of Bienne, is his "Emile." In this book, which is a work on education, an ideal view of the education of a young man is presented, — as in the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon. In the course of it he gives the profession of faith of a vicar of Savoy; and this contains the chief offence of Rousseau against Christianity, and therefore must not be omitted: —

"In regard to revelation," says the vicar, "if I were a better reasoner, or better taught, I might perhaps be sure of its truth. But, if I see in its favor proofs which I cannot refute, I see against it objections to which I cannot reply. There are so many solid reasons for and against, that, not knowing what to determine, I neither admit nor reject it. I only reject the obligation to believe it, because this pretended obligation is incompatible with the justice of God. I remain in a state of respectful doubt. I am not so presumptuous as to believe myself infallible. I reason for myself, not for others. I neither blame nor imitate them. Their judgment may be better than mine: it is not my fault that it is *not* mine.

"I also confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me: the holiness of the gospel is an argument which speaks to my heart, and which I should be sorry to be able to answer. Read the books of the philosophers with all their pomp: how petty they are beside this! Is a book at once so sublime and so simple the work of man? Can it be that he, whose history it relates, was himself a mere man? Is this the tone of an enthusiast, or of a mere sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! what touching grace in his instructions! what elevation in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses! what presence of mind, what acuteness, what justness in his replies! what empire over his passions! Where is the man, where the sage, who knows in this way how to act, suffer, and die, without weakness and without ostentation?

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When Plato describes his imaginary good man, covered with the opprobrium of crime, yet meriting the rewards of virtue, he paints, trait by trait, Jesus Christ. . . . What prejudice, blindness, or bad faith, does it not require to compare the son of Sophroniscus with the son of Mary! What a distance between the two! Socrates dies without pain, without ignominy; he sustains his character easily to the end. If he had not honored his life with such a death, we should have thought him a sophist. They say Socrates invented ethics; but others practised it before he taught it. Aristides was just before Socrates described justice; Leonidas died for his country before Socrates made it a duty to love his country. Sparta was temperate before Socrates praised sobriety; Greece abounded in virtuous men before he defined what virtue is. But Jesus, — where did he find the lofty morality, of which he alone gave both the lesson and the example? From the midst of a furious fanaticism proceeds the purest wisdom; among the vilest of people appears the most heroic and virtuous simplicity. The death of Socrates, tranquilly philosophizing among his friends, is the sweetest one could desire; that of Jesus, expiring amid torments, abused, ridiculed, cursed by a whole people, is the most horrible which one could fear. . . . Yes: if Socrates lives and dies like a philosopher, Jesus lives and dies like a God!

"Will you say that the history of Jesus is an invention? My friend, people do not invent in this way; and the actions of Socrates, which no one doubts, are less strongly attested than those of Jesus Christ. Besides, you thus merely remove the difficulty further backward, without overthrowing it. It would be more inconceivable that four men should have agreed to invent this story, than that one should have furnished its subject. No Jewish authors could ever have found this tone, or such a morality; and the gospel has traits of truth so imposing, so perfectly inimitable, that its inventor would be more astonishing than its hero. And yet this same gospel is full of incredible things, of things opposed to reason, and which it is impossible for a sensible man to conceive or to admit. What shall I do amid such contradictions? Remain modest and circumspect, my child; respect in silence what we can neither reject nor comprehend, and be humble before the Great Being who alone knows the truth."

It was for saying this that a storm of persecution arose against Rousseau. All united against him, — the Catholics, because he preached tolerance toward all churches; the

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Protestants, because he preached indifference of dogmas; the atheists because he believed in God; the deists, because he gave such praise to Christ and to Christianity. Voltaire was so incensed with him for this reverence toward Jesus, that he cried out, "The Judas! he deserts us when we are just about to triumph." Beaumont, Archbishop of Paris, issued a mandamus, condemning "Emile," as containing abominable and pernicious doctrine. The Parliament of Paris issued a decree to seize the book and its author. "Thus," says Rousseau, "the fanaticism of atheism and that of Jesuitism, meeting in their common intolerance, united against me." He was quietly and happily living at Montmorency, under the protection of the Marshal of Luxembourg, when the news came. He had a habit of reading in bed every night, till he became sleepy. His usual reading, at night, was in the Bible; and he had read it thus through in course five or six times. How many of those who have denounced his infidelity can say as much! That night he had been reading in the Book of Judges; and the painful story of the Levite of Mount Ephraim was in his mind, when the news came that he was to be arrested and sent to prison the next day. At first, he determined to remain; but, in those days, one went to the Bastile without examination or trial, and remained there during life, without the power of communicating with the world. By the advice of all his friends, he fled; and on the way to Geneva wrote out as an idyl, in the style of Gessner, the story he had been reading from the Bible.

How he was driven from Geneva, and from Switzerland, we will not stop to say; but that the doubts expressed by the Savoyard vicar went beyond his own degree of unbelief, is probable. He wrote in the midst of a circle of atheists and deists, who mocked at Christianity and all religion; he wrote for people under their influence; and he thought it best to put less of faith in the mouth of his vicar than he had himself. Two terrible answers to his opponents he wrote: one to the Archbishop of Paris; the other to the Council of State at Geneva. There is no finer specimen of polemical

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writing in any literature, than these. In eloquence, they compare with Milton's "Defence of the People of England;" in keenness of satire, they rival Voltaire; in compact logic, wit, and terrible invective, they remind us of Pascal. As a dialectician, Rousseau is unrivalled. He is arguing for toleration, and his theme is a noble one. If one remembers, that, while men and women were gayly supping in the sceptical saloons of Paris, heretics were being punished all over France;* that, for example, in 1746, forty Protestant gentlemen were condemned to death, in a French province, for having been present at a religious service in the night-time, — one can see the need of Rousseau's arguments. Consider his position. On one side the great hierarchy, still supported by the whole power of the State; on the other, Rousseau, a fugitive, pursued by a parliamentary decree, supporting himself by his books and his music, defended by no one, condemned also by the magistrates of Geneva, and then turning on both Catholic and Protestant, citing both before the bar of European Reason, and delivering battle against both for freedom of conscience. He shows easily that he is more religious than his age and his opponents; he stands as defender of the cause of God; he tears in pieces, by his ardent logic, the archiepiscopal mandate; and these writings, says Villemain, constitute a great social event in the age.

In his "Letters from the Mountains," addressed to the people of Geneva, he maintains the proposition, that a belief in miracles is not essential to a belief in Christianity; and for this reason, that Christianity has a variety of proofs, of which miracles are only one. Thus it is proved by the nature of its doctrine, its sublimity, beauty, holiness; it is also proved by the character of its founder and of his apostles, by their purity, simplicity, and self-denying goodness; and also, in the third place, it may be proved by miracles.

"Now," says he, "I declare myself a Christian. My persecutors say that I am not. They prove that I am not, because I reject

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* Villemain.

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Revelation; and they prove that I reject Revelation, because I do not believe in Miracles.

"But, in order that this inference should be correct, one of two things must be assumed, — either that Miracles are the only proof of Revelation, or that I also reject the other proofs of it. Now, it is not true that Miracles are the only proof of Revelation; and it is not true that I reject the other proofs of it.

"This, then, is our position. These gentlemen, determined to make me reject Revelation in spite of myself, count for nothing that I receive it on grounds satisfactory to my own mind, unless I also receive it on grounds which are not so. Because I cannot do that, they say that I reject it. Can any thing be more extravagant than this?"

"I do not deny the miracles of the New Testament," says Rousseau in this same writing: "I suspend my faith in regard to them. I also contend that it is not essential to Christianity to believe them."

"The Savoyard vicar brings forward objections to miracles. But objections are not negations. As for myself, I see miracles attested in the Scriptures: that is enough to arrest my judgment. If I did not see them there, I should reject them at once, or not call them miracles; but, since they are there, I do not reject them, nor do I admit them, for my reason refuses to do so, and because I do not consider it necessary to do so. I can believe Christianity without them.

"I might go further. I have proved that no one can be sure that any particular fact is a miraculous fact; . . . for since a miracle is an exception to the laws of nature, to decide that a fact is miraculous, we must be acquainted with *all* the laws of nature. For a single law which we do *not* know, might, in certain cases unknown to us, change the effect of the laws which we *do* know. Whoever, therefore, declares that any particular fact is a miracle, declares that he knows all the laws of nature, and that this one fact is an exception to all." — "I might therefore admit all the facts contained in the Bible, and yet, without impiety, deny that they are miraculous. But I do not go so far as this. I do not deny: I suspend my judgment."

This seems clearly enough to define Rousseau's position in regard to Christian belief. He believed in Christ as a revelation of the divine will, and accepted his truth as divine truth, and calls him his Master, and wishes to belong to his Church, and studies his words with reverence; but hesitates upon

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miracles. Here is a little scene which shows still further his *feelings* on the subject of Christianity:—

"After my solemn return into the Protestant Church, living in a Protestant country, I could not, without failing in my engagements and in duty as a citizen, neglect the public profession of the worship to which I had returned. I attended, therefore, public worship. But I was afraid, if I presented myself at the communion table, of being repulsed. I therefore wrote to the clergyman to say to him, that I was in heart a Protestant, but that I did not wish to discuss dogmas. To my surprise and pleasure, he came to tell me, that he would willingly admit me to the communion under this condition; and that both himself and his elders would be pleased to have me in their flock. I have seldom had so agreeable and consoling a surprise. To live always alone in the world was to me a very sad fate. In the midst of so many persecutions, it was very sweet to be able to say, 'At last I am among brethren.' I went to the communion with emotions of tenderness in my heart, that were perhaps the best preparation I could make in the eyes of Heaven." *

Accordingly, Rousseau, so far from being an infidel, was a Christian, who had his doubts about miracles. In this age we should call him, on the side of his unbelief, a rationalist or a naturalist,—nothing harder. Why, then, it may be said, was he thus fiercely pursued by all parties?

The answer to this throws light on the age, the man, and the subject.

III.

The explanation of Rousseau is given in a single word. He was a man of genius,—that is, a man of ideas; but the ideas which possessed him were not those of the eighteenth century, but those of the nineteenth. He was before his time in every thing, and as much before himself as he was before his time. He could no more realize his ideas in his own life, than he could realize them in the belief of his contemporaries. His startling originality, his fiery eloquence, interested, beyond all example, the nation, but gave him no

* Confessions, Book xii.

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disciples, no associates, no converts, no friends. He stood always alone. What was there in common between him and those he called his friends, — a sneering Diderot, a worldly-minded Grimm, a frivolous race of fine ladies, a good-natured and commonplace Madame Warens, or a poor Thérèse le Vasseur? What did the great noblemen, the Prince of Conti, the Marshal Luxembourg, who were entertained by his flashing genius, care for his ideas? They did not understand that a whole revolution lay hidden in them. Possessed, driven, devoured by his thoughts, he could not carry them out in his own life. With a whole modern science of education teeming in his brain, — a science which was to rescue children from many false fetters, — he deposited his own children in the Foundling Hospital. With pure ideas of love, like those depicted in the "Héloïse," which among the novels of his day is like Milton's Lady among the jabbering satyrs of "Comus," his own intercourse with woman was poor and unworthy. He was not a licentious man; but neither had he a single experience of a truly noble love. With a thirst for society, and convictions of what true society is, with a feeling of brotherly love toward all men of all classes, and a grand democratic socialism, he fled, tormented, even from those who really wished him well. The mean and selfish actions and unworthy loves, which he faithfully records in his "Confessions," filled him with remorse all his days. He was an Orestes, pursued by the Furies. His abandonment of his children was contemplated by him, all his life after, with horror; and he wrote "Emile" as his only way of making reparation to society for this great wrong. So we say that his ideas were as far above his own conduct as they were far before the opinions of his contemporaries. His belief came to him from a better future; his life flowed into him from the corrupt channels of the miserable eighteenth century.

Still, there were many noble actions in Rousseau's life. The strain and tendency of his soul was toward whatsoever things were true, just, and generous. He was no flatterer of the powerful; he would not eat the bread of idleness; he re-

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fused the pension offered him, and supported himself by copying music.

Mme. de Pompadour, the king's mistress, secured the services of Voltaire, Duclos, Crébillon, and Marmontel. They were all willing to write her verses of adulation for the sake of her patronage. Not so Rousseau. She made him all kinds of handsome offers of money, place, position, if he would write a few lines in her favor. Rousseau, for a time, simply ignored these proposals. At last, as they were continued, he wrote to her, "Madame, the wife of a collier is more respectable in my eyes than the mistress of a prince." Mme. de Pompadour did not resent this boldness, but simply said he was an owl. "Yes, Madame," replied one of her friends, "but the owl of Minerva."

M. Gaberel, the Genevese pastor, tells us that Rousseau was offered the place of Librarian in Geneva, in order to give him a support. He writes in reply, that it is just what he should like best to do, but that he has not the requisite knowledge. "I do not know," says he, "a single book, as a librarian ought to know them. I cannot tell which is the best edition of an author; I am ignorant of Greek; I am very imperfectly acquainted with Latin; and I have not the least particle of memory! God forbid that I should introduce into this country the habit of accepting duties which one is not able to perform, and taking offices which one cannot properly fill."

Rousseau, however, was a man of ideas. This is his merit, this is his mission. He was a prophet in the eighteenth century preparing the way of the nineteenth. In our time, how easy would his life be! But *then* he went "in the heat and bitterness of his spirit;" his work was "a burden;" he was obliged to make his face like a flint, and lift up his voice, whether men would bear, or whether they would forbear.

What then were his ideas? These will best be seen by quoting a few passages from his "Emile," which seems to us his master-piece.

Its subject is education. Rousseau had faith in nature in every thing. He wished to follow the method of nature in

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education, and to throw off the shackles of system. These are some passages from this work, now half forgotten: —

All is good, coming from the hands of God. All degenerates in the hands of man.

The man of society is born, lives, and dies in slavery. At his birth he is wrapt in swaddling-bands; at his death nailed in a coffin; all his life between, he is fettered by our institutions.

The man who has lived the most is not he who has counted most years, but he who has felt most of life.

It is of less importance to prevent one from dying, than it is to cause him to live. To live is not merely to breathe: it is to act.

The earliest education is the most important; and this belongs unquestionably to woman. Speak, then, to women in your treatises of education.

The laws are always occupied too much with property, and too little with persons, because their object is peace, and not virtue; and therefore they do not give enough of authority to mothers.

All that which we do not possess at our birth, and which we need when we are grown, comes from education.

Education comes from nature, from man, or from things. Nature develops our faculties, man teaches us to use this development, and things give us personal experience.

Distrust the cosmopolites who seek in books far off the duties which they disdain to fulfil to those near at hand. They love the Tartars, but not their own neighbors.

The trade I desire to teach is life. I wish to make my pupil neither magistrate, priest, nor soldier, but man.

True education consists less in precepts than in exercises.

Expose your pupil to physical evil, to save him from moral evil. One does not kill one's self because of the sufferings of the gout; only those of the soul produce despair.

Zeal may take place of talent; but talent cannot take the place of zeal.

The humanity of Rousseau appears, in this work, in his care for the little infant. He uses all the resources of his logic and eloquence to procure for him the freedom of his limbs and the food of his mother's bosom. He drives away from the child the potions and medicines of which he himself had so often been the victim. Tenderness for their infants be-

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came at once *à la mode* among the great ladies of Paris; and, from being only half-mothers, they became whole-mothers of their children. Rousseau uses and improves the ideas of Locke. As the child grows up, he does not allow of emulation, he depresses vanity; and he substitutes for these, conscience and the love of doing good. More salutary counsels on the chaste employment of youth were never given from the pulpit. The moral enthusiasm of the work is a kind of religion throughout its pages; and, if Rousseau had done only this, he would have deserved well of his race.

But he wrote also the "Héloïse," he wrote the "Social Contract;" both of these books in which the same lofty ideas of the destiny of man to rise above a degraded society bear full sway, — books belonging to a better age, and meant to bring it nearer.

No doubt these works contain many errors: how could it be otherwise? Such a love as that described in the "Héloïse" is not possible to man: one cannot tread safely in such a narrow way. But the *idea* of a holy, chaste, respectful love, which does not seek its own gratification, but the highest good of its object, is certainly as true as it was certainly then unusual in all French literature. How much higher, indeed, is it, and how much purer, than the "Sorrows of Werter," or the selfish passion of Byron!

There never was such a thing as the "Social Contract." True; but the fundamental *ideas* of the book, — that government is for the good of the people, and that their consent is necessary to make it legitimate, — these are the foundations of all modern political liberty. Yet not liberty only, but fraternity, was in the mind of Rousseau, as the object of society. Man was to respect and love man. All aristocracy, all monopoly, all class privileges, were false and evil. This, at least we in America, can agree to and approve.

Pure love, born of Christian thought, — love which idolizes and adores the soul, and not mere personal charms, — was put into words on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. The place where the scene is laid has become holy ground. Even Byron, whose idea of love was so much meaner, could rever-

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ence the noble muse of Rousseau, and not pass by Clarens or the rocks of Meillerie without offering his homage in his own inimitably sweet and flowing verse: —

> "Clarens, sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love,
> Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
> Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
> The very glaciers have his colors caught,
> And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
> By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
> The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
> In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
> Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks."

As a writer, Rousseau still stands at the summit of French literature. M. Saint-Beuve says, that Rousseau is "the swallow which announces a new spring for the French language." His patience in correcting his sentences was extraordinary. He did not attain to his perfect mastery of language without the greatest labor. Here is a specimen of the way in which a sentence was brought to perfection. He first wrote, "Devant moi s'étalait l'or du superbe genêt, et la pourpre de la modeste bruyère." He then corrected it thus: "Le splendide genêt doré, et la bruyère éclatante." He then again altered it to "L'or du genêt sauvage, et la pourpre des steriles bruyères." And finally he left it, "Devant moi s'étalait l'or des genêts et la pourpre des bruyères."

Yet this perfect writer, and man all filled with ideas, was at first thought an idiot. When he was twenty years old, M. D'Aubonne, cousin of Mme. Warens, said, "Rousseau est un garçon sans idées, très borné, s'il n'est pas tout-a-fait inepte."

The life of Rousseau was, unhappily for him, in an age in which Dogmatism and Formalism had resulted in Scepticism. The Church was dead in routine and in doctrinal orthodoxy; and so an inevitable re-action drove men into unbelief. Catholic Formalism in France, Protestant Formalism in Geneva, resulted, — in the one place, in the Atheism of the Encyclopedists; in the other, in the milder scepticism of Rousseau. When we make religion to consist in ecclesiastical forms or in stern dogmas, we are preparing the way for rebellion and revolution. The infidelity of France did not come from the

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philosophers: it came from the cruel bigotry of the Jesuits, who guided Louis XIV. in his tyrannical persecution of the Huguenots. The scepticism of Rousseau was the child of Calvin's austere and bitter theology; and, in the sight of the Master, we think that Rousseau's warm-hearted and loving scepticism was preferable to that ferocious, though honest, Christianity. If the one had more of truth, the other had more of love.

The misery of Rousseau's life came partly from himself. He violated great and sacred laws, which cannot be broken with impunity. He wasted the precious hours of his youth in weak enjoyment of the leisure provided for him by Madame Warens, — without any healthy labor or any manly aim. He left her, not from conscience, but from irritated vanity and self-love. He took to his home another woman, no way suited to him, and lived as a husband with her, — not really loving her, but making her half companion, half housekeeper, — for long years. The same weak self-indulgence led him to renounce the charge of his children. All through life, he followed feeling and sentiment, rather than any intelligent law of duty. His ideas were noble; his practices were inferior and commonplace. As a man of thought, he has done a great work in the world, by leading the way toward something higher; as a man of action, he has served the world as a warning to be shunned. His teaching is like the pure and heavenly light of the stars, pointing mariners on their way; his conduct, the lighthouse set among roaring breakers and over perilous rocks, showing them what they ought to shun.

But let us have pity for him, remembering his long sorrows, and bitter sufferings. Worn with severe and chronic disease during the most of his life; undoubtedly insane in his later years; never understood; having no real friends; a forlorn wanderer, an exile, a banished man, the object of alternate enthusiasm and abuse; having known no mother's love nor father's care in childhood, no wise counsel in youth; thrown on his own resources for support all his life long; never meeting a single noble-hearted and wise friend or adviser; having never the happiness of real domestic joy; tormented with

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jealous suspicions; longing for love, and never finding it, — there never has wandered on this earth a more unhappy man, or one who deserved more truly to be called the apostle of affliction.

M. Villemain — one of the greatest and best of French critics, worthy compeer of Guizot and Cousin, of whose lectures on the eighteenth century we have made copious use in this article — thus concludes his remarks on Jean Jacques: —

"When I speak of Rousseau, and mingle with my sincere criticisms the admiration which it is impossible to refuse him, I am publicly reproached with having made an apotheosis of that 'vile,' that 'infamous' Rousseau. I stop speaking about him, and shall grow tiresome, since that is more orthodox. And yet, gentlemen, you know with what conscience I have said both the good and the evil; how I have dwelt long on the errors, which often obscured in Rousseau the brilliancy of his strong imagination, and the soul which rose naturally toward noble objects. I have explained his errors, but not justified them, out of the history of his time. Well, this, it seems, is not enough. But it is not my fault if his words, descending like a sword or like fire, have agitated the souls of his contemporaries. I do not belong to that age. I am not M. Malesherbes, the Minister of State, who, in his enthusiasm, privately corrected the proofs of the 'Emile.' I am not the Duke of Luxembourg or the Prince of Conti. I did not, in opposition to the prejudices of my rank and the scruples of my faith, welcome, as they did, to my castle, Jean Jacques, democratic philosopher and free-thinker. It is after sixty years have passed, that, led by curiosity, in the course of study, opening a book whose pages are still glowing with an eloquence which shall never pass away, I merely give you an account of the impressions of enthusiasm, of astonishment, of doubt, of blame, which this book occasions within me. These I communicate without art; judge them for yourselves: I neither impose on you my admiration, nor forbid you to censure. I have only told you the truth, — it is the truth which they accuse."

He loved much; perhaps he has been forgiven much. He suffered much; perhaps his faults have been enough punished. *His* faults were those of *éclat;* those which it is easy for all men to condemn. Dr. Johnson, denouncing pensioners

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in his Dictionary as those who sold themselves for a bribe to betray their country, and then accepting a pension himself from a Whig king, poured contempt on Rousseau, who preferred copying music to taking a pension from the King of Prussia. Rousseau had an upright soul, and a truth-loving soul: he was faithful to his light; or, if led astray, openly confessed and bewailed his sin. We forgive David his murder, because he repented. We forgive Peter his repeated lies, because he repented. Shall we not forgive Rousseau his chief sin, of abandoning his children, when he bitterly bewailed it ever after, and made such a splendid expiation in his "Emile," devoted to saving little children from the sufferings and cruelty they endured in his time?

We cannot better close this study of Rousseau's life than with the words of Thomas Carlyle: —

"Hovering in the distance, with woe-struck, minatory air, stern-beckoning, comes Rousseau. Poor Jean Jacques! Alternately deified, and cast to the dogs; a deep-minded, high-minded, even noble, yet wofully misarranged mortal, with all misformations of Nature intensated to the verge of madness by unfavorable fortune. A lonely man; his life a long soliloquy! The wandering Tiresias of the time, — in whom, however, did lie prophetic meaning, such as none of the others offer. Whereby, indeed, it might partly be that the world went to such extremes about him: that, long after his departure, we have seen one whole nation worship him; and a Burke, in the name of another, class him with the offscourings of the earth. His true character, with its lofty aspirings and poor performings; and how the spirit of the man worked so wildly, with celestial fire in a thick, dark element of chaos, and shot forth ethereal radiance, all-piercing lightning, yet could not illuminate, — was quenched and did not conquer: this, with what lies in it, may now be pretty accurately appreciated. Let his history teach all whom it concerns, to '*harden* themselves against the ills which Mother Nature will try them with;' to seek within their own soul what the world must for ever deny them; and say composedly to the Prince of the Power of this lower Earth and Air, 'Go thou thy way: I go mine.'"

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Art. II. — APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.

1. *Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan Christ of the Third Century.* An Essay, by Albert Réville, Doctor in Theology, and Pastor of the Walloon Church in Rotterdam. Authorized Translation. London: J. C. Hotten, 1866.
2. *Apollonius von Tyana und Christus, oder das Verhältniss des Pythagoreismus zum Christenthum.* Ein Beitrag zur Religionsgeschichte der ersten Jahrhunderte nach Christus. Von D. Ferd. Christ. Baur. Tübingen, 1832.
3. *The Life of Apollonius of Tyana, translated from the Greek of Philostratus.* With Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. Edward Berwick, Vicar of Leixlip, in Ireland. London, 1809.
4. *An Account of the Life of Apollonius Tyaneus.* By M. Le Nain de Tillemont. Translated out of French. To which are added some Observations upon Apollonius. London: Printed for S. Smith and B. Walford, at the Prince's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1702.

There are sentences in the New Testament that sound very exclusive. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." — "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Why, it is asked, should the disciple of Jesus thus claim for his Master a solitary dignity? It is asserted, as if it were an axiom which none could think of denying, that all inspiration is of the same kind. Moses was inspired, and so was Homer; Jesus was sent of God, and so was Confucius. Why, then, arrogate for the Teacher of Nazareth an exclusive supremacy, instead of regarding him, with courtesy yet with freedom, as "the first among equals"?

So thought educated men, two hundred years after Christ, when persecution had for a time been abandoned, partly from weariness and disgust, partly because of its utter want of success, and partly because the holy character of the Saviour and the excellence of his precepts had made their impression even upon those who sat in the high places of the earth. So

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thought the good young Emperor Alexander Severus; and, collecting the statues of those who had benefited mankind, he placed Abraham and Jesus side by side with Orpheus and Apollonius of Tyana.

Alexander was the last sovereign of a dynasty which ruled the Roman world between the years 193 and 235. It was, as dynasties in general are, founded by a warrior. When Didius had bought the sovereignty from the soldiers who had murdered Pertinax, Septimius Severus marched on Rome, put to death the murderers and their trafficking emperor, overthrew some rivals of a more manly description, and gave to the distracted empire eighteen years of comparative repose and splendor, before he left his power to his unworthy son.

Severus found the old persecuting edicts still existing; and the first years of his reign were darkened by their enforcement. At length he modified them so far as to prohibit only future conversions to Christianity. Yet, even as thus softened, the law was cruel; and "the blood of the martyrs" continued to be "the seed of the Church." Among the sufferers at that time, the martyrologists record the heroic steadfastness of Perpetua and Felicitas, of whom the one could resist the agonized entreaties of her heathen father, and the other could leave her new-born child, and go rejoicing to her death. As at their martyrdom the very jailor became a convert, it is probable that the wisest counsellors of the emperor concluded that this was not the way to stop the progress of Christianity.

His best counsellor appears to have been his wife, Julia Domna, the daughter of a priest of the Sun, at Emesa in Cœlesyria. Not less interested, probably, than others to oppose the progress of the new religion, Julia, a woman of commanding mind and literary culture, forsook the path of persecution, and endeavored to attain her object by rendering paganism more attractive. She gathered around her philosophers and men of letters. Known as the imperial patroness of learning, she received probably, from those who courted her favor, many a curious manuscript which had long been

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unread. Among such treasures was an account of Apollonius, the philosopher of Tyana, purporting to have been written by his companion, Damis. The empress intrusted it to Philostratus, one of the learned men of her court, with directions to prepare from it, and such other materials as he could find, a Life of the Tyanean sage.

The little volume by M. Réville, bearing the name of this personage, brings before us, in a brief but vivid sketch, the imperial lady, her warlike husband, his son Caracalla, and the two youths, Elagabalus and Alexander, with the able princesses who really reigned under their names. But a dynasty of boys and women could but hold their power and their lives during the pleasure of a fierce and dissolute soldiery; and, just as the ripening age of Alexander gave promise of a glorious reign, his murder threw the Roman world beneath the feet of the barbarian tyrant, Maximin. Long before that time, Julia Domna had passed away. She died before the book was completed, which she had commanded Philostratus to prepare.

The work of M. Réville may be regarded as an abridgment of Dr. Baur's. It is, however, an abridgment by an able hand. While much is omitted and much condensed, the learning and judgment of M. Réville have been employed upon what remains; and his vivid portraiture of the imperial family carries us back in imagination to the stormy period he displays.

The question has been much discussed, whether the work of Philostratus was written in hostility to Christianity. That author himself makes not the slightest direct reference to Jesus or his religion; but this studied silence is, as Dr. Baur well suggests, itself a suspicious circumstance. Hierocles in ancient times, and Charles Blount in modern, endeavored to exalt the sage of Tyana above the Saviour. Among Christian writers, some have denounced Apollonius as a detestable magician; others have thought him almost a fictitious personage, — believing that his real history has been forgotten or suppressed, while actions and words have been ascribed to him, partly the growth of tradition, and partly

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imitated from those of Jesus. Such is the judgment of Dr. Baur and M. Réville; and the purpose with which, in their opinion, the work was composed is expressed in these words of the latter:—

"It contains no evidences, either of indifference or hostility to Christianity; but rather of jealousy. It is inspired by a desire to turn the advantages and the superiority possessed by Christianity over ordinary Paganism to the profit of a reformed Paganism."—*Réville*, p. 68.

It is hard, however, to mark the limit between hostility and jealousy; and we are not sure but that the object of Philostratus is as accurately stated in the language of Huet, Bishop of Avranches, which Réville thinks too severe:—

"Philostratus seems to have made it his chief aim to depreciate both the Christian faith and Christian doctrine, both of which were progressing wonderfully at that time, by the exhibition, on the opposite side, of that shallow representation of a miraculous science, holiness, and virtue. He invented a character in imitation of Christ, and introduced almost all the incidents in the life of Jesus Christ into the history of Apollonius, in order that the Pagans might have no cause to envy the Christians: by doing which he inadvertently advanced the glory of Christ; for, by falsely attributing to another the real character of the Saviour, he gave to the latter the praise which is his just due, and indirectly held him up to the admiration and praise of others."—*Réville*, p. 57.

The birth of Apollonius is thought to have nearly coincided in date with that of Jesus. His native place, Tyana, was a city of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor; and he pursued his early studies at Tarsus, not far off, possibly under the same teachers from whom the youthful Saul was receiving the elements of Grecian learning. If we may believe Philostratus, whose account we shall now follow, the birth of the future sage had been foretold to his mother by Proteus, the changeful and prophetic deity, who became incarnate in his person. A flock of swans sung at his birth, as at that of Apollo. In youth he embraced with great zeal the philosophy of Pythagoras, and became so famous for the beauty

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of his person and his early wisdom, that his biographer traces to him a proverb of the neighborhood, "Whither run you so fast? Is it to see the young man?" Having observed the five years' silence prescribed to the disciples of Pythagoras, he set out on his travels. At Nineveh he was joined by Damis, afterwards his biographer. Babylon, which other authorities represent to have been then in desolation, he found to be still a royal capital, with walls a hundred and fifty feet high, and nearly a hundred in thickness. In India, he received instruction from divine sages, who dwelt on the summit of a mountain, surrounded by mists and miracles. Returning thence, the fame of his wisdom went before him. He converted Ephesus to philosophy and virtue, and restored concord to divided Smyrna. The people of the former city, being afflicted with the plague, sent messengers to Smyrna for Apollonius. He transferred himself to Ephesus in a moment, and drove away the plague by a treatment equally strange and energetic. The evil spirit which occasioned the disease appeared in the form of an old beggar. Apollonius directed that this person should be stoned to death in the theatre; and, when the heap of stones was removed, there appeared under it, not the murdered beggar, but a living dog. One might fancy that this story had its foundation in Apollonius having taught the Ephesians to guard their city from the plague by sternly excluding the squalid poverty in whose rags the infection lay concealed.

Apollonius soon after visited the site of ancient Troy, where he called up the shade of Achilles, and received from him satisfactory answers to several questions. It is pleasant for us to know, on this unquestionable authority, that Polyxena was not sacrificed by the Greeks, but slew herself on the tomb of her lover. We are sorry to find, however, that Achilles, though so long dead, retained his hatred of the Trojans; so that he warned Apollonius to dismiss from his company one of his disciples, because he was descended from Priam. It is not to the sage's honor that he obeyed the admonition.

In Corinth, Apollonius opened the eyes of an enamored

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youth to the fact that his bride was an evil spirit; and caused the marriage feast, with its gold and silver vessels, cupbearers and cooks, to vanish into air. This story presents a good illustration of the growth of the marvellous. According to Philostratus (book iv. chap. 35), the sage said to the bridegroom, "You cherish a serpent, and a serpent cherishes you." This figurative expression was interpreted by Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," to mean that the evil spirit had actually tenanted the form of a serpent; and Keats, in his poem of "Lamia," takes the story, thus altered, and adds to it yet further, by telling us how and why Mercury changed the serpent into a woman. We will let the poet tell the story of Apollonius's miracle:—

> "'Fool! fool!' repeated he, while his eyes still
> Relented not, nor moved: 'from every ill
> Of life have I preserved thee to this day,
> And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?'
> Then Lamia breathed death-breath; the sophist's eye,
> Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,—
> Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging; she, as well
> As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
> Motioned him to be silent: vainly so.
> He looked and looked again a level 'No.'
> 'A serpent!' echoed he: no sooner said,
> Than with a frightful scream she vanished;
> And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
> As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
> On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round,—
> Supported him,—no pulse or breath they found,
> And, in his marriage robe, the heavy body wound."

At Athens, a youth irreverently laughing at Apollonius's instructions, the sage pronounced him possessed by a demon, and ejected it forthwith; the demon proving his presence by overthrowing a statue.

More credibly, and highly to his honor, he is related to have censured the gladiatorial combats of the Athenians. "He refused going to their assembly when invited, saying the place was impure, and polluted with blood." With the Pythagoreans generally, he offered only bloodless sacrifices; and abstained from animal food, and even from clothing of whose fabric any animal growth formed a part.

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From Olympia, he wrote to the Ephori of Sparta, who had sent him a deputation, and enjoined them to restore the ancient simplicity of manners. The magistrates, more submissive to good advice than magistrates usually are, complied at once, and were favored with a truly laconic letter of commendation.

Subsequently, on a visit to Sparta, he heard of a young man who was to be tried on the charge of neglecting the affairs of the republic for his own commercial pursuits. He visited him, and by rousing his pride of ancestry, and representing to him the ignoble character of mercantile transactions, brought him to tears of repentance, and induced him to give up a life of honest and manly enterprise, as degrading, if not criminal. He then obtained his pardon from the Ephori. The false morality, and ruinous political economy, involved in this story, are not the things that throw doubt upon its truth, but the representation that the Ephori of Sparta exercised a censorship over its wealthy citizens in the reign of Claudius. Long before that time, the laws of Lycurgus were buried too deep for any philosopher to summon them back to life.

After advising the Lacedemonians how to answer Claudius, who had written to them in displeasure, our philosopher visited Crete, and, shortly after, sailed thence to Rome. Nero had by this time succeeded to the empire, was raging against philosophers, and disgracing himself by exhibitions of frivolity. Authentic history, however, tells us that the first five years of Nero's reign were marked by wise government and becoming deportment, under the guidance of Seneca and Burrhus. Apollonius, approaching Rome, is warned of the danger he incurs by a panic-stricken philosopher; and is deserted by all but eight of his thirty-four companions. To those who remained faithful, he made an address, in which he referred to Nero's murder of his mother as a past event. They then entered the city, where Apollonius was received with profound respect by the consul Telesinus; and even the infamous Tigellinus, after examining him, dismissed him with reverence as a favorite of the gods, "too strong to be subject to his authority."

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At Rome, Apollonius met the funeral of a young maiden, and, commanding the attendants to set down the bier, touched the girl, pronounced a few words over her, and awakened her from her seeming death. While other circumstances of this story seem derived from the miracle at Nain, the doubt expressed by the biographer whether death had actually taken place, reminds us of the Saviour's expression in relation to the daughter of Jairus, "The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth." The relations of the girl presented Apollonius with a hundred and fifty thousand drachmas, which he settled on her as a marriage portion.

As Nero at length banished all philosophers from Rome, Apollonius left that city, accompanied by "all his friends;" and we next find him at Gades, — the present Cadiz, — observing, with philosophic eye, the ebb and flow of the ocean. The cause of these phenomena he pronounced to be winds, blowing from caves by the side of the ocean, and drawn in again alternately like human breath. It is curious to find in old Philostratus the fancy which is still cherished by superstition, that, "at the time of the flowing of the tide, the breath never leaves the dying man."

In Spain, Apollonius encouraged the rebellion of Vindex against Nero. Returning eastward to Syracuse, he was informed of a recent prodigy, in the birth of a child with three heads. From this he foretold the accession and transient reigns of three emperors; soon after verified in the persons of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius.

After many wise instructions given in Greece, Apollonius reached Alexandria some time before the arrival of Vespasian in that city. That conqueror had already sent for him to come to him in Judæa; but the philosopher had "declined going into a country which its inhabitants had defiled, both by what they did and by what they suffered." Vespasian's first inquiry in Alexandria was for the Tyanean; and, learning that he was in the temple, he visited him there, sought his advice in regard to the acceptance of the empire, and yielded to his counsel, not to restore the republic, but to ascend the throne. Apollonius at the same time informed him of the

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burning of the capitol at Rome, which had taken place only the day before.

The Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls was exemplified in a lion, which Apollonius saw in Egypt, and declared to be animated by the spirit of the ancient king Amasis. The lion wept while Apollonius told his story, and the philosopher comforted him with royal honors.

Apollonius next visited Ethiopia, whose inhabitants are so long lived, that they lament the early death of Memnon, who yet reigned during five generations of common men. Our traveller's chief object was to visit the Gymnosophists, philosophers of dark color and very scanty clothing, with whom he held a long discussion on the respective merits of the Indian sages and themselves. In the addresses of the Tyanean, here as elsewhere, the pronoun of the first person singular bore a prominent part.

Titus having now taken Jerusalem, and being associated with his father in the empire, was as attentive to Apollonius, and received as much courtesy from him, as Vespasian himself. But Domitian, the brother and successor of Titus, did not hold the sage in the same high honor. Apollonius was on terms of intimacy with Nerva and others, whom he "encouraged to stand forth in defence of the common liberty." Once, in the presence of many hearers, he said, addressing a statue of Domitian, "Thou fool, how little understandest thou the decrees of fate and necessity! For he whom they appoint to reign, will reign: though you should put him to death, he will come to life again to obey their laws." Domitian, being informed of this by Euphrates, a rival of Apollonius in philosophy, sent to arrest the sage of Tyana; but the latter anticipated his intention by hastening at once to Rome. After imprisonment and other ill treatment, he was examined before the emperor. He appeared with dignity, even with haughtiness; defended himself against the charges brought; but admitted that men called him a god, and declared that every good man was entitled to that appellation. Such is the account of Philostratus (book viii. chap. 5). In the speech, however, which he afterwards

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gives, as having been prepared by Apollonius, but not delivered, his tone is respectful; and he explains, in a manner which seems more ingenious than truthful, the words he had used before the statue of Domitian. His defence, however made, was successful; and the emperor acquitted him of all charges. The philosopher thanked Domitian for this vindication, but blamed him for encouraging informers; and quoting a line of Homer, "Thou canst not slay me; for to thee I am not mortal," vanished from his presence. The same day he rejoined his friends, Damis and Demetrius, at Puteoli, a hundred and fifty miles distant.

The philosopher afterwards visited the cave of Trophonius, the son of Apollo, and remained seven days in the realms of that oracular personage; returning afterwards to the surface of the earth by a passage before untrodden, in Aulis, about fifty miles from Lebadea, where he had disappeared.

Returning to Ephesus, the philosopher gave instructions to a crowd of admiring disciples. One day, while thus teaching, he suddenly let his voice fall, as if alarmed; then resumed his conversation in a lower tone; then paused entirely. After that, advancing a few steps, he cried out, "Strike the tyrant; strike!" He stood for some time in silent attention, and then declared to the astonished crowd that Domitian had that instant been slain. The historian Dion Cassius, who undoubtedly had this story from Philostratus, with whom he was a fellow-courtier, improves upon it by making Apollonius utter the very name of the regicide. "Well done, Stephanus! Courage, Stephanus! Strike the murderer! Thou hast struck him, hast wounded him, hast slain him!"

At length, at an age of from eighty to upwards of a hundred years, according to different estimates, Apollonius passed from earth in some mysterious manner. His tomb, like that of Moses, was not known. One account represents him as having disappeared in the temple of Diana, while virgin-voices were heard singing, "Leave the earth; ascend to heaven!"

The teaching of Apollonius was in accordance with the Pythagorean philosophy, to the truth of which he brought

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the attestation of the sages of India, and of the demigod Trophonius. That philosophy inculcated personal purity, the restraint of appetite, the contempt of wealth and luxury, and the performance of benevolent actions. One of its most prominent doctrines was the transmigration of souls; and from this followed the comparative unimportance of the event of death. The Pythagorean might say, if in a lower sense than the Christian, —

"It is not death: what seems so is transition."

Pythagoras declared that he remembered his former life, when he was Euphorbus, slain at the siege of Troy. The Indian sage Iarchas, whom Apollonius visited, claimed to have been once King Ganges, son of the river of that name. Apollonius himself, more modestly, only asserted that he was once the master of an Egyptian merchant ship.

Many of the sayings ascribed to the Tyanean sage are full of dignity and beauty. In others the arrogance of the sophist is discernible. The following may serve as instances: —

In one of the letters ascribed to him, after a complaint almost identical with that of Jesus, that "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," he adds, —

"I know well indeed how good it is for one to hold the whole earth for his country, and all men for his brothers and friends; since we are all of divine lineage, and come from one Father, and since there is a universal community of nature, by which every one, wherever and however he may be situated, whether barbarian or Grecian, is still always a man."

In Athens, the hierophant of the Eleusinian mysteries rejected him, on the same ground on which Jesus was maligned, — as having intercourse with evil spirits. Apollonius answered, "You have not taken notice of one of the severest accusations which might be brought against me; which is, that of my knowing more of the initiation than you do yourself: and yet, notwithstanding my superior knowledge, I am come to you for admission, as if you were the wiser." Was not this answer composed for Apollonius by one who had heard of Jesus submitting to be baptized by an inferior?

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Pythagorean as our philosopher was, his biography discountenanced the superstitious regard to certain numbers, which was rendered by the Pythagoreans. Thus he is represented as asking the Indian sages why their number was eighteen, which was neither a perfect square nor remarkable for any other reason. They replied, "We do not subject ourselves to number, but hold number in subjection to us."

In his apology, intended to have been delivered before Domitian, are these words:—

"Dost thou ask me to which class I belong,—to the rich or the poor? I answer, to the richest of all; for that I stand in need of nothing, is to me Lydia and the Pactolus."

Philostratus represents his hero, not indeed as the friend of republican liberty, but as the enemy of tyrants. He advises Vespasian to accept the empire, rather than attempt to restore popular government; but he had before favored the revolt of Vindex against Nero, and in the later period of his life he is represented as equally hostile to Domitian. He quotes, in reference to him, the lofty language of Tiresias to Œdipus, in the tragedy, "I am Apollo's subject, and not thine;" and exerts his influence, in Rome and in the provinces, to raise up enemies to the tyrant.

After the death of Apollonius,—or rather, we should say, after the appearance of his biography by Philostratus,—divine honors were rendered to him in various places, and especially at Tyana. He is said to have appeared, after his death or ascension, to the dismay and conversion of a young man who denied the immortality of the soul; a story probably copied from the account of the conversion of St. Paul. Much later, we are told, the Emperor Aurelian beheld the deified philosopher, commanding him to spare Tyana, which he had intended to destroy; but, as this was after the book of Philostratus had appeared, it will need no miracle to explain it. The relenting thoughts of the conqueror might well take, in sleep, the form of the acknowledged protector of the condemned city.

The resemblance is well pointed out by Dr. Baur, between

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the wonders ascribed to Apollonius, and those recorded of Jesus Christ. The mysterious birth, foretold by Proteus, and heralded by the song of swans, reminds us of the Annunciation, and of the vision of the shepherds at Bethlehem. The control over evil spirits, as in the cases of the Ephesian beggar, the Athenian youth, and the Lamia at Corinth; the restoration to life of the young maiden at Rome; the descent into the underworld at Lebadea; the ascension in the temple of Diana; and the vision afforded afterwards for the conversion of an unbeliever, — all these are imitated, designedly or undesignedly, from the Christian history. His disappearance from the presence of Domitian seems copied from incidents, perhaps misunderstood, in the life of Jesus: as when he, "passing through the midst of" his enemies, "went his way;" or when, after breaking bread with the two disciples at Emmaus, he "vanished out of their sight."

The translator of Tillemont assigns, for the wonders of the sage, two explanations, which, he seems to think, differ little in probability. The one charges the accounts with intentional falsehood; the other supposes the wonders wrought by diabolical agency. Rejecting the latter explanation, and receiving the former only in part, we recognize in this history, with the more recent writers upon it, another element, — the mythical. The sage of Tyana was, no doubt, a real person, — a wandering teacher of the Pythagorean philosophy. He may have been the counsellor of proconsuls and emperors; may, as Philostratus asserts, have plotted with Vindex and advised Vespasian, though the nearer historians, Tacitus and Suetonius, make no mention of him. He may have been an excellent man; though it is not in his favor that the eminent philosopher Euphrates is introduced as his accuser, and that Mœragenes represented him as a magician. But we are safe in asserting, that, if he visited India, the Brahmins with whom he conversed did not have the power of floating in the air, and that the marriage-feast at Corinth did not vanish at his reproof. The stories respecting him grew in the interval between his time and that of Philostratus; as we

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have seen that one of them has grown since by the additions of Burton and of Keats.

The life of Apollonius, then, if considered as an illustration of the progress of myths, may shed light upon the theory which attempts to account in a similar manner for the miracles of Jesus Christ. Here are two persons, who lived at the same time, and to both of whom wonderful works are ascribed. The history of the one contains a mass of stories, mythical, if not consciously false. Shall we infer from this, that the history of the other is subject to the same charge?

No; for, in the first place, the period which had sufficed for the production of these myths in the case of Apollonius is much longer than can be claimed for the growth of a mythical history of Jesus Christ. The work of Philostratus did not appear till after the death of Julia Domna, A.D. 217; more than two centuries, therefore, from the date of its hero's birth. The accounts of the life of Jesus, on the contrary, were written by his contemporaries and disciples, or their immediate companions. Such is the testimony of antiquity. At the time when Philostratus composed his book, Origen was writing comments on the Gospels, — the same Gospels that we now possess, and which were then considered as unquestionably genuine.

In the second place, the words and deeds of Jesus were committed, not only to these writings, but to the reverent and conscientious memory of chosen men, his apostles and their associates, who devoted their lives to the work of proclaiming his religion. Even should it be proved that the written records were of later date, there must have been from the first an unwritten gospel in the preaching of the early disciples; and to this collected and generally authentic tradition from the eye-witnesses, the historians must have resorted as their most obvious means of information. Apollonius, on the other hand, founded no permanent school. He was himself a member of a school already existing, — that of Pythagoras. Philostratus indeed tells us, that his followers were called Apollonians (book viii. chap. xxi.). But this remark is made of those who attended his personal instructions; no other

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historian mentions the sect; and the name is, in the judgment of Dr. Baur, a mere invention, to carry on the parallel between Apollonius and Christ (see Baur, note on p. 154).

In the third place, we know the sources, so far as they existed beyond vague tradition, of which Philostratus availed himself. The principal was the manuscript said to have been written by Damis. This had never been known to the world, until it came into the possession of the Empress Julia Domna, by whom it was committed to Philostratus, with direction to transcribe and revise it, paying "particular attention to the style and language; for the narrative of the Ninevite was plain, but not eloquent." This command to ornament the story might easily be extended to authorize additions which would make it more interesting. There is, however, with regard to the narrative of Damis itself, one very suspicious circumstance. That person joined himself to Apollonius in the early manhood of the sage, when he commenced his travels in the East for the acquisition of knowledge; and, as Damis then offered himself as an interpreter in various languages, he must have been, at least, nearly as old as the philosopher. He remained with him throughout his course, until sent by Apollonius from Ephesus to Rome, with a letter to the Emperor Nerva. Even allowing Apollonius to have been born later than the date generally assigned him, he and his biographer must have been, at the accession of Nerva (A.D. 96), at least eighty years old, if he was a philosopher of extensive travel and high distinction in the time of Claudius, more than forty years before. It is difficult to believe in one such venerable traveller; but the coincidence of the sage and his Boswell, passing from land to land, giving instructions and recording them, when both were near a century old, is too much for our credulity.

In the fourth place, the stories told in the life of Apollonius show their own falsehood by other traits than the possession of a miraculous character. The wonders are grotesque, — a speaking tree, a weeping lion, tripods moving of their own accord. With these are such wonders of nature as serpents with magic jewels in their heads, vases containing the

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wind and the rain, and stones which eagles place in their nests as talismans to protect their young from serpents. How do these accounts contrast with the majestic exhibitions of power by the founder of the Christian faith; especially when we remember, that the biographer of Apollonius had before him the miracles of Christ, to copy, and if possible to excel, in those which he should ascribe to his own sage!

Still further, let any one compare the character of the Tyanean philosopher with that of the Man of Nazareth. We would not disparage what was real in the former. But we have not now to do with the real man, but with the representation of him which was brought forward in the third century as the rival of Jesus Christ. The Apollonius of Julia and Philostratus is the perfection of a heathen sage,—cold, commanding, egotistic, urging on mankind the claims of a philosophy which, with some lofty thoughts, combines others that are partial, unnatural, or utterly false. Jesus of Nazareth has the warm heart of a gentle human being; and, while he leads his followers in devotion to the Father who sent him, he lays down his life for the good of mankind, leaving to all following ages the divine example of self-sacrifice.

That the attempt thus made to picture forth a "Pagan Christ" did not fully satisfy the defenders of the old religion, is evident from the fact, that the effort was repeated. Porphyry, who lived a generation after Philostratus, and Iamblichus, a contemporary of Constantine, alike passed by in silence the sage of Tyana, and devoted their praises to his master, Pythagoras. The earlier date of this personage left still wider space for imagination: hence we are told, not only that Pythagoras, like Apollonius, accepted the honors of divinity, but that, in proof of his right to them, he uncovered his thigh, and showed that it was of gold. The tyrant Phalaris appears in his story, as the tyrants Nero and Domitian in that of the later philosopher. Of the two candidates, however, for the honor of competing with the Saviour, Dr. Baur justly gives the preference to Apollonius.

In him, then, heathen wisdom and classic culture did their

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best — having the life of Jesus, too, before them — to produce a counterpart to Him who "spake as never man spake." Imperial power and priestly influence joined their aid to establish the reputation of the teacher of Tyana, and to obscure that of the teacher of Nazareth. But the reverent love of mankind turned from the cold and shadowy form of philosophic arrogance, and chose the service of Him whose claims were authenticated alike by external proof, and by the beauty and holiness of the message that he brought from God to man. The legendary life of Apollonius faded from the memory of mankind at large, and was left as an object of transient interest to the few who love to search in libraries for what is curious in the records of the past. But the gospel of Christ, opposed in its progress by monarch and priest and sophist, speedily won its way to the throne of visible empire, while it established an ever-widening dominion over the minds and hearts of men. At this day it reigns over regions that Apollonius, in all the pride of his philosophy, never imagined to exist; and its sacred Founder stands imaged in the cabinets of kings, and is cherished in the hearts of the humble, not in equal fellowship with other illustrious teachers, but in the unrivalled majesty of "the well-beloved," "the only-begotten Son of God."

Art. III. — CONFUCIUS.

Confucius and the Chinese Classics. Edited and compiled by the Rev. A. W. Loomis. A. Roman & Co., 417, Montgomery Street, San Francisco; and 17, Mercer Street, New York. 1867.

We are living in a period of literary and historic reconstruction. The work which lies before our statesmen in the future consolidation of the Union, is not more radical than that which lies before every conscientious man of letters. The recent translation of Ewald, published in London, added to the life-long labors of Bunsen, offers material, on the one side, for years of Biblical and historic study. On the other,

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we have the republication, or the first translation, of ancient works, that have been falsely estimated in the past, or lately questioned, as well by the superstitious reverence as the arrogant assumption of critics, giving an opportunity for biographical study, for a better understanding of the lives sometimes supposed to parallel the life of Jesus.

Among the latter, we class the proposed translation of the Chinese classics, by the Rev. James Legge, D.D., an officer of the London Missionary Society, well known at the British Museum as a Chinese scholar of thirty years' standing. When finished, it will consist of fourteen thick octavo volumes, of which four are already published. It is not only at the great centres of European thought and study, however, that such works are appreciated, and in a degree undertaken. The large influx of Chinese life into our Pacific coasts has created a literary interest in the Chinese nation. Dr. Legge's bulky work has already been ordered for the public libraries of California. His volumes contain the Chinese and English texts in juxtaposition, with copious notes and illustrations. The need of consulting a briefer exponent of Chinese ethics has induced Mr. Loomis to compile and print an abridgment in San Francisco. From his single volume, the ordinary student will have an opportunity of measuring the life of Confucius, and of judging what manner of man *he* was, whom certain scholars have called a prophet, and have foolishly allowed themselves to name in the same breath with Zoroaster and with Jesus of Nazareth.

Confucius was born 549 B.C. He married at nineteen, and, after the birth of one son who should transmit his name, divorced his wife, that he might *devote himself to study!* He would have done better to educate her till her sympathy became a stimulus. He is said to have been a stern moralist; but, when acting as prime-minister to the King of Loo, he did not hesitate to put to death whoever opposed his policy. In his fifty-seventh year, he was driven from office and home by a band of courtesans; and his life was only preserved afterwards by a succession of disguises. He died at the age of seventy-three; and, two thousand years after his death, eleven

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thousand males claimed to have descended from his son. To us, Confucius seems no inspired teacher, — only a very petty pattern of a Benjamin Franklin. Franklin had at least some knowledge of a God; but Confucius knew neither God nor immortality. "What shall I say of death, since I know nothing of life?" was perhaps the most remarkable of his utterances. His great work was the revision of the sacred books of the Chinese. These are "The Five Classics" and "The Four Books."

Of the "Five Classics," we have first the "Book of Records." It contains a history of the first dynasties, and abounds in proverbs, analects, and practical counsel.

Second comes the "Book of Changes." The trigrams which Fuk-Hi, the founder of the Chinese monarchy, found on the back of a turtle, form the basis of this book. Out of the three lines so discovered, sixty-four combinations are made; and they are, of course, of infinite value!

Third comes the "Book of Odes," of which there are three hundred and eleven, partly written and partly selected by Confucius. They are of a moral and patriotic character. We all know that Confucius is still worshipped in China; but perhaps few people understand, that the letters, scattered so queerly over tea-cups, vases, trays, and furniture, are extracts or "caps" from this "Book of Odes," which Confucius advised his pupils to study, that they might regulate their tempers, and become "largely acquainted with the names of birds, beasts, and fishes"!

Fourth comes the "Book of Ceremonies," which settled, at that remote period, all the minutiæ of Chinese life and manners. The Chinese are a tractable, immobile nation: they sit, stand, eat, talk, and laugh to-day, as Confucius bade them two thousand three hundred years ago. There are signs, however, that the "breath of the world" has at last penetrated the Celestial Empire. The present emperor attempted, a short time since, to found a university on the European plan, at Pihking. He was about to import European professors; but this was more than the "Book of Ceremonies" had provided for. In one of

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the provinces, an insurrection was imminent, and the prime-minister came to the emperor. "Sire," he said, "you are forsaking the traditions of the empire. The Celestials have hitherto led all the nations of the earth. Appoint native teachers for your people." — "Hitherto," responded the emperor, severely, "prime-ministers have known how to obey the sovereign. Institute a university, and employ native professors, if you will: I will call the foreigners to Pihking; and let us judge for ourselves which are the best guides."

We do not know how far the emperor has carried out his brave plan; but a letter from the British Museum, dated August, 1867, informs us that Von Gumpach, who is the astronomer and chronologer upon whose labors Bunsen chiefly depended, "has gone to Pihking, as imperial professor to the Emperor of China"!

Fifth, we have the "Annals of the Spring and Autumn," so called because Confucius began this book in early life, and finished it in extreme old age. It gives the history of his native state, and contains a more distinct account of the political system he recommended, than any other book.

As to the "Four Books," Mr. Loomis must be mistaken in claiming, as he does in his preface, that Confucius edited them. They were evidently collated after his death, but undoubtedly have the same authority over the people as the "Five Classics." We have —

1. The "Lun Yu," a collection of his sayings, by his disciples.

2. The "Tai-Hok," a treatise inculcating sincerity and dealing with the family and state governments; in short, treating of the concord of society..

3. The "Chung-Yung," which inculcates the Doctrine of the Mean; that is to say, that moral Equilibrium in which man yields neither to pleasure nor pain, joy nor sorrow, surprise nor affection. "Heaven," says the book, "confers Nature; a Life in accordance with Nature is the Path of Duty; the regulation of the path is what is called Instruction." — "The knowing go beyond this path; the stupid do

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not come up to it." — "Common men and women, however ignorant, may intermeddle with the knowledge of it; yet in its utmost reaches there is that which the sage does not know." The best thing in this book has been often quoted: "What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others." If we would understand the natural difference between Confucius and Jesus, let us take the same precept as it fell from the lips of the latter: "Do unto others as ye *would* that they should do unto you." It is no longer limited by experience: an offence is not justified because no one has ever tried it upon the offender. He must put himself in the place of his neighbor, anticipate his own wishes in a similar situation; and so the precept rises to the dignity of a universal principle. We are obliged to put the word *Heaven* into the mouth of Confucius, in order to make his sayings intelligible; but it is taking a liberty. In our sense, he knew no heaven. Yang and Yin, two principles, are the creative power which the Chinese recognize. They know no Creator. Confucius found the following formula in existence. Perhaps it had once meant more than it did in his time. At all events, he seems never to have advanced beyond it. The Ultimate Principle (Tai Kik) produced the Dual Principles (Lang E). The Dual Principles produced the Four Forms (Sz Tseung). The Four Forms produced the Eight Diagrams (Pat Kwa). The Eight Diagrams formed and peopled heaven and earth (Kin Kwan).

4. We have a work bearing the name of Mencius, who, born about a hundred and fifty years after Confucius, made it the work of his life to interpret and collect his sayings. Mencius bears the same relation to Confucius that Plato bore to Socrates, and the transcendentalism of Plato affects our conception of the blunt old husband of Xantippe — loved by Pericles, esteemed by Aspasia, kicked by the comic and mourned by the tragic muse — far more than the Neo-Platonism of John affects our conception of Jesus. In fact, there is no need that any one should ever lose sight of the actual Jesus, with the Synoptical Gospels always ready to bring out the homely points which are transfigured in the Fourth. But

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we have perhaps lost the real Socrates in the glorified image of him which the excited imagination of the idealist has transmitted. Quite certain is it, that the conception which the European scholar has of Confucius he owes to Mencius; and it bears small likeness to the original. Mencius was a transcendentalist. The fourth book is a treatise on government and morals, very much better than any thing which came from the hands of Confucius. If we add to these books a fifth, the "Ka Yu," containing the family sayings of the sage, we have all that remains of the philosopher of Loo. His descendants are the only hereditary nobility of the Celestial Empire. Every city has at least one temple dedicated to Confucius. These temples contain no images; but the sage and his fifty-eight disciples are worshipped before tablets, on which are inscribed their names and titles. Before the tablet of Confucius, placed at the head of the temple hall, in every case, is a small altar. A stand for candles, incense, and offerings, is in front of each of the remaining fifty-eight.

Confucius had little to say upon any religious subject. He never taught the duty of man to any higher power than the head of the state, though he believed himself "commissioned" to restore the doctrines and usages of the ancients. According to him, men were to do their duty to the visible souls in their own neighborhood, and not to harass themselves about "spirits unknown;" yet he left minute directions as to the details of ancestral worship. It has been said that he resembled Jesus in improving passing events to moral ends, and building up parables before the eyes of his disciples! There are none so blind as those that will not see. What touch of Nazarene grace and spirit do we find in the words, "If perchance I catch an old bird, it is because he follows the young ones"? which is a fair sample of his use of external facts. In commenting upon the follies of a neighboring state, he said, "With us, *uprightness* is to be found in this: The father conceals the misconduct of the son, and the son conceals the misconduct of the father." A strong contrast to the saying, "The Father who seeth in secret, *himself* shall reward you openly."

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"The people may be made to follow a course of action," he said, "but they cannot be made to understand it." We might set against this the charge of Jesus to his ignorant, bewildered listeners, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" but we need not. A thousand years before Confucius, the sublime faith of Moses required that "every man," in the nation of lepers, should "be a priest unto the Lord." All knowledge, sanitary, scientific, mechanical, literary, or sacred, Moses had been accustomed to see confined to a priesthood, made the perquisite of a caste; yet an inspiration of the loftiest order made him willing from the beginning to trust, not only government and religion, but all things, to the people.

The contrast between Confucius and the Hebrew prophets is still more marked in other instances. "Have no friends not equal to yourself," taught the Chinese philosopher. "All ye are brethren," said the Galilean. "There never has been a man trained to benevolence, who neglected his parents," said Confucius. "There never has been a man trained to righteousness, who made his *sovereign* an after consideration." — "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?" wrote the apostle; and Solomon knew, "that better was a little with righteousness, than great revenues without right." It was the sceptical son of David who suggested to James the beautiful words, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world."

There have not been wanting critics in modern times whose eyes are so very single, and whose whole bodies are so full of light, that they have professed to find arrogance and assumption in the words of Jesus. They charge upon him mean ambitions and perverted thoughts, to say nothing of mistaken purposes. Unable to share the exaltation of the Mount of Transfiguration, they brand with falsehood every testimony to its glories. To one who penetrates with humble sympathy to the heart of Jesus, it seems profane to make personal

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comparisons in such matters; not because he is more than human, but because the human that we love, is always to our love, divine. Perhaps a little light may penetrate some sealed eyelids, if we set down here some of the sayings of Confucius, which throw light on *his* personality, and show in what spirit *his* claims were advanced. "At forty," he said, "I had no doubts; at seventy, I can follow my heart without transgressing!" O life, narrow and mean! It would seem hardly possible that he could continue, "In ten families you may find *one* man honorable and sincere as I am, but not one so fond of learning." It was a later sage who wrote over a Greek temple, "Know thyself." Of his habits, his disciples wrote the following: "He did not sing on *the same day* on which he had been weeping."—"When he was passing the *vacant* place of the prince, his countenance appeared to change, and his legs to bend under him. His words came as if he had hardly breath to utter them."—"If his mat was not straight, he would not sit on it."—"On a clap of thunder, he lost color." These are things we should be sorry to hear of old schoolmates, the last laureate, nay, of old Chaucer in his grave; but how do they sound when attributed to prophet, priest, or king? There be sins which imply some grandeur of make, passions which bear witness to magnanimity, crimes which a mean man could never have committed; but why chronicle the petty weaknesses of our kind? What if the same old quill has served Pius IX. through all the shifts and shivers of his unsteady heart?

A few better utterances we may glean, if we try. "Benevolence is the tranquil habitation of man, and righteousness is his straight path."—"While you are not able to serve *men*, how can you serve the spirits?"—"When neither a premature death nor long life causes a man any double-mindedness, but he waits the issue, busy with self-culture, this is the way in which he establishes his ordained being." Dr. Legge writes "Heaven-ordained;" but we strike out the adjective, which has no justification in the text. These are truths stated with wearisome and circuitous involution. Not thus do the barbed arrows of the old Hebrews strike home. His

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sublimest utterance reminds us of Socrates. "To whom will you sacrifice?" said the disciples of Confucius, when the shadows of death fell. "I have already worshipped," was the simple answer. Socrates did not feel death, but perceived the New Life. "Now, my friends," he said, dying, to those who had doubtless pressed a similar request, "*Now*, we owe a cock to Esculapius." The hold which Confucius has upon the Chinese people he owes to their stationary civilization, their immobile character. Let a new life once stir within the dry skin, let the vessel shiver, and the precious juice be spilled, and every temple to Confucius will die out of sight with the old usages, and his name be lost out of the memories of the people. We must look back to perceive him. He has not a fibre in common with the future. Yet his life will have interest and point, if too much be not claimed for it. We welcome these editions of the Chinese classics. They will do much to disabuse a certain class of critics of their errors. In the clear light of facts, theories will get their own ghastly color.

Of the Four Books, the second is now commonly attributed to Tsăng Sin, his disciple; and the third is the work of a grandson of Confucius, Kung Keih. It will be perceived, that, dull as the Chinese may be, they have already begun to criticise their sacred books as we criticise the Pentateuch; to correct tradition, and judge for themselves of the divine right of their sage.

Among the classics called Confucian, but much later than the time of Confucius, we find occasionally things that remind us of Emerson. "Let superiors live in harmony; inferiors, in concord." — "Sow first on the southern hill-side." — "Ears line the walls of your chamber." — "When admonished or satirized, examine yourself." — "He who receives no guest will seldom find a host." — "Friends at hand are better than relatives far away." — "The slow horse must feel the lash." "He would hide his track, yet he walks on the snow." — "Only the naked fear the light." — "If the *escort* go a thousand miles, it shall leave you at last!" Even in China, some women contrive to get an education; and among them the wife of

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Commissioner Lin, whose duty it was in 1838 "to punish the consumers of opium." Commissioner Lin was a poet, but he has penetrated farther into the middle ages than Browning. We of the nineteenth century lose sight of him. His verses do not offer us one line. His love for his wife touches the human heart in us, in spite of the dull level of the page which records it. The tablet literature of China is little known to Europeans; but the whole country is filled with inscriptions, one day to be translated. Specimens may be found in the Proceedings of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1855. Confucius and Mencius were both born in the kingdom of Loo. At Tsow-hien are tablets in memory of both. There is also, a statue of Mencius, showing a man, thoughtful, resolute, and outspoken, who had known trial. It is curious that Mencius inscribed on his father's tablet these words: "The *spirit's* resting-place." The mother of Mencius was a famous woman, who cut a web she was weaving, to prove to him the folly of idleness, and left a costly house because a neighboring butcher steeled his childish heart. Mencius gave her a superb funeral; and the story of the web is exhibited on one of her tablets.

Kio-feu-hien is a larger city, the birth-place of Confucius, where eight families out of ten bear his surname. Here is a gnarled old cypress-tree, said to have been planted by Confucius himself. Here is the pavilion in which he taught. His temple is of richly carved marble, and its ornamented eaves are protected from the birds by a delicate wirework! Within it sits the statue of Confucius, eighteen feet high, holding the reed with which men wrote two thousand years ago. Statues of favorite disciples surround him. Among the beautiful incense pots, rare relics are preserved. One clay dish dates from the time of Taou, 2,300 B.C. A bronze censer is inscribed with the name of Shang, 1,500 B.C. Bronze elephants, and a carved red-wood table more than a thousand years old, speak volumes of the refinement which the arts had then reached and have since lost.

Confucius was not handsome. He had full, contemplative eyes, and projecting teeth. A hundred and twenty engraved

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slabs, built into the temple wall, show in picture the story of his life, and exhibit the furniture, dress, and buildings of his period. The present head of the family lives near, in a house within whose walls the classics were found after a long sleep. They had been hidden from an illiterate emperor, 212 B.C.! Some of the tombs of the Chinese are pyramidal; trees are growing on their summits; but they instantly suggest the pyramids of Egypt. Such is the tomb of the ancient emperor, Sha-ou-Haou, near the temple of the Duke of Chow, the ideal statesman of Confucius. If avenues, and cypresses, and groves of ancient oak; if gateways, and carvings, and images of men and animals; if tablets and inscriptions and altars make a magnificent burial, — then is Confucius magnificently buried.

Art. IV.—THE WORCESTER ASSOCIATION.

The Worcester Association and its Antecedents: a History of Four Ministerial Associations, — the Marlborough, the Worcester (Old), the Lancaster, and the Worcester (New) Associations. With Biographical Notices of the Members, accompanied by Portraits. By Joseph Allen, Senior Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Northborough. Boston: Nichols & Noyes, 1868.

The county of Worcester has long been the largest and most populous of the interior counties of Massachusetts. The expression of the opinion of its people, when such an expression can be gained, is a more sure expression of the opinion of Massachusetts than is the opinion of any other county. With moderate advantages for agriculture, this county has been forward in the improvements of this century in what relates to the cultivation of land. Its great success in farming is in the raising of stock, in which department its most valuable triumphs have been in its care and improvement of the breed of men; a remark, indeed, which may be made of most New-England farming. The waters from its highlands flow into every considerable river in New England, reaching the sea by the Connecticut, the Thames, the Black-

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stone, the Charles, and the Merrimac. The Worcester-county affluents to these streams are all insignificant on the map, but sufficient to drive the wheels of the most varied manufactures. Indeed, Mr. Slater, the father of New-England cotton manufacture, said to the late Judge Merrick, that he would live to see the time when all the water of the town-brook in the town of Worcester would be needed to furnish steam for its factories; and Judge Merrick did live to see the poetical prophecy made well-nigh literally true. It has been said, that a circle of twenty miles drawn around the town of Worcester would inclose a greater variety of workshops, and of the varied forms of human industry, than any other circle of the same size in the world. We cannot verify the remark, but it seems probable. Railroads from every part of New England converge at two centres of travel, — one within this county, and the other close upon its frontier. A Catholic College, a Technological Institute or Scientific School, a number of endowed academies, and the unique library of the American Antiquarian Society, call to different parts of this county students of different grades of scholarship from all parts of New England. Its central geographical position has given to the range of its highlands the familiar name of the "Backbone of Massachusetts;" while the shire-town, Worcester, which gave the name to the county, bears on its seal the device of a heart, glad to assume the title of the "Heart of the Commonwealth."

The earliest settlements of the English in Worcester County were made in 1645, in Lancaster. The county was established by an act of the General Court of Massachusetts, passed April 2, 1731. The name of Worcester had been given to the township of Worcester as early as 1684. No tradition is preserved as to the cause of the selection of that name; but we suppose there can be little doubt that it was chosen as an insult to that royal government in England, which, at that very time, was striking its last blow at the Charter of the Colony. Judgment was entered in the English Court of Chancery for the vacating of the Charter of Massachusetts on the 23d of October in the same year.

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"Massachusetts, as a body politic, was now no more," says Dr. Palfrey, describing this transaction in London. It is almost precisely contemporary with the act by which the Legislature of Massachusetts gave the name of Worcester, the name of Cromwell's "crowning mercy," to a district in Massachusetts which as yet had not one white inhabitant. No town-meeting was ever held in that town until the year 1722.

The law of the intellectual and moral culture of New England may be stated thus. Boundaries having been given to a particular town, which, as in the case of Worcester, may be named before it has an inhabitant, the people of that town, under the New-England system, become, for almost all the purposes of civilized life, an independent community. So much historical support of the very best kind can be given to General Cass's theory of "squatter sovereignty." The State assigns the place of residence, and names the first "freemen," and gives them a right to vote in the organization of their affairs. These "freemen" in practice admitted all other residents to the same franchise. The little community, thus established, made its own roads, receiving from the officers of the county directions for making those of them that were essential to the general interest; established its own schools; impounded its own stray cattle; and did any thing else which might be necessary for the welfare of a town. Such towns, for instance, when they saw the time coming when it might be necessary for them to engage in war against the British empire, each bought with its own money its own supply of powder and ball, and stored them in its own magazines by way of preparation for the exigency.

These were the civic or social functions of the New-England township, and they are such still. But these details of administration are inspired by ideas; and these ideas, involving the whole spiritual and moral education of such communities, were, in every instance, provided for in the beginning. The measure or standard prescribed as sufficient for a new plantation, was, that a number of people, enough to maintain a minister, should be ready to unite under the proposed

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incorporation. If there were people enough in a given locality, or ready to go into it, to sustain a minister, the Legislature would give them incorporation; and incorporation could not be had otherwise. When incorporated, they taxed themselves for the support of this minister in the same town-meetings, and by the same assessment, which provided for the other purposes of government which we have named. Not unfrequently, indeed, the modest charge for the expenses of the church was the largest single item in the town's expenses for the year. The Church and State were, in government, completely interfused or united.

In practice, the result of this simple system was this: that no one of these squatter sovereignties was ever established, with the forms and privileges of a town government, unless there were in it at least one man of liberal education, of religious faith, and of the breadth and courage which are expected to accompany a liberal education and religious faith, and unless there were adequate provision for maintaining him there as the religious and moral instructor of that community. There are even instances on record where the government threatened to take away the corporate privileges of a township, unless the people kept up the support of the ministry. We do not recollect that it was ever necessary to enforce the threat. But the theory of the incorporation of these little towns was such, that it would have been perfectly fair of the government to do so. The people incorporated were held to support a minister by just the same tenure which held them to maintain their share of the roads of the county.

Whatever the towns of Massachusetts, "the nurseries of freedom," have contributed to the world, has been due, in a large degree, to the steady and faithful work of the quiet men who have been engaged in the Christian ministry thus established. They have held before each generation the best ideal they knew for education, for worship, for charity, and, in general, for the public good. They have been the preachers, often the teachers in other walks than those purely ecclesiastical, sometimes the physicians, always the directors of the schools; in short, they have inculcated ideas into the work

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of the material interests of the towns for which they ministered. Very few of them, in carrying out this work, have attained for themselves any reputation beyond the local circle of their ministerial duty. Probably very few have cared to. But they live in their work, though their names are forgotten. The men whose first impulses they did much to guide, whose first thirst for science or learning they were first to feed, have been among the leaders of their times.

The careful reader of the very curious book before us will take the impression, which we are sure is true, that Worcester County is an admirable representation of the success of this system for the culture of a community. It has grown to be what it is without the ascendency of any large town or metropolis. It illustrates all the more purely the value of the separate town organizations, and the thoroughly independent system of congregational church government. Rev. Dr. Allen, of Northborough, himself one of the most distinguished of the clergy of this county, has, with assiduous and loving care, brought together a series of short biographical sketches of almost all the ministers who have been engaged in the ministry of the towns of the eastern part of the county. He has done this in connection with well-wrought histories of the "Ministerial Associations," so called, which have united these ministers in friendly clubs for mutual improvement since the year 1725, when the "Marlborough Association" was formed, years before the county of Worcester was incorporated.

Let no student of church order, inoculated with Presbyterian or other hierarchical views, flatter himself that in the history of the Ministerial Associations of New England he finds a germ of synodical or presbyterian order. Not a shred of it! The Congregational churches of New England, whether of the more severe or of the cheerful folds, would resent even advice given from one of these clubs of their clergy; and the Associations are too wise to enter into any line of advice, far less upon any course of direction. Even those conferences for missionary purposes, or for the improvement of Sunday schools, which have grown up in the

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modern facilities of travel, do not claim a hair's weight of authority over the churches which are represented in them. Woe to them, indeed, the hour when they do! As well might the colonel of a regiment enlisted in Boston, serving against the rebels, send back official directions to Ward 9 and 10, what should be done in their schools, as the officers of one of these missionary boards interfere in the least with the local concerns of the Congregational churches uniting in them. The colonel may send back to tell how the fight goes on against the enemy, how his own enlistments stand, and what new recruits he needs, and his suggestions will be accepted; and such suggestions, as every Congregationalist knows, are all that any of these unions of Congregational churches ever propose toward their constituents.

The Ministerial Associations do not even go so far. They have been, from the beginning, what we styled them, friendly clubs of the ministers, who, from the very nature of the system which appointed them, were apt to feel the need, in their own homes, of the sympathy and counsel of others trained in their pursuits and accustomed to their studies.

In the opening of the history before us, it appears, that, following an example given at Charlestown a generation before, seven ministers met by appointment at the house of Rev. Robert Breck, the minister of Marlborough, and formed an Association of Ministers, who were to meet four times a year at that place. Their object was "to advance the interest of Christ, the service of our respective charges, and our mutual edification in our great work." An address, or, in their own language, a *concio ad clerum*, was to be delivered at each meeting; or, in place of the address, some question was to be discussed by such members as had been designated.

Several questions of ecclesiastical order and of theological opinion are quoted by Dr. Allen from the records of this body, as having been brought before it for the advice of the assembled brethren. Almost all of them, however, perhaps all of them, were presented by the ministers themselves, asking the advice of their brethren, — advice which they were

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generally careful to express as counsel given by them to their own brother, not as their decision pronounced to a church over which they claimed any authority. In 1734, they wrote a letter to the Presbytery at Londonderry, touching a brotherly and Christian agreement and communion between Congregationalists and Presbyterians. In 1735, they occupied themselves in securing the parishes against the admission of unqualified candidates for the ministry. As the Revolution came on and passed, the records of the Association show the temper of its members, and the character of their part in the martyrdoms of the time. In 1806, the Association initiated the measures which resulted in the formation of the Evangelical Missionary Society. In 1814,—after an existence of nearly a century,—in consequence of the separation between the Liberal and Orthodox Congregational churches, on the 18th of October it dissolved. Dr. Ripley, of Concord, was at that time the moderator of this body. It seems, that it divided, five against five, on the question of the admission of Rev. Timothy Hilliard as a member; and that on this, or some similar division, the dissolution followed.

Meanwhile, as early as Aug. 10, 1762, the western part of this old Marlborough Association had been set off from it, and had formed another body, wholly in Worcester County. This seems to have been an ecclesiastical body named "The Worcester Association," which, in its turn, dissolved in the year 1791, on the occasion of the refusal, on the part of a majority of its members, to recognize, and fraternize with, the young minister of the Second Church in Worcester,—a reputed Arminian. This was Aaron Bancroft, afterwards a distinguished preacher and author, whose interest in American history has been inherited by his son. The liberal members of that body formed an Association under the name of the Worcester Association, which has continued to this day,—having joined itself in 1820 to the Lancaster Association. The fortunes of each of these bodies are recorded in Dr. Allen's volume.

Their union in 1820 made "The Worcester Association of Ministers," under the constitution by which that body is

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known to-day. In nearly half a century, this society of ministers has found numerous works for the good of the church, which, in their Association, they could set forward. At the same time, in the regular and diligent meetings, it has furnished, as we might almost say, instruction to its younger members; it has furnished stimulus and courage to all; and, in the real advance of the practical objects of Christianity, has shown how much may be done by the simplest arrangement which brings good men together in sympathy. The improvement of our Sunday-school text-books; the establishment of the "Sunday-school Gazette;" the custom, now general, of an annual re-union of the Sunday schools of a county; the yearly meetings of the Unitarians in convention; the establishment of the County Temperance Society, and of the County Institution for Savings, the first, it is said, in the country,—are so many different results of the foresight and activity displayed in these meetings. Of all these enterprises, and of many more, the first steps are found in their records.

The impression which attendance on hundreds of meetings of this body has given us, has been the most happy contrast to the vulgar notion given in frequent satire of assemblies of clergymen. The eagerness with which the Association almost always entered on its work, the frank and kind discussion of the essay or sermon read, the practical care for the religious interests of the community, have made the meetings a training school of the first value to the younger members, while they renewed the youth of the older. The reputation of this Association is, that its discussions are not held by a few of its leaders only, and that its spirit is hopeful and determined, not sceptical and despondent; that it looks forward rather than backward, and really believes that the Church to which God gave infinite duties received at the same time infinite power from his hands.

Dr. Allen does not satisfy himself by giving the history of these associations as organizations. At the close of each history, he gives a biographical sketch of every member who has been connected with them. The diligence with which

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this work has been done, and the accuracy thus secured, make a very valuable addition to our scanty store of biographical memoranda of the last century, and provide for the next century memoranda in completeness, for which the students of genealogy and history will then bless the author. The picture given of the simple, unambitious life of the country minister of a hundred years ago is as instructive as it is pathetic. Not many high and not many mighty are called on this modest calendar. So far as wealth goes, these are indeed the humble annals of the poor. Nay, for learning, it is impossible to make much boast for those men who fill the first half-century of this History. Dr. Allen's careful lists of their publications does but show that their power was at home, and not abroad; in the word they spoke from the pulpit, and not in that which they scattered broadcast by the press. None the less for all this did they do their work, and do it well. The History and the biographies show that these were abreast of their times, or that they led their times. They knew how to suffer, and, when their day came, did suffer as bravely as any of the Nonconformists or other exiles from whom they were born. In any moment of protest, they were ready with their protest; nor, indeed, has there been any hour, from the earliest date in this History to the latest, when, in any forward movement of the Church or of society, these men have been found laggards.

It is to be observed, indeed, that all the commonplace remarks which speak of an established clergy or priesthood as a class of men attached to the institutions of the past, and opposed to human progress and to the natural advance of society, are remarks originating in hierarchical countries, where the appointment or the maintenance of the clergy is not directly in the hands of the people. Given, on the other hand, the conditions of congregational order, — which is to say, given the conditions of a pure democracy, — and no such love of worn-out institutions is found in the great body of the clergy. They become again, what the ministry of Christ was in the beginning, leaders in every effort for improvement in civil order. In Massachusetts, for instance, it was the clergy

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of Boston who took sides with the younger medical men, and, in face of immense popular clamor and of all scientific conservatism, introduced the new practice of inoculation. When the Revolution came, the rights of men and the hopes of the new commonwealths had no supporters more earnest than the great body of the clergy of the State. The great temperance reform found itself given, almost by common consent, into their hands, and those of the physicians of the time. And of the last twenty years, the great revolution not yet over has a thousand times made record of the same principle. In congregational order there is no fear that the great body of the ministry will lag, in the development of ideas of reform, behind the people.

We are certainly profoundly grateful to Dr. Allen for the unwearied effort which he has given to the illustration of so many passages of biography and history which bear directly on the great study of the progress of society under the conditions which surround us here. There is no nobler illustration of the wide and unending influence of the faithful Christian minister, than he has given in the work of his own life, — work of which he lives to see everywhere the fruit and the blessing. Students of biography and of history will join us in thanking him for the pains by which he has now lighted up the career of his predecessors and his associates. His History will not only have a local interest in the towns of whose churches and ministers it preserves the faithful record, but will be made welcome among the materials for the history of New England.

Art V. — DRAPER'S HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1867.

It is impossible to read this first instalment of Dr. Draper's History of our recent Civil War, without a blended feeling of cordial admiration for the intellectual vigor and range

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of acquisition its author concentrates on his subject, and of amazement and pain that he so often weakens the weight of impression his book ought to make, by his fanatical worship of a single physical agency, and his passion for crude, fanciful, and hap-hazard generalization. This is the first extended attempt to apply to the elucidation of the problem of American history the theories and conclusions of modern science; to go behind the momentary phenomena of parties and platforms and policies and institutions, and consider the vast material forces which have been at work, largely modifying, and often absolutely determining, their peculiar shapes. It handles a subject deeply interesting to us, as conscious actors in the great drama of national life, now working out through the ideas and passions of the various communities which constitute our nation; and shares much of the same charm for the American reader which geology assumed when the old method of illustrating from European formations was abandoned, and we were permitted to see the enormous agencies at work, slowly building up the vast areas on which we dwell and act, — heaving up our own Alleghanies, laying down the limestone slabs of our own New Yorks, Ohios, and Iowas, silting up our Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, rearing on high our Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas, and channelling out our rivers and bays. Spite of the impersonality of science, and its asserted indifference to nationalities, there is yet a fascination to conceited human nature in seeing what heat and cold, and regions of rain and of drought, and alluvial valleys and sterile deserts, can do when they take hold of "live Yankees," and not of Esquimaux, Egyptians, Tartars, and such riff-raff, that will secure for Dr. Draper hosts of readers, who would care little for his theories as applied to other peoples. It is therefore a peculiarly useful work to bring the questions here raised before the American mind in the precise shape in which we have them in this volume: for just as the individual, full of the rampant sense of youth, health, and courage, finds it hard to believe in his own subjection to conditions outside of himself, and has to be taught by colds and fevers and rheumatism that even he

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is under law; so a nation like ours, brimful of conscious power, accustomed to subdue wildernesses, tunnel mountains, organize States, and annex half-continents, feels so strong in itself the sense of will and autocratic power as to believe itself absolute dictator over all the forces of nature.

The typical American is organically prompted to flout at theories of the modifying and moulding agencies of climate and circumstance. He lives, moves, and has his being, in an immediate consciousness of shaping and controlling power. He feels himself a magazine of energetic forces, an electric battery that can shock to life even things already dead. He does not go behind himself, does not ask how he became what he is; only knows that he is what he is,—a destiny-ordainer. Sail round the world with a gritty Down-Easter, Buckeye, or Californian, and as you touch at Cuba, Patagonia, the Sandwich Islands, Japan, Kamtchatka, he shares but one contemptuous feeling for all the diversified ideas and ways he witnesses. The peoples he encounters are lazy or superstitious or slavish, or fond of train-oil and walrus-fat, because they don't choose to be energetic, rational, democratic, and lovers of beef-steak and potatoes. Ask him whether he believes, that, were colonies of "live Yankees" planted in the same places, there would in time be any tendency to assimilation on their part to the same ideas and ways, and he will scout the bare possibility. Live Yankees! No! All the torrid heats and arctic colds, all the volcanoes and deserts and siroccos and table-lands and delta formations, in creation, might work away at them till doomsday, and they would come out at the end democrats, congregationalists, readers of daily newspapers, eaters of beef and mutton, wearers of black coats and stove-pipe hats.

Now, admirable a feeling as this may be,—at any rate admirable as may be the sense of innate power that prompts it,—it is yet one which will profitably bear a great deal of abatement when we come to apply ourselves to the philosophic study of history, and to questions of the statesmanship adequate to cope with the problem of Unionism in a land embracing such vast diversities of climate, creed, and

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avocation as our own. And at its very root Dr. Draper essays to lay the axe. In view of the interest in which he writes, this feeling presents itself as a prolific source of danger, a promoter of intolerance and strife, an abettor in all kinds of stupidity and injustice. The beneficial influence which the study of physiology has exerted in advancing personal toleration, by leading men to a more thoughtful estimate of the causes of individual differences, by teaching them to allow for one another, to understand one another, and substitute well-devised schemes for promoting gradual mental changes in the place of a resort to mere blind recrimination and violence, is an influence he would carry into the domain of our national history, following out the same method on a larger scale. And this constitutes the chief value of his book, and insures, that, spite of its exaggerations, it will do great good.

There are, according to Dr. Draper, three grand acts in the drama of American national life.

1st, The development of a sentiment of Unionism, which converted a train of feeble colonies into a powerful nation.

2d, The differentiation of that nation, chiefly through the agency of climate, into a free and a slave power, a North and a South.

3d, The conflict of those powers for supremacy.

That under these three heads are comprised the radical ideas which underlie the evolution of our national history, there can be no doubt. Around them gather all the glory and the shame, all the victories and defeats, all the personalities powerful for good or for evil, that illustrate our annals. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, Hamilton, are incarnations of the first of these; Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Garrison, Sumner, are landmarks of the steady progress of sectional antagonism and clashing policies; Grant, Sherman, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson are the champions of the appeal to force in which the controversy culminated.

It is often said that our national struggle began back in Old England. The sharp division of society that came of the conflict between Prelatist and Puritan planted on the shores

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of America colonies rootedly averse to one another in principles and feelings. It is impertinent to the matter to claim that the average blood of New England was as good as that of Virginia or South Carolina. Allowing to the full for the fact that the majority of the early immigrants into the South were but the scum of English society, — lackeys, tapsters, broken traders, and jail-birds, — they were still saturated with the social and religious ideas and prejudices of the better class who led them. Jeems, the serving-man, was as stanch for king, church, and aristocracy as his master, and hated as cordially conventicles, psalm-singing, and the interdiction of bear-fights. From the outset of our colonial history, we encounter sharp expressions of this antagonism. But are we warranted, after the fullest admission of this, in asserting that in these facts we hit upon the real retarding influences which so long delayed the progress of Unionism, and, after its completion, began so soon the work of disintegration? To us, this seems about as rational as the old theory which accounted for the Gulf Stream by the current of the Mississippi River. It was common, indeed, during our late war, to speak of the struggle as a renewal of the old fight between Roundhead and Cavalier; but contending parties are always fond of historical parallels, particularly if they be of a flattering character. Dr. Draper thinks, and very justly, that these initial differences may be thrown out of account by the philosophic investigator of American history. A new country led to new issues. The old relations of master and servant, landowner and tenant, were rapidly destroyed at the South as well as the North, so far at least as the white population were concerned. The democratic spirit created everywhere a wide-spread aversion, except with a very small class, for the social ideas of England. The dividing forces between the various sections were physical, not theological, — were the Schuylkill, the Chesapeake Bay, the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the James, the Roanoke; were the facts that intercourse was difficult, that the colonies had each its own ports, its own commerce, its own government, and were full of those jealousies and animosities which are ever rife in commu-

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nities accustomed to manage their own affairs. It was the ever-repeated story of the struggle between localism and centralization, which all the centuries have borne witness to, — of the struggle which France had to go through with, Spain had to go through with, Great Britain had to go through with. The arguments urged against Unionism did not turn upon questions of Episcopacy or Independency, or aristocracy or democracy, but upon fears of a centralized power, of the danger of the smaller States being swallowed up by the larger. Hordes of savage tribes to the west, to the south, to the north, of the colonies; the lessons of the ceaseless efforts of the French to hem them in, to cut off their power of expansion into the back country, to incite the Indians to fire and slaughter; the long, desperate war of the Revolution, whose issue no man, but for the money, fleets, and troops of France, could have been sure of, — it was these stern necessities of life and death that alone reconciled the American colonies to the thought of Union.

Our recent civil war has been the means of leading hundreds of thousands to see, what was clear enough to observant eyes before, that the inhabitants of Massachusetts and Wisconsin on the one hand, and those of South Carolina and Louisiana on the other, have become practically distinct races. The large scale on which the advantages of travel were extended by warlike operations to immense numbers who, but for this, would have lived and died at home, confronted thousands with the fact, that the Georgian, the Mississippian, the Louisianian, was a different kind of man from any they had encountered in the North; that the whole condition of society, and the way of looking at things, were different. They found nothing corresponding to the vigorous democracy of the North; nothing corresponding to their own land of schools, lyceums, churches, close-neighboring villages, and varied industry. A controlling aristocracy of planters, masses of moiling slaves, a poor white population, ignorant, vagrant, without distinct aim or consciousness of power, — these were the prominent social facts. Nor were they long in beginning to understand how this had come about. The

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protracted exhausting heats of spring, summer, and autumn made them feel how they themselves would hate to toil under such a sun, enveloped in such swarms of tormenting insects. The origin of the disposition to seize hold of some one else, and force him to do the ploughing, sowing, and harvesting, became clear enough. The negro given as a datum of the problem, they comprehended in an eye-wink the fascination of the slave-system and its deep-rooted hold in the Louisianian mind. And the more thoughtful of them saw at once, that there was no issue out of the dilemma, unless every man, black or white, could be made so strong and formidable, that no one would dare to attempt to lay hold of him and make him do his work. In a word, the Northern soldier was confronted for the first time with the powerful influence of climate. He had not known at home what cold had done for him in the way of energy, freedom, intelligence, morality. He thought these inherent, unchangeable characteristics of humanity. Now he felt a potent agency at work with him, striving to undermine them all.

Climate! this is Dr. Draper's supreme arbiter of the issues and actors in our great national epic. Climate divided us into a free and a slave power. Climate divided us into an aristocracy and a democracy. Climate imposed on us such antagonistic ideas in politics, religion, interests, tastes, that we could not but struggle against one another, hate one another, and fight one another. Our author sees from the outset Scandinavia in the Plymouth Colony; Tripoli, Tunis, and Barca in South Carolina and Georgia.

There is something very fascinating in taking hold of a single powerful agency, and making its potency account for all the phenomena under the skies; particularly when that agency can put forth such dazzling claims as that grand life-evoker, the sun. There is in the procedure all the charm of hero-worship; and the mind, once yielding to the fascination, manifests the same headlong ardor and impatience that we witness in the worshippers of a Napoleon, who will hear no claim that any genius but his own co-operated in his marvellous career. Man loves to exaggerate the characteristics of

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his favorites; to single out his Newton or Watt or Stephenson or Turner; and make the solar-system, the steam-engine, the locomotive, the flushing sunset, proclaim his glories, and his alone. He will endure no rivals in the presence of his king. Nor is this all. Such procedure gratifies our innate longing for simplicity, unity, clearness. It opens, moreover, a most tempting opportunity for that entrancing delight, the exercise of mental ingenuity. How the mind of a Hobbes revels in the intellectual triumph of reducing all the phenomena of human volition to the principle of selfishness, and the mind of an Adam Smith in solving the same problem with his principle of sympathy! The writer persuades himself in the process, and, if his eloquence and impetuosity be great, sweeps all but the most cautious readers along with him.

Now to this species of fascination we cannot but feel that Dr. Draper has too largely yielded himself, and often to the detriment of impression his views ought to make. He bows the knee himself, and calls on every knee to bow, to the sun and isothermals. Nor do we feel disposed to speak in other than tones of awful reverence of this most potent luminary. He defines the zones of the oak and the palm. He paints the Caucasian white, and the negro black. He influences powerfully our energies, habits of life, governments, tastes, religions. All this it is most important we should know. Particularly in a country of such vast climate-range as our own is it needful that we should allow for it freely, if we hope to live rationally with one another. But Dr. Draper is not content with this. He insists on claiming of all the human history that has transpired under given isothermals, that it is the product of those isothermals alone. He is slow to admit other agencies. The problem of human history is not so simple as this. We may give the sun the credit for the palms and bananas and plantains; for he steadily insures them century on century. We can prophesy securely on the warrant of isothermals as to dates and oranges, and peaches and apples. But this prophesying on the same warrant as to what man will do and be, we hold to be largely fanciful.

Take the agency of African slavery in the disintegration

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of our national unity. It seems to us very inconsequent logic to call this a simple result of climate. There is no reason in the nature of things, in the nature of isothermals, why the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, to speak of no others, should not be the seats of a hardy, industrious, thickly settled, intelligent population. There is no more reason, *per se*, why a slave-system should prevail in them than in France or Italy or modern Greece. And yet it did prevail among them, and headed off the tide of emigration, and rendered general education and the progress of commerce, manufactures, science, art, literature, an impossibility. Nor, had the African slave-trade been permitted to continue, do we see any necessary reason for supposing that a drain of the black population from these regions into the far South would have occurred. The history of these States has thus far turned on the exceptional fact, that, at the time of their early settlement, British commerce found it a profitable thing to steal negroes from the Guinea coast. The same thing might have happened in respect of France or Spain or Italy; and, had it happened, the whole warp and woof of their history would have been different. Climate, of course, came in as an agency; but this is very different from claiming climate as sole cause. And it is just these exceptional occurrences, these unlooked-for and never-to-be-anticipated contingencies, which make the turning-points of great eras of history. The saw-mill is invented, and forthwith men have better houses; and with better houses come health, refinement, culture, enlarging aspirations. A new epoch begins in civilized life. The cotton-gin is invented, and forthwith the depressed interest of African slavery springs to its feet, starts on the march of empire, sets in motion the vastest political schemes. Climate co-operates, but co-operates only. Had a pure white race settled the South, there could have been no such sudden development of aristocratic ideas and institutions as has in reality been witnessed. Does not Dr. Draper himself tell us, that the reason why civilization started in Asia and Europe before it did in America, was, that the horse existed in the Old World

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and not in the New; that all the old geologic horses died out in the Western World before the era of man? Supposing him right, will not the horse and the sun have to fight the battle out between them? "What the sun could not do with all this vast continent at his disposal," might the horse justly say, "could have been done had I been on the spot. Remember the Venetians, then, O Americans! and set up my pawing image in bronze over the portals of your national St. Mark's!"

Dr. Draper's method of political prophecy is a very simple one. It amounts in substance to this: Given a new State or group of States, run the isothermal lines under which they fall around the globe, then read the history of the nations through which they pass, and you have in essentials the history of the State or States. The July isothermals of 77° and 84° take in the lower tier of our Southern States. We follow the lines across the Atlantic, and strike the Mediterranean coast of Africa. Carthage and Alexandria, and the later Saracen civilization of North Africa, rise assuringly before us. We enter Asia, and pass through the Holy Land, and are still farther delighted, though perhaps a little surprised. We cross the Tigris and Euphrates, and Nineveh and Babylon cheer our future hopes. Then Central Persia, land of poets, with Ispahan, its magnificent capital. Eastward beyond Afghanistan we plunge into the Himalayas, and our road of empire becomes a squirrel-track, and runs up a tree. But this is enough to satisfy any reasonable sectional pride. Why need the South care, should it lose the control of the cotton market? Cotton market! It is in the zone that produces Hannibals as soldiers, Euclids as philosophers, Ptolemys as astronomers, Augustines and Athanasiuses as theologians, Carthages that dispute with Rome the empire of the world, Judaisms and Christianities as religions. Dr. Draper is soon clear out of sight of Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans, of clay-eaters, sand-hillers, and all the yet world-famous productions of this sunny clime. He hears Hafiz singing, and Isaiah prophesying, and Hannibal shouting to his elephant cavalry. He sees the wife of Asdrubal flinging herself into the flames,

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and Zenobia of Palmyra fighting the Emperor Aurelian, and Cleopatra sucked by her sweet baby asp rather than grace the triumph of her conqueror, and knows from these facts that the women of our South will be patriotic, belligerent, and death-defying. The least hint of a striking characteristic sets him off, and he beholds the same quality already incarnated in Georgia and Alabama. The Carthaginians were remorselessly cruel to prisoners. We might have anticipated Andersonville from the fact. The *climate-engendered* passions of man are at the bottom of the phenomenon. Algiers makes even Frenchmen suffocate their enemies in caves. What, we are tempted to ask, made the peasants of frozen Russia bury alive whole companies of French prisoners; made the far-northern Huron Indians so exquisite in devices of torture for their captives? Questions of this kind we are continually tempted to ask, as we see vast generalizations made on the strength of single picturesque incidents.

It is in this way, as we think, that Dr. Draper injures his cause. Sonora has dells and glades like those of Persia, and the same climate: its literature will be rich in love-songs. The scenery of New Mexico is arid, stern, and forbidding, like that of Palestine; it will reproduce the religious aspirations of Judæa. So thoroughly do these superficial resemblances carry away our author as to lead him into glaring contradictions. In one place he tells us, that the mind of the North contents itself with a few ideas, but fixes itself intently on them; while that of the South is continually prompted to a superfluity of them, with which, however, it deals only superficially. But — while we are striving to conquer our illusion, that cotton, negroes, and political supremacy, were about the only three ideas of our own South; while our North was crazy over German theology, social science, total abstinence, woman's rights, prison discipline, University reform — we find ourselves suddenly apprised, that the profoundest writers on Theology, Law, Mathematics, Optics, Astronomy, and all the highest branches of human knowledge, were the natural products of this favored zone in the Old World.

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The isothermals attest one fact, and one only, — that the degree of heat existing under them does not forbid a civilization brilliant, warlike, learned, and polished. Does not forbid it! That the temperature there existing makes it, as it does the palms and coffee-trees, is another thing. To effect a civilization in this chosen zone, the sun has had to call to his aid the Tyrian, the Roman, the Goth, the Saracen; and even then long lapses intervened of absolute stagnation and death. And this seems the law in every zone. The fierce Scandinavian pirate descends on the northern coast of France. He imparts new life to the race he subjugates, and receives new life in return. His marvellous career begins. He conquers England, lords it all along the Mediterranean, storms the ramparts of Jerusalem. A thousand other mixtures of blood fail. This hits the mark. Innumerable separate influences, that no man can compute, much less foresee, forces their energies on a single point, and we have the grand result. To assert that the sun of Northern France was the sole and single cause were a wild procedure. We can prophesy as rationally that Mount Blanc or Chimborazo will breed Swiss or Quito poets, as that New Mexico will breed Isaiahs and Ezekiels, — with the sole advantage in favor of New Mexico, that no man can positively assert of it that it will not, as he can Mount Blanc that it never has inspired a worthy native line.

We regret the more these rash and precipitate generalizations of Dr. Draper, because they so frequently bring supremely important truths in immediate juxtaposition with ill-founded inductions, at which the reason of his reader properly takes offence. He has sketched so admirably the outlines of our national history, has brought so vividly before the mind the vast ranges of climate and production our country embraces, has illustrated so richly the enormous influence exerted by physical agencies on human thought and action, that we hate to have the impression marred. No other book on American history is so calculated to teach important lessons, and lead to sharp observation, wise reflection, as this. Our imaginations are fatally torpid. They rise to only the feeblest conceptions of the vast and varied influ-

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ences that are moulding our national life, through our northern snows and torrid heats, our enormous river-courses and continental valleys, our wide-ranging deserts and mountains filled with gold and silver, our Atlantic and Pacific coasts. It is a good thing to have our attention called to our Persia, our Palestine, our Tartary, our Egypt, our France, our Kamtchatka, if only the analogies be not pushed too far. All this jogs the sluggish imagination, and helps us to realize the real data of the problem, by showing us what varied types of civilization have grown up upon no greater range and diversities of soil and climate than our own. As yet we see but the bare stage on which the great drama is to be enacted. We steam up the Mississippi eighteen hundred miles from the Balize to St. Paul, from the orange-grove and palmetto to the pine and hackmatack, and ninety-hundreths of the shores on either hand are a wilderness. We need to steam in imagination up a river that shall start us from Egypt and land us in Berlin, a river whose banks are sites of a Memphis, an Alexandria, a Naples, a Florence, a Munich, a Dresden, — not to impress us with the idea that we can foresee the reproduction of just such civilizations, but to set our imagination flowing, to help us to rise to the conception of the latent forces that shall modify man buried up in those orange-groves, cane-fields, cypress forests, cotton and tobacco lands, cornfields, meadows sweet with new cut hay along which we are sailing. And so with the lines we may run east and west, carrying us from Atlantic seaports, over the Alleghanies, through lands of hill and dale, across vast alluvial stretches, across vast rolling prairies, across arid deserts, over snow-clad mountain-ranges, on, on, till we look toward Asia over the broad Pacific. These are imaginary journeys through the future which Dr. Draper helps us to take, and which he lights up with vivid distinctness.

Whatever the solution of the precise causes, physical or metaphysical, that built up antagonistic ideas and antagonistic systems in the North and the South, Dr. Draper's appreciation of the essence of those distinctions — of the political complications they drew on, of the passions and convictions

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they engendered, and of the characters they called out into prominence — cannot be too highly praised. He has a fine, sympathetic imagination, which enables him to throw himself into the situation and feelings of either party in the great controversy. He sums up, with rare fairness, the honest complaints brought by the one against the other, and comprehends why they were felt to be honest. He helps to make the belligerent sections understand, and so both pity and respect, one another. We anticipate great pleasure and profit in going on with him through the scenes of the war, and heartily commend his first volume to the reading public.

Art. VI. — ON SOME RESULTS OF THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM, ESPECIALLY IN OUR COUNTRY PARISHES.

We of this generation are apt to look back, with a certain admiring envy, to the condition of things ecclesiastical half a century ago, when a parish settlement was a life-tenure; when the minister's modest stipend was a pretty certain life-annuity, and the parsonage a secure homestead; when the congregation was made up of the friends of one's youth and the companions of his children; when a ministerial association was a life-long friendship; when the minister's name and memory made the one most sure and permanent thing that marked the character of the town, and his position — farther removed, it is true, from wealth than from poverty — had yet attraction enough to be the goal of ambition, and the honorable reward of merit for a long succession of men of the best scholarship that the country was then able to furnish.

We have heard a great deal of natural lamentation and regret at the passing away of this state of things; and we have consoled ourselves, as best we could, partly by reflecting on the causes that made it inevitable, and partly by considerations of the immense gain, intellectual and moral, which the community has made in other directions. But, while the statements usually made on this subject have contained

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the truth, they seem also to have hidden it in part. And there are some things regarding it, which it appears very desirable to put into a clearer light.

In the first place, we generally fail to see fairly the secular and political character of the New-England parish of half a century ago. Any one, it is true, well read in history or taught by experience, was aware of the fact; but the arguments we have oftenest heard kept the fact out of sight, and ran in another line of observation. In particular, the great visible prosperity of religious institutions in New England, and the great influence they have had in shaping the character and guiding the culture of our community, have constantly been quoted as triumphs of the Voluntary principle; and, on the ground of them, comparisons have constantly been drawn, to the disadvantage of the Anglican, the Roman, and other secularized State Churches. But this view might have been dispelled, not only by an hour's study of the first colonial annals, of a time when Church was more closely identified with State than ever perhaps anywhere, unless among the pilgrim colonists who rebuilt Jerusalem from the Babylonian exile; not only from the later colonial history, with its accounts of the banishment of Quakers or Baptists, and its persecutions of witchcraft, that faith might be defended in its purity by the State, — but by a moment's consideration of the tenure by which every New-England minister of fifty years ago held his office. It was an elective office, and to that extent voluntary and republican. But it was created by the same constituency, and sustained by the same funds, that provided for highways, schools, and constables. It was neither more nor less voluntary than either of these indispensable secular institutions. What gave it the appearance of a purely voluntary system, was simply that degree of homogeneousness, sobriety, and neighborly feeling, which made it possible; nay, that very absence of strong individual conviction, that preference of secular to religious considerations, that worldly, practical, and common-sense habit of mind, so strongly characteristic of our New-England country population, unless when its latent beliefs are challenged and pro-

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voked. It was in one sense voluntary; because there was, as yet, no open refusal, and no powerful protest. It was voluntary, in the same sense as the Catholic Church of the Middle Age was voluntary, when it embodied the only methods of culture and the only sentiment of unity known to a feudal time; as the English Church was voluntary, when it embodied and symbolized the national pride and strength in the deadly conflict against the aggressions of Rome. Its title was as good as those; but theoretically no better, except from the more uniform type of character, and the greater simplicity of doctrinal belief it represented. As regarded the individual citizen or the individual dissenter, it was as far as either of its predecessors in ecclesiastical history from making the claims or assuming the merit of a voluntary character, which a moment's examination must have dispelled.

Accordingly, when we consider the changes that time has brought about, and the degradation of the ancient Parish with its fifty-years' ministry, to the modern Society with its average of five-years' service, — we ought first of all, if we can, to fix our mind on some definite point which marks the moment of visible transition from the old order of things to the new, — which marks when the old order was no longer possible under the changed condition of the public mind; when the diversities of interest and discrepancies of opinion made it inevitable that an institution should give way, which had been at the very heart of all that was strongest, wisest, and noblest in the ancient Commonwealth.

Now, we find such a moment of transition in a phrase familiar enough to our boyhood, but which we do not remember ever to have seen employed in the discussions of this subject; namely, the abolition of the Third Article of the Bill of Rights, in the Constitution of Massachusetts, in 1833. That year definitely marks the passing away of the old dispensation and the beginning of the new. In order to show how radical was the change then made in the direction of religious liberty, and how strictly it may be regarded as the introduction of the voluntary system, we copy the following phrases from the original Bill of Rights, which embodied the

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political theory and experience of the Commonwealth down to the period of the Revolution: —

"The Legislature shall, from time to time, authorize *and require* the several Towns, Parishes, Precincts, and other Bodies Politic or Religious Societies, to make suitable provision, at their own expense, for the institution of the public worship of God, and for the support and maintenance of public Protestant teachers of piety, religion, and morality, in all cases where such provision shall not be made voluntarily.

"And the people of this Commonwealth have also a right to, and do, invest their Legislature with authority *to enjoin upon all the subjects an attendance* upon the instructions of the public teachers aforesaid, at stated times and seasons, if there be any on whose instructions they can conscientiously and conveniently attend.

"*Provided, notwithstanding*, That the several Towns, Parishes, Precincts, and other Bodies Politic or Religious Societies, shall at all times have the exclusive right of electing their public teachers, and of contracting with them for their support and maintenance."

Thus, as we see, the parish minister was a civil officer of the State, appointed by the primary source of political power, or free popular election; maintained from the same public fund with all the secular institutions of the State, and holding office by a tenure whose permanence and dignity were shared by the Judiciary alone, — since at once custom and common law made it a life-tenure, to be abolished only on trial and conviction of unfitness, before a peculiarly constituted ecclesiastical court. We have drifted, in a single generation, so far from this condition of things, that it is necessary thus to recite the simplest facts of it, if we would understand the position of the New-England country minister of fifty years ago. It was an office in the State, standing, in point of dignity, wholly apart from every other. It constituted a permanent order of about two hundred men; claiming, on the average, a far higher education and wider social experience than any other in the rural communities. By culture, habit of thought, community of interest, professional sympathy, and permanence of position, they made up a political estate nearly as peculiar, and fully as powerful in its way,

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as an order of nobility in Europe. It included, at one time, even immunity from taxation, with its necessary counterpart in a republic, of a virtual if not legal disfranchisement. Even to this day, a country minister of the old school will abstain from voting on town matters; and it was a common thing once to have no direct voice in State or national elections, however positive the views and however weighty the influence they might bring to bear in political controversies. That the immense social preponderance given to this class of men was regarded with so little jealousy on the whole, and was so rarely abused, was due partly to its dependence on public opinion and popular election in the last resort; partly to the instincts of an order keenly sensitive to the conditions of its own existence; partly to the moderation and practical sense characteristic of the community at large, fortified by the constant intimate neighborly relations brought about with all sorts and conditions of men.

Such was the purely secular and political basis of the elder New-England parish ministry. We have besides to consider the actual work required of it. This was very far from being that special, peculiar, and narrow professional line of service by which a preacher's duties are now defined, and very far from requiring a corresponding eminence in particular (so called) professional gifts. The very fact that it rested on a political republican foundation, and was maintained by the average sense and conscience of the community at large, kept it from being the representative of any one idea or interest, or any one circle of ideas and interests, however precious and sacred. It was an office to which a man of strongly marked character would of course give his own stamp, which a man of eminent gifts would make the field to exercise those gifts; but it was also an office which any modest, respectable, and faithful man could fill with honor and success. Its duties were very miscellaneous, and many of them purely secular: reminding us of what Guizot says of the duties of the Catholic clergy in the early centuries,— of St. Hilary, who "received at rising whoever wished to speak with him, heard complaints, settled disputes, and was

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in short a justice of the peace; who worked with his own hands, carding wool for the poor, or cultivating his glebe, and continued his pious toils till quite worn down with sickness and old age;" or of St. Lupus, "of austerer manners and industry less varied, strict of morals and assiduous in devotion, who did his work more by force of character than by detail of service, and was a patron and defender of the culture which stood in so great danger of perishing."—"It was through such lives and labors," he adds, "that Christianity became a practical thing, instead of a scientific or speculative reform." A similar service was done by this institution, in the early period of our history, in setting a man of liberal education in every country town, charged with all its higher intellectual and spiritual interests. But, besides these, it had daily, homely, practical, secular tasks, which gave it a position of dignity and usefulness not inferior to any form in which the Christian ministry has ever been held.

All this rested, as we have seen, not on the voluntary consent of each particular constituency, but on the political constitution of the State. How complete a change in the theory of our religious bodies was effected when the purely voluntary system was adopted, could hardly be seen at first, and is even now concealed from many by the habits and opinions that grew up before the change was made. Even now the minister is probably *ex-officio* member of the school committee, and is looked to first as the agent of a needed charity, or as the spokesman on a town occasion: though all these offices are what he shares with others, perhaps under the direction and control of others; and in them all he is watched and criticised freely, if not jealously,—his shortcomings but scantly covered by his cloth. It may be, too, that his costume and his manner are far more secular than two generations ago; while his work is narrowed and specialized, and far more exclusively ecclesiastical. The work may be as good a work, and as faithfully done: the life may be even more strictly devoted to the moral and religious interests of the community. But the profession, and the

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institution it represents, has lost not only the permanence that characterized it once, but the steadiness given it by its strong foundation in polity and law.

The change here indicated is shown in the Eleventh Amendment to our State Constitution, ratified in November, 1833, as a substitute for the Third Article of the Bill of Rights, which establishes the Voluntary system, in the following words: —

"The several Religious Societies of this Commonwealth shall have the right to elect their pastors or religious teachers, to contract with them for their support, to raise money for erecting and repairing houses for public worship, for the maintenance of religious instruction, and for the payment of necessary expenses; and all persons belonging to any religious society shall be taken and held to be members, until they shall file with the clerk of such society a written notice, declaring the dissolution of their membership, and thenceforth shall not be liable for any grant or contract which may be thereafter made or entered into by such society." *

The change thus made, as many will remember, was claimed as a triumph of party Democracy over that ancient Federal dispensation, so long identified with the policy of Massachusetts, and so stanchly supported by the great body of its clergy; and the abolition of the Third Article was boasted in the same breath that shouted the downfall of the United-States Bank and the glories of the Jackson Administration. Its results have abundantly justified, on one hand, all the remonstrances and predictions of those who zealously opposed it; but, on the other hand, it was part of a series of changes made inevitable by the diversities in population and interest, the widening differences of creed, and the progress of a theoretical republicanism. It is not a change to look back on with idle regret or unavailing protest; but, at least, it is

* It was in 1820, we believe, that legal sanction was given to a practice that had already come to be tacitly allowed; viz., of setting off, to societies *other than Congregational*, the portion of the parish-tax assessed on those (such as Baptists) who dissented from the Congregational order.

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one to be accepted, studied, and understood in all its gravity. We have but a single generation in which to look back on the working of a perfectly voluntary church order, independent of State authority: scarcely even that, since a large percentage of ministers still remain ordained under the old condition of things, whose legal rights date from before the change; besides that custom and feeling are far more slow to change than law.* And, indeed, the change can hardly be said to have been understood or accepted in its completeness, until, in the famous Hollis-street controversy, Mr. Pierpont tested and ascertained before the courts the nature of his legal rights, according to the terms of his settlement; since which time the theory of the voluntary system has been carried out, by usually providing, in the contract of settlement, that it may be dissolved on a few months' notice given by either party of a desire to terminate it. Thus the last vestige of State support is taken from an institution which can now claim only the support of personal good-will and reverent feeling and harmony of view between minister and people.

If we look now to the results, we shall see them first in the limiting and specializing of the function of the ministry. Its relations are no longer with "Towns, Parishes, Precincts, or other Bodies Politic," as of old; but purely with those voluntary associations of individuals called "Religious Societies." In a limited way, the "First Congregational Society" in a country town is usually the residuary legatee of the ancient parish, — so far as there may be claims of charity, or religious offices (as at funerals), for which there is nowhere else in particular to look. But these thin lines of identity grow fainter and fainter with every year. The religious society is subject more and more to the conditions of a purely voluntary association. As affecting the body of its members, the change we speak of makes more and more difficult the con-

* We have in mind one instance, in which a country minister is just closing his fifty-first year of service — deducting only a single two-years' interval — as chairman of the school committee in the town where he was first settled; and, at the last election, received every vote that was cast. But such cases are becoming rare.

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ditions of financial stability and success. As affecting the minister, it makes more and more indispensable those personal qualities, those specially "ministerial" attributes, of which no man can be quite assured till he has proved them; and multiplies tenfold the anxieties and uncertainties of a professional career.* It is scarcely possible for any man, however excellent his gifts or flattering his success in any given place, to look forward, with any confidence of anticipation, to the calm decline, the evening of a well-spent day, the affection, honor, and peace, which in the earlier time made the legitimate and expected close of a life-long ministry. We need not dwell on what is apt to be a very painful aspect of this matter, but only point to its natural result, in the fact so often told in the words, — that there is no parish but considers its pastorate more or less an open question from year to year, and no minister but considers himself a candidate for any vacant place that may offer as good as that he occupies. At any rate, if it should offer and he decline, he has no reason to count on any like scruple or fidelity on the part of his people, in case the question of his stay should happen the next month or the next year to be an open one. We know, and are heartily glad to know, of cases where it is otherwise; but what we have said undeniably represents the average, at least the frequent, if not the prevailing, fact of the case. The vice of office-hunting, with the base political maxims it has brought forth, and the clamor for rotation which attends it, has produced a style of language and a way of thinking, that have crept in, in many places, to degrade the ancient honor of the relation between minister and people.

The change we speak of is signified to the eye, too, in another way. Fifty years ago, no such things as "churches"

* As we take up a religious newspaper, the first paragraph that meets our eye is the following: "When a vacant parish is seeking for a man, the last question is about his piety. Is he eloquent and scholarly, and on the right wing in theology? Will he draw a full house, and help pay off the parish debt? And in some places it is getting to be an important question, Is he good-looking and genteel and young?" This but slightly exaggerates or caricatures a state of things to which many witnesses could testify.

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were known in our New-England country architecture. Each town had its own "meeting-house," for purposes alike religious and secular, — a perfect symbol of the state of things before described. It might be open on Sunday for religious worship, on Monday for town elections, on Tuesday for some civic celebration, on Wednesday for a funeral (never for a wedding), on Thursday for a popular lecture (if such things were heard of), and regularly, several times a year, on Friday for the "preparatory lecture." It was the one municipal hall, the one weekly exchange. It was very plain in architecture, and, if it cost ten or twelve thousand dollars, was reckoned a proud monument of the town's liberality and wealth. Now, in place of it, we shall probably find as many as three "churches," of as many rival sects, ranging in cost from five to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars; and a handsome town-hall besides, costing considerably more than all of them put together. The church is the mark of separation and division; the real unity, the common sentiment, the local ambition and pride, are represented in what is purely secular, — the hall, the schoolhouse, and the town-cemetery. In some points the change is very winning and attractive: it shows a great advance in prosperity, comfort, intelligence, and the arts of life; but it shows, too, a disjointing of the old religious structure, — a failure of church institutions to meet and keep pace with the altered conditions of society, which invites the most serious reflection. Piety is as abundant, as earnest, as generous as in the elder time, perhaps more so; but somehow it has got separated from the broad daily life and the recognized public interests of men, and is forced to occupy a field apart, to rest on a separate foundation, and attempt a peculiar work. Sectarian rivalry, while obliged to play on a narrower basis, is incessantly multiplying the costs of our religious institutions; while, by a natural result of the voluntary system, the burden thus increased has gradually to be borne by fewer and fewer hands. No simpler or more effectual way could have been taken to undermine the strength of religious societies, than that made in the provision just quoted from our amended constitution, — that any person,

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filing with the clerk of a religious society a notice of his withdrawal, becomes, by that act, free from all further obligation for its support. The provision, we shall all doubtless grant, was necessary and right; but our religious organizations are as yet very far from having adjusted themselves to the change it set on foot. A town of say two hundred families, fifty years ago, was taxed equitably and lightly for the maintenance of its one religious society. Now, with a population fifty per cent greater, and wealth more than doubled, it is for all church purposes far poorer than before.* With its three or four sectarian societies, with a considerable number of Irish Catholics or Canadian French, with its widening circle of "Spiritualists," it contains a larger and larger proportion of those who own no connection with any religious organization whatever. We do not speak here of cities, where the "unchurched" condition of the majority has long been a matter of deep concern, but of the country towns. In one of twelve hundred inhabitants, we were lately told that seven hundred, or more than half, were thus unchurched. In another about as large, a very shrewd observer reckoned that every other family might be fairly counted in the same way. Some slender hold a part of these may still keep, on one or another of the religious societies. But any difference of policy arising in a parish meeting, any personal dislike or momentary irritation felt against the preacher, even an affront taken or fancied from one of the parish committee, is a temptation to cut that slender tie, and aggravate the chronic financial weakness. Or a man may do it from bare or base economy. It is still the custom in most country parishes — and one they give up slowly and reluctantly — to assess their

* For example, in one interior town in Massachusetts, of less than a thousand inhabitants, there are five religious societies of rival sects, each with its little church spire, grouped as if in a tented field. All of them, as may be supposed, have to maintain a hand-to-hand struggle for existence; one of them with the trifling advantage of a moderate parish fund. As the theory of Darwin teaches us, this must prevail in the long-run against all the others; and, by the law of "natural selection," such churches as survive the present transition period will most likely be those provided with this indispensable organ of assimilation.

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annual expenses on the entire property of their members, according to the town-assessor's books. This was right and wise when all inhabitants of the town were taxed under an equal law; it is right and wise still, where there is enough good feeling to be counted on, to make every man willing and desirous to bear his equal share. But presently the act of "signing off" comes to have no particular discredit; and the case may be — we have been told of such — that a man of ample means, perhaps the most considerable in the parish, and the owner, it may be, of several pews, which he holds and rents (if he can) as part of his real estate, will for some private whim take his name from the treasurer's books, and for years contribute nothing whatever to the necessary costs, — his family maintaining their place in the congregation all the while. Only a very strong and united public feeling on this point can prevent a large proportion of the wealth in the community from passing out of the reach of all religious uses; indeed, we hazard nothing in saying, that the tendency is fast increasing. And this cause, added to sectarian divisions and an increasing laxity of religious belief, is undermining the strength of our country parishes more than we are willing to admit. It is kept in check, to a degree, by a prevailing sentiment which makes it reputable and desirable for a man to be associated with some religious body. But that this sentiment is greatly weakening, is apparent wherever there is any considerable movement of population, — as in some of our suburban towns; and we can hardly look to find it as strong a few years hence as the habit of ancient reverence has made it hitherto. While it lasts, it is but a temporary check, or barrier, that prevents the legitimate results of the voluntary system from being seen.

In short, the financial condition of very many of our country parishes — we might say nearly all, except where there is the security of a parish fund * — is a hand-to-mouth endeavor

* We might also except those country towns, fairly prosperous, of two or three thousand inhabitants, with a well-defined centre of population, many of which have adjusted themselves pretty successfully to the present condition of things, — at least for *one* of their several churches.

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to meet the exigencies of each year as it comes, with little or no confident hold on that which is beyond. The generosity and the success with which the emergency is generally met are a most honorable testimony to the convictions and spirit of the community; but they do not alter or disprove the fact. Hence, naturally and inevitably, those two symptoms which have been most lamented, — the insufficient pay of ministerial service, and the short tenure of office that accompanies it. As to the first, the complaints made about it seem sometimes unworthy and unmanly: most societies mean liberally, and the sum they give is a pretty fair measure of their corporate ability. To attempt much more, might risk what they can do now. The law which regulates work and wages is an economical and not a moral law. Its workings are very intricate, and often absurdly cruel and unjust; but we can never deal sensibly with the fact till we understand the previous conditions, and we can never expect to find it regulated by considerations of sentiment or abstract justice. And as to brevity of office, it is not easy to see how it can be avoided, even if that were sincerely wished by either party, while there is so strong a craving for what is fresh and new, and so strong a need of not offending anybody. Both sides probably prefer the liberty to change, if they would honestly say so. Great and evident as the disadvantage is of these brief and broken ministries, it is likely that they will continue to grow shorter instead of longer, for a good while to come. The tendency is to make appointments for an avowedly brief term, — a year or five years, a month or six months. A certain country congregation, within (we believe) the last half-dozen years, has listened to between a hundred and thirty and a hundred and fifty different preachers; the congregation did not dwindle, and they rather appeared to like it. An unsettled year or two is sometimes found the best means of healing old parish divisions, and the best opportunity of winning back old losses. And, for the want thus developed, the time furnishes its own supply. On our own Congregational Year-Book there are in the list of ministers a hundred and forty-three

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names of those unsettled,* of whom a large proportion, we are told, desire no settlement. In fact, an itinerant ministry is fast becoming a recognized department of the profession; and it may consist with more personal comfort, stability, and independence than the average present tenure of parish settlements. And we do not see why this sort of relation — widely as it differs from our ideal or our desire — should not become a good deal more common. No doubt it destroys almost the last vestige of the relation that was once so close, so honorable, and so dear. But it meets the most obvious needs developed under the voluntary system we have accepted: it provides a place and work for many men as preachers who have neither taste nor fitness for the routine of pastoral service; it does something, also, to give the needed freshness and vigor to pulpit ministrations, and the needed variety of religious impression which the various minds of a congregation may demand. All this it may well do, while yet it undermines the institution that brought it into being, and makes its very existence, in the long-run, seem quite doubtful.

We need not dwell much on the various attempts made to meet the financial condition of things. Whether pews shall be owned and taxed like any other property, — probably the most solid and business-like substitute for the ancient order; or whether seats shall be rented and held from year to year, — offering so handsome a premium on the personal popularity of the preacher; or whether we shall accept the voluntary system, pure and simple, with no more elaborate machinery than the subscription-paper and the contribution-box, — may very well be left to the practical judgment of those most nearly concerned. The last is certainly most captivating to the fancy, and most in harmony with the theory we accept. It is undoubtedly most free from theoretical objection, until we come face to face with the need of raising a stated annual

* In a total of three hundred and seventy. Many of those marked as unsettled are either infirm through age or engaged in other stated occupations; but the larger part are, at least occasionally, employed in preaching.

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revenue. If the current expenses are little or nothing, or if the preacher can afford, in good faith, to accept what may be voluntarily raised, — that is, to dispense with a fixed salary, — it is then the purest, the best, the only desirable way. But if a given revenue must be raised at all events, then the more equitably it is assessed, and the more certainly it is exacted, the better for all concerned; then the purely voluntary system breaks down into more financial weakness, more uncertainty, more private heartburning, than any other. Fixed incomes from voluntary gifts are a confusion in terms; and the church most successful and united, on that pecuniary basis, secures its theoretical purity on two conditions, — that it contains a few men able and resolved to make its ends meet, financially, from year to year; and that its term of existence lasts or perishes with the personal popularity of its preacher. There is no system in which he is so absolutely dependent on the personal good-will of two or three.

In saying this, we admit, not only the necessity, but the many and noble benefits which belong to the voluntary system. It has broken up a stiffening crust of formality. It has laid the axe at the root of ecclesiastical bigotry. It has greatly promoted honest independence of thinking, and general intelligence. It has kindled a genuine interest and enthusiasm in good works, on a scale unknown before; and called forth an astonishing amount of effort and sacrifice. Besides, by the very challenge it offers to faithful men, by the threat of deprivations and poverty and professional failure, if one should cross the interest or offend the prejudice of his hearers, it has developed in many an instance as pure a moral heroism as our time has known. The real nobility of conscience, the true courage of faith, can never be known under the shelter of an establishment, as it is when the champion of righteousness fights in the open field, outside all such defences. In an age of widening intelligence, of changing opinion, of political excitements and social movements on the scale that we have seen, no other system could possibly have represented so well the Christian thought of our time, or done it so much honor. Certainly, no other would have been

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possible, under the general condition of things we have described.

But we wish it to be distinctly seen where the voluntary system fails, — and fails just in proportion to the purity and thoroughness with which it has been carried out. It fails, and it must always fail, in building up an institution, — whether of government, of society, or of religion. Whatever advantage mankind have found in institutions, whatever protection of property, whatever security of order, whatever comfort of belief, has come from waiving the fascinating theory of a pure personal independence, and submitting to regulation and restraint. We do not tax men for what they want themselves, but for what the public wants. We tax the wealthy for our almshouses, the virtuous for our courts and jails; and so we tax the ignorant for our schools, the thieves and swindlers (if we can get at them) for the means of their own arrest and punishment. Just so our fathers taxed heretics and unbelievers to support the institutions of Christian piety, and thought they did it on as equitable grounds. Republicanism in politics is not voluntaryism: so far from it, stanch republicans are urging at this hour the need of military dominion over all the South. In social life it is not the sentiment of free love, it is the legal sanction of the family tie, that creates the civilized home. In education we do not trust to the pure love of learning among our children, but pass our "truant-laws," and send a policeman to compel them to come in. We are not entitled yet to say that organized Christianity can dispense with the same support. The voluntary system has been tried in our New-England country towns; tried but imperfectly and in part; tried under a thousand helping influences of old association; tried in a community unusually sober, intelligent, and self-restrained; tried for only a single generation: and already, as we have seen, it has gone far to undermine the institutions fortified by two centuries of custom, sacred and unchallenged, and to render their future extremely doubtful. The process of disintegration is steadily going on. The multitude of petty sects are grinding one another to atoms, not only logi-

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cally, but also financially. What started in religious fervor or passion or pique will scarcely command the personal sacrifice of a second generation to keep it going. Doctrinal dissension, sectarian division, the attacks of reformers, and "aggressive radicalism," assail it outwardly; spiritualism, sentimentalism, freedom of criticism, are a powerful solvent working from within. The outward and visible institution of the New-England church has too vigorous a life, and has struck too many roots into the soil, to perish yet for many a day. But its strength is undermined, its existence is threatened, in so many ways, that the question comes, imminent and practical, how it shall adapt itself to the ever more difficult conditions under which it must exist hereafter.

It is one of the natural results of the change we have been describing, that the ancient sense of loyalty to the church, or to the parish, as such, has become comparatively rare. Once, it was a point of professional honor for a man to postpone his own interest to the interest of the parish, just as it is the point of honor in every privileged order to sacrifice one's self at need to the welfare of his order. Now, there is little in the ministerial relation to call forth or reward or justify any such motive in the eye of the world. The personal interest, the individual conscience, the private sense of duty, rules. And, with many men, these go in a line directly opposed to the life of the institution with which he deals, — a line necessarily fatal to it in the long-run. Sometimes there seems a strange blindness in their method. What is it that brings a listening congregation together, week after week? Not, generally, the personal attraction of the preacher; still less any interest or care in the abstract for what he may have to offer. The motive that brings them is a motive they could not easily define themselves: it is a charm or spell, so to speak, acting below the plane of their consciousness; the charm once broken can never be restored. It has been kept so long, one scarce knows how: it makes the preacher's one grand privilege, his one peculiar opportunity. It is a sort of suicide, when, by his own act, he does any thing to undermine or weaken it; a serious misfortune, when, by compulsion of

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circumstances or hope of higher reward, he is led to forsake the task of ministering to it.

We speak only of the decay of an outward institution, not of the spirit that created and still upholds it. As to this, we are glad to believe that it is as earnest, as generous, and as strong as ever. Our people have proved their capacity of labor, co-operation, and self-sacrifice for any object that seems to them truly worthy; and we cannot doubt that the same capacity will manifest itself in the future, though it may not work in exactly the old channels. Thinking of the church as a visible organization, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that the present forms of it, in so great a multiplying of petty sects, must give way, within some time not very remote, to some different dispensation. The division will probably go on, — sometimes under the inspiration of sectarian bigotry, sometimes by pressure of personal rivalries or financial burdens, — till the old dogmatic systems are thoroughly ground to powder, and something can be shaped out to represent the general conscience, piety, and sense of brotherhood, in keeping with the ideas and feelings of another time. Thorough trituration and complete solution must take place before the new crystallization can be had. As fifty years may be taken, roughly, for the period through which the change we speak of has been coming into effect, so it has sometimes seemed no impossible dream, that another fifty years may complete its work, in inaugurating a nobler church of the future, free of the old dogmatic limitations, on the pure basis of the educated conscience, enlightened humanity, and the religious life. There will always be room and need of an education of heart, conscience, and religious faith; always the principles of the ideal divine life will need to be interpreted, and brought home to the daily experience of men; and always the highest uses of sacred art will be found in the ministering to human affections, sympathies, and daily needs. Just in proportion as the institutions, so long cherished, crumble and fade, it is our conviction that some thing will grow up to take their place, — to represent the growing intelligence, the sense of unity, the corporate spirit, the true municipal life

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of our country towns, better than is any longer possible for them.

But in the mean time we must take advantage of the actual state of things, and do our best with the existing opportunity. In many cases, the process of disintegration has gone on quite long enough, and it is time to begin to re-unite. Where parishes are already too small and weak, two or three may be united in a circuit, and so offer a wider field for the nobler and more satisfactory service of some sufficient man. It is common to say, there are not men enough for the Christian ministry. It is more probable, if we take into account the multiplicity of sects, that there are far too many. A multiplicity of ecclesiastics is not a good or wholesome sign of the religious life in a community; and all the more because the function of our churches is divided and specialized, and separated more widely from the average thought and daily interests of the community. It is neither pleasant nor dignified nor useful to have three or four ill-paid laborers, at short and uncertain terms of service, to do the work which would decently recompense and fully employ and by no means overburden one. Half a man's work, with half a man's pay, are the terms which most of our parishes offer to their candidates. Some method we must find to fill the heart and give full employment to the hand, and check the small ills and scandals that grow from dividing among three men the task of one.

A large part of what we have said does not apply to the voluntary system in cities, where its best success is claimed, and where its results are far more attractive to the eye. Where wealth gathers largely; where the corporate feeling, the gregarious temper, the habit of association, the facility of organizing, and the spirit of rivalry, are strong; where handsome and rich rewards can be offered to successful talent in any line, — there the institution, to judge by all obvious signs, is easily sustained. It is only when we come to compare it with the true idea of the Christian Church, as embracing every condition and every spiritual interest of humanity, that we see where the failure lies. Let it not be said that it lies in the very nature of things under a free government, and in

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the structure of modern society itself. The noblest and costliest church edifices in all our great cities are open equally to rich and poor: with the stateliest form of service, the most elaborate symbols of devotion, music the most expensive and exquisitely trained, it is all open, free of cost, to whoever will come and share; at a cost almost insignificant to those who require personal comfort and ease in listening. The reason is, that the Roman Church, which sustains these splendid edifices and this sumptuous worship, represents, not a sentiment, but a polity. It is a spiritual government, an established order, which assumes its right, with every government, to exact its own revenues according to its own theory of its claim. We may dislike the method, and reject the doctrine, and pity the superstition which suffers it to exist. What we cannot fail to see is, that it fulfils at least one condition of a true Church, which, under our Protestant dispensation, is fast becoming, not only impossible, but scarce even an object of desire or aim. A successful Protestant city church (as success in such matters is often reckoned) is simply a very costly machinery for securing a certain line of personal culture, or a certain amount of the personal luxury and delight of religious art. We do not condemn it for being only that. If a rich man has paid five thousand dollars for a single evening's entertainment or ten thousand for the horse he drives, he is not to be blamed for seeking his Sunday luxuries on a corresponding scale of expense. After all, his church will probably cost him only half as much as his tobacco or his club. What we object to is calling this thing Christianity. At best, it is only an ornament, or a help. The error — we are moved to call it the guilt — consists in assuming, that this pomp and luxury of worship really represents the idea of the Christian Church, or discharges the function of religion in the community. These handsome parlor churches, costing from fifty to five hundred thousand dollars; these tasteful services, involving an annual outlay of five to fifteen thousand more; these aisles so richly carpeted, and these pews so sumptuously furnished, that, for their delicateness and their tenderness, no poor man's foot can adventure itself

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upon them, — it is mere mockery to call these the fruits and offerings of Christian piety. They affect us like the luxuries of rich men's parlors and the delicacies of their tables, which we share, perhaps, glad of their hospitality, admiring their taste, not envying their lot or repining at our own. They are good as fruits of a high refinement, as signs of something better than mere worldly aspiration and aim, as efforts after a purer happiness and a finer culture than secular ambitions and prosperities have brought, — the fairest flower of our civilization. But at best they secure for a few individuals — and those the most privileged, cultured, and refined of all — something of that privilege which it is the aim of religion to bestow equally on all. Existing side by side with unchurched masses, — the ignorant, the profligate, the wretched, for whom a bare chapel-wall and a charity-gospel are offered at the best, or a jail and hospital and almshouse at the worst, — they are at once the most gorgeous and the most painful proofs, that the voluntary system has failed to do its work.

That work will be done, we think, not by any great further multiplication of societies of the present type, — though that is the only way in which the matter presents itself to many persons, and though these organizations have still their precious and indispensable office to fulfil; but by something more like those spontaneous associations of piety, charity, and fellowship, or for more direct objects of instruction and reform, which are coming into existence with every year. We say "spontaneous," though in almost every instance, we believe, they grow directly out of the efforts, and are directed by the action, of persons actively and earnestly interested in our existing churches. But, in their essential features, they are shaped, not by old traditions, but by present needs. In particular, it is a basis of lay fellowship and action they are founded on, and one which utterly discards and ignores (in proportion as it is true to itself) all idea of sectarian association and exclusion of creed. The groundwork is not theological, but spiritual. The work is not the work of sentiment or religious culture; but definite, external Christian work, to be done precisely where there is most need of it. It requires

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no funds to be raised for the support of a visible institution or a particular profession; but only for the direct obvious needs of the actual task in hand.* In proportion as this style of association is carried out, it will very much widen the range of religious action and efficiency, putting more and more of it in the hands of responsible committees of conscientious men and women, and dispelling the harmful delusion, that it is in any special sense "professional" work. It will not abolish or supersede the work of the Christian pulpit, or of a class of men who shall be the trained, devout, eloquent expounders of religious truth. But it seems probable, that, in course of time, it will greatly limit and specialize the function of the pulpit, and take more and more of its work from the hands of the ministry. Its office and use are more obvious in cities, where the first experiments have been made so hopefully. But if our ideal of a "working parish" should ever be realized, with something of the straightforward energy and efficiency that marked our great national charities during the war, it is easy to anticipate, that one thoroughly devoted and able man could do more real service, in inspiring and directing such a work over a whole State or country, than is now done by the harassed and fettered ministry of a dozen of our country parishes.

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* A very interesting illustration of all that is here said will be found in "A Sermon preached by E. E. Hale, with the Reports of the Christian Unity from its Beginning" (Boston, 1866). We understand that a church is about organizing under similar auspices in a neighboring city, on the basis of a purely lay administration, with no provision for a stated ministry at all. Such were the churches founded of old at Corinth and Ephesus and Antioch. Of the "Christian Unity" Mr. Hale says, "Seventy families are united together in this mutual organization. They are united to help each other in any want of body, soul, and mind; and they ask help, they say, as readily as they offer it. As an organization, they undertake the work of a minister at large: they visit the suffering, they nurse the sick, they feed the hungry, they clothe the freezing. They maintain a Sunday school, a singing school, a regular Sunday service, a sewing society, a weekly meeting for religious conference, and a well-adjusted system of ministration to the sick. Connected with them is their Young Men's Improvement Society, — uniting, perhaps, fifty young men in the exercises of body, soul, and spirit, which I have described. Connected with the Sunday school, again, is a Temperance Society of the children" (p. 11).

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And there is one more thought connected with this matter, for whose illustration we trust there will be only a single generation longer to wait. The ancient ecclesiastical system of New England rested on the conviction avowed in the Charter of Political Rights, that "the happiness of a people, and the good order and preservation of a government, essentially depend upon piety, religion, and morality." But the method provided to meet this want was an organization avowedly "Protestant," really dogmatic and sectarian. In the course of time, it was inevitable that it should pass away. But meanwhile a system of public education has been growing up under State auspices, on a basis purely secular and unsectarian, — very defective in method and aim as yet, but fast developing into great thoroughness and perfection in its kind. In it the State asserts the right and duty of educating every child, and of offering instruction to every ignorant grown-up person. It asserts the right and duty, at need, of compelling all to pay and all to learn. The system is even more important, perhaps, as a means of moral discipline, than as a means of intellectual improvement. As public intelligence gains ground, and the old doctrinal beliefs are more completely outgrown, there will come about, more and more, a tacit harmony of view as to those principles of piety and morality which must lie at the foundation of a true commonwealth; and with it an experience of the need, that they should be tenderly, constantly, effectually taught. The sophistical nonsense of political theorists, teaching that the State has nothing to do with character, will be discarded as soon as the true scientific basis of the formation of character comes to be understood. Instruction and charity and prison discipline are already adopted into our politics; and so it must come to be with the essential foundations of morality. In this way, and with a consent more intelligent, more harmonious, and far more permanent than was possible before, we look to see the State re-assert those functions which most nearly ally it with the Church, and frankly assume the task of providing for the spiritual health of all its children.

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Art. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

The volume by Rev. Dr. Stowe, on the "Books of the Bible," * is one of that useful class which make the results of scholarship accessible to the mass of the community. To prepare such a book is an undertaking having its peculiar difficulties. A middle way must be found between the extremes of the abstruse and the superficial; and the style, while it must not have the close, unornamented aspect of a theological treatise, must be guarded with equal care against the looseness of mere declamation. In this difficult task Dr. Stowe has succeeded, — if not as well as Stanley in his book on the Jewish Church, yet to a creditable extent. The volume begins with a view of Popular Objections to the Bible; then speaks of the Evidence to the Books of the New Testament; and describes some of the most ancient manuscripts in an interesting manner, making the description clear by fac-simile illustrations. The fourth chapter gives brief biographies of one hundred of the ancient Fathers and other early witnesses. This is followed by the Testimony for the Historical Books, and particularly the Gospels. These are then compared with the Apocryphal Gospels, from which copious extracts are made. Then follows a chapter on the Biographies of Jesus, or works on the Gospel history, by Strauss, Weisse, Gfrörer, Bruno Bauer, F. C. Baur, Renan, and Schenkel. The remaining Books of the New Testament are considered, and the evidence for them presented, in the four succeeding chapters; the Acts, the Catholic Epistles, and Revelation being compared with apocryphal writings claiming similar character. Then follow a comparison of the Prophets of the Bible with the Heathen Oracles, and an account of the Apocryphal Books of the Old Testament. This last chapter is connected in subject with the portion of the work, still in preparation, on the Old Testament; but is inserted here chiefly to equalize the size of the volumes.

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* Origin and History of the Books of the Bible, both the Canonical and the Apocryphal, designed to show what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it. By Professor C. E. Stowe, D.D. (The New Testament.) Illustrated. Published by subscription only, by Hartford Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn., 1867. 8vo, pp. 588.

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There is much in this extended view of the evidence for the New Testament books that is interesting and important; and perhaps it is all that, from Professor Stowe's point of view, could properly be brought before his readers. Still the plan seems to promise, in some respects, more than is performed; more, probably, than Professor Stowe would think expedient or even safe to perform. It is, indeed, a grave question for a conscientious scholar, how far he should mention doubts, which the popular character of his work must prevent him from fully examining and completely removing; yet some notice of the most important of those doubts seems indispensable. With regard, for instance, to the Fourth Gospel, while we agree with Dr. Stowe in his opinion of its apostolic origin and authority, we are somewhat surprised at his coming to this conclusion so easily. It seems strange to find a book from so respectable a source professing to defend the Gospels, and yet giving no hint, in the whole section relating to that of John, of the objections against it which have been urged with so much learning and ingenuity, and have made the question of its origin the very central point of recent Scriptural controversy. So, too, the Hegelian philosophy, and the writers who own allegiance to it, meet with justice so stern, yet so brief, that, with some remembrance of pretty hard argument in their pages, we are tempted to question whether it be really justice. Dr. F. C. Baur, for example, is despatched in two pages and a half, extracted chiefly from an English review. If it was expedient to mention him at all, it seems as if this formidable critic, with his "Tendency" theory, might have been allowed more space; even if the story of Paul and Thecla had been omitted to make room for it.

But there is one passage in this book on which we must comment more particularly. It is on the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth pages, where, after describing the five most ancient manuscripts known, — the Alexandrian, Vatican, Sinaitic, Ephrem, and Beza, — he says, —

"These all give substantially the same text that we now have. There are diversities among them, and divergences from our common text; and these are to be frankly acknowledged, and their real importance fully indicated, without any attempt at concealment or palliation or apology. No ancient Greek manuscript, hitherto discovered, contains 1 John v. 7: *There are three that bear record in heaven, — the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.* In our common text, the verse John i. 18 reads, *The only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him;* but the old Greek manuscripts read, *The only-begotten God, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.* In Col. ii. 2, our common text reads, *To the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the*

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Father, and of Christ; but the old Greek manuscripts read, *To the acknowledgment of the mystery of the God Christ.* And so there are other diversities between the old text and the present one; but these, I think, are the most striking examples that can be found. Do they in the least degree necessarily change or even modify our ideas respecting any Scriptural fact, doctrine, or precept? They somewhat disturb those who hold to the notion of a strictly verbal inspiration and exact *verbum verbo* dictation by the Holy Spirit in the composition of the Scriptures; but these, I suppose, are very few in number, and not the most thoughtful or intelligent."

We cannot, from our Unitarian point of view, agree with Dr. Stowe in his estimate of these various readings as unimportant. Nor are we prepared to yield to the proposed changes, without an examination of the authority for making them. Dr. Stowe is indeed right in saying, "No ancient Greek manuscript hitherto discovered contains 1 John v. 7:" for the Dublin manuscript and the Codex Ottobonianus are not ancient, but of date as recent as the art of printing; and the Berlin manuscript, which was once relied on, is a mere transcript from printed editions. Yet it is hard for Trinitarian writers to surrender the one text which saves their fundamental doctrine from being one of inference alone; and even last year a book appeared, by Mr. Charles Forster, in defence of this notorious interpolation. Honor, therefore, to Dr. Stowe for his candor in rejecting it! In the other instances he has not been equally correct. The evidence respecting them may be found in the Appendix to Norton's "Statement of Reasons" (edition of 1856; note C., pp. 448–469, 476), and, with regard to John i. 18, still more fully in an article in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for October, 1861. The note and the article are both by Mr. Ezra Abbot, of Harvard College Library, whose thorough acquaintance with the subject will hardly be questioned. In his communication to the "Bibliotheca Sacra," Mr. Abbot fully describes the evidence from the writings of the Fathers, in relation to the proper reading of the text in question; pointing out the inaccuracy of Wetstein's statements, and the still more surprising representations of Dr. Tregelles. He shows, by a very close and full examination, that the great majority of the Fathers, as well as of the ancient versions, confirm the present reading, "the only-begotten Son." It is, however, only to the evidence of manuscripts that Dr. Stowe appeals. The testimony of these may be briefly given as follows. It should, in the first place be remarked, that the difference between the words, *υἱός* and *Θεός* is only in a single letter, as they were written by contraction $\overline{TC}$ and $\overline{\Theta C}$.

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For the reading "only-begotten God:" the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS. of the fourth century; the Ephrem MS. of the fifth; another highly valuable MS. of the eighth; and one of the eleventh, written in cursive letters, but preserving a very ancient text.

For the reading "only-begotten Son:" the Alexandrian MS. of the fifth century; two of the ninth, of especial value; nine other uncial MSS., from the middle of the eighth century to the tenth; and "several hundred manuscripts in cursive letters, mostly later than the tenth century; but some of them of much value from their usual accordance with the best authorities."

We would not deny that the authorities for the reading favored by Dr. Stowe are of great weight. They are the two most ancient manuscripts known, and three others of great value. But they are only five in all; and their testimony is opposed by that of hundreds. So far is Dr. Stowe's statement from correctness, that "THE old Greek manuscripts read, 'the only-begotten God.'"

Of the other passage quoted, Col. ii. 2, there is a variety of readings. Some manuscripts (as the Alexandrian and the Ephrem) have, "of God, the Father of Christ;" some, "of God and Christ;" some, "of God who is in Christ" (*Θεοῦ τοῦ ἐν Χριστῷ*); and some still differently. Many of the best critics, as Griesbach and Tischendorf, adopt the simple reading, "the mystery of God," the evidence for which has been recently strengthened by the discovery of a highly valuable palimpsest of the ninth century, which contains it. If this was the original form, it is easy to see that the variety of readings might have been introduced from the explanations of different copyists, first written in the margin, and afterwards brought into the text; while it is difficult to explain how words which were originally in the text, should have been so variously altered by some copyists, and entirely omitted by others. The reading on which Dr. Stowe's translation is founded, and which he represents as that of "the old Greek manuscripts," rests, strange as it may seem, on the authority of the Vatican manuscript alone!

And even if this reading, "*τοῦ μυστηρίου τοῦ Θεοῦ Χριστοῦ*," be adopted, it would admit of other translations than that given by Dr. Stowe. Nay, according to some of the best Trinitarian critics, it would not bear that translation. The orthodox Meyer renders it "of the mystery of the God of Christ;" others, "of the mystery of God, namely Christ," — the word Christ being in apposition with mystery, a translation which would be sustained by the twenty-seventh verse of

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the preceding chapter; and the orthodox Ellicot, to make this meaning more distinct, introduces a comma after *Θεοῦ*. To justify the rendering "of the God Christ," De Wette and Olshausen remark, that the words must be differently arranged, — *τοῦ Χριστοῦ Θεοῦ*, and not *τοῦ Θεοῦ Χριστοῦ*.

The volume on which we have remarked is ornamented with engravings, and has, as frontispiece, a portrait of the author, whose venerable and benevolent face claims that respect which we trust has not been forgotten in the freedom of our criticism.

Since the above was written, our attention has been called to an article in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for January of the present year, by Professor Bartlett of Chicago, in a note to which (p. 155) he presents the evidence in favor of the reading *Θεός* in John i. 18, but concludes that "the case is very doubtful." This admission of another eminent orthodox scholar is in contrast with Dr. Stowe's quiet assumption of unanimity in the evidence. We cannot, however, fully assent even to Professor Bartlett's summing-up. He claims for the reading he favors the testimony of "one of the two oldest versions." He refers to the Peshito Syriac; but, since the discovery of the Curetonian Syriac, the Peshito can no longer be regarded as "one of the two oldest." The Curetonian is generally admitted to present the oldest form of the Syriac version. Of this Dr. Tregelles observes, that "its readings are in far greater accordance with the oldest authorities of various kinds, than is the case in the previously known Peshito" (Bibl. Sac., 1861, note on page 852). In an article in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," vol. iii. p. 1634, on the Ancient Syriac Versions, the same critic says, "The Curetonian Syriac presents such a text as we might have concluded would be current in the second century: the Peshito has many features which could not belong to that age." The Syriac version then, as well as the old Latin or Italic, is favorable to the present reading. They both date from the second century, and of course represent the readings of the manuscripts from which they were then translated. In regard to the testimony of the Fathers, Professor Bartlett criticises Mr. Abbot for quoting the authority of Irenæus, as favoring the reading *υἱός*, because Irenæus employs that reading twice, and the other once. Mr. Abbot, however gave the evidence on both sides; and in his summing-up, on page 869, qualified his conclusion with the adverb "probably." Assuredly, in a question of probability, two quotations are better than one; especially when the one is as loose as that of

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Irenæus in this instance. His words are "Quemadmodum et *Dominus* dixit: Unigenitus Deus, qui est in sinu Patris, ipse enarravit." If he had been quoting accurately, he would not have represented the words of John as spoken by the Lord (Bibl. Sac., 1861, note on p. 858); and his use of the word "Deus," in such a careless quotation, weakens but slightly his testimony for the correct reading.

S. G. B.

Laforêt, Rector of Louvain University, in his pleasant essay on the Jewish people, as the missionary of the true religion, naïvely remarks: "We do not know if, among the Pagan nations, many men profited by these warnings, these lights, these extraordinary preachings, which God so often and in so many ways repeated by the organ of his chosen people; but is it the fault of this maternal Providence if these thankless and insensible children refuse to submit to his pleas and his urgent calls?" The Jews are a stiff-necked race, and very deaf to the arguments of the Christian doctors. As a rule, too, those who yield and are baptized love the world better than the faith, and are equal to any fraud or treachery afterward. The most untrustworthy men in the East, where hardly any are true, are the Jews who have been *converted*, whether to the Protestant or the Catholic gospel. The number of these is not large; and the work of planting a Trinitarian faith on Mount Zion is desperately slow.

It is a remarkable fact, that a Catholic priest, writing of the Israelite converts to his Church,* has so few of them to show, and these mostly from one circle of enthusiastic young men. Only a dozen names are on his catalogue, though he makes the vague statement that he might produce hundreds of others. Some of these, indeed, such as the pianist Hermann and the Abbé Theodore Ratisbonne, are converts worth having, for their reputation and their influence. But the confessions which these have given of their experience will hardly have much weight with calm and clear minds. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how an intelligent Hebrew can submit his reason to the half-Pagan dogmas and ideas of the Roman Church, or his will to the rule of the Romish priesthood. Certainly the Abbé Henry will not persuade the Israelites of Europe that the Pope is their especial

* Les Israélites convertis à la Foi Chrétienne, avec l'Exposé des Motifs que les ont déterminés. Par M. L'Abbé Henry. Paris: Ambrose Bray, 1866. 16mo, pp. 384.

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friend, while the Ghetto remains in Rome, and while the epithet *Deicide* is freely applied to the people of God by the Romish preachers. The arrangement of topics in his volume is ingenious. He praises and flatters the Jewish people; says that a Jew is a rudimentary Christian, who only needs to be developed; keeps back the repulsive side of Catholicism, its image-worship, its arrogance, its persecuting spirit; has no threats or reproaches for those who have held to the faith of their fathers; but, after all, he fails to show any spiritual gain which the service of the altar and the mass brings to the faithful Israelite. The attempt to exhibit the Catholic religion in the whole Jewish history, going back to the beginning of the world, is a curious misuse of one of St. Augustine's sentences. A Jew will not easily agree that Moses, Abraham, and Adam were Catholics. C. H. B.

A POCKET DICTIONARY of Palestine is very convenient, and in size M. Dionysien's little manual is all that we could wish.* It is not worth much, however, to those who reject ecclesiastical traditions, and ask only for genuine sites and historical facts. This sound Catholic takes, without questioning, the voice of the Church; and, though he judiciously omits some of the more absurd relics, does not venture to question what the legends of the monks have affirmed. On the very first page, we learn that "the Head of Adam" is buried in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, "the father of the human race having died in Judæa." He has no more doubt of the birthplace of the virgin above the gate of St. Stephen on the hill, than he has of her burial-place in the valley below. He describes the costume of the Bethlehem women as that of the Virgin Mary. He tells what became of the water-jars in which the water was made wine, and where their fragments are now. He mentions the imprint of the Saviour's knees and hands in the pavement of the Via Dolorosa; and he has entire faith in all the monkish stories of Bethlehem and Nazareth. But, making allowance for this Catholic devotion, the "little dictionary" is trustworthy, and pleasant to read. Its description of places and its estimate of distances are generally exact, and it men-

* La Terre Sainte, ses Sites, ses Monuments, du Judaïsme, et du Christianisme. Petit Dictionnaire Géographique, Historique, et Pittoresque, pour servir de Lectures Courantes Complémentaires, de toutes les Histoires Saintes Abrégées. Par C. L. DIONYSIEN. Paris: Ch. Delagrave et Cie., 1866. 18mo, pp. viii. 186.

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tions the most interesting things. It is a mistake, certainly, to say that the jackals are the scavengers of the Holy City: the jackals are outside of the walls, and are too cunning to come into the inclosure. And it must be a misprint which makes the Grotto of St. John Baptist to be "ninety kilometres" west of Jerusalem, as that would carry it into the very depths of the sea. The little dictionary may be entertaining reading for Catholic children, but is not worth much to Protestants. C. H. B.

CRITICISM, ETC.

MR. FROUDE'S charming volume of Essays * has the disadvantage and the merit of not floating in the current of easy thinking, which the scientific habit of the day has made so popular. One of the most conscientious historical students of the time, he dissents completely from the tendency to explain history by natural conditions of climate, race, and the like, with those laws of succession and similitude, which, as far as they go, seem to show an inevitable sequence in human things. Science, as applied to human events, is very serviceable in showing the limits and conditions of them; but, as soon as science has done its perfect work, and succeeded in covering the whole ground, they cease to be human events, or to have any special human interest for us. History, treated in that way, becomes Natural History; the moral and dramatic element in it, which made it human, is gone. It is very instructive, that Mr. Buckle — who, more than any other, represents the idea of science and necessity as determining all events — is led, by a sort of unconscious protest against his own theorizing, to bring into exceeding prominence the power and influence of single characters. And Mr. Froude, who begins with protesting against that whole theory and its inferences, will hardly allow history to have any lessons for us at all, except its moral lessons: he sees it purely as a drama; he listens to the words of its actors, so as to catch the tones of hope or fear, of hate or love, of the human character and passion that find expression in them.

"We should no more ask for a theory of this or that period of history," he says, "than we should ask for a theory of 'Macbeth' or 'Hamlet.' Philosophies of history, sciences of history, — all these there will continue to

* Short Studies on Great Subjects. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

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be; the fashions of them will change, as our habits of thought change; each new philosopher will find his chief employment in showing that before him no one understood any thing. But the drama of history is imperishable, and the lessons of it will be like what we learn from Homer or Shakespeare, — lessons for which we have no words." — p. 35.

This volume of Mr. Froude's has been best known by this disclaimer of the fashionable theories, which he makes at starting. It is contained in a popular lecture, delivered when the intelligence of Mr. Buckle's death was still fresh; and, along with very high praise of the man, it condemns, too absolutely perhaps, the theory of history, which he did more than any one to render popular. Probably it would not be fair to assume, that it contains Mr. Froude's *whole* thought on the subject. It is one thing to say that there is a science of history, and another thing to say that all history can be reduced to a science. It is one thing to say that human development is limited and controlled by natural conditions, and another thing to say that there is no human development except what is determined by natural conditions. Mr. Froude argues against an extravagance as great as his own has been sometimes taken to be by his critics. And we shall find the best satisfaction in his book, if we drop the polemic attitude, and seek in it only what he attempts to give as the great lessons of history from *his* point of view.

In particular, we have been charmed with what we may call a *moral perspective* in these essays, as striking in its way as the intellectual perspective so admirable in Comte and Mill. There is a single short piece (pp. 155–165), taken from the "Leader," called "The Philosophy of Catholicism," a complete answer in itself to the charge of recognizing no method or law in history, which shows as fine an insight and as skilful a grouping of the facts which led to one of the great mental growths of history, as any more elaborate treatise can easily show. There are an ethical grandeur and a profound intellectual sympathy in the noble essay on "The Book of Job," which make it one of the most impressive pieces of writing to be found of its class. There is a fineness of moral fibre, a delicate sincerity of mind, in the paper on "Reynard the Fox," suggested by Macaulay's hard, remarkable, and somewhat sophistical essay on Macchiavelli, touching some of the subtlest fallacies that fringe the narrow way of righteousness. And a still finer quality, for the popular interest of these papers, is the vivid human interest, always wholesome and noble, which runs through them all, — the

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clear and brilliant characterizing of that on Erasmus and Luther; the life-like grouping of the eminent persons who shaped to its special ends the Reformation in Scotland; the picturesque and dramatic sketches of "England's forgotten worthies;" the fine expositions of the human interest in the Homeric poems; and the generous attention given to the lives of the Romish saints. Not one belittling or commonplace suggestion, in dealing with the great panorama of historic figures and scenes; nothing that is not of the purest atmosphere of moral nobleness.

Mr. Froude has the disadvantage, in dealing with writers of a different school, of a finer fibre, and of less rude strength. In working up his idea of what history should be, — namely, to "let us hear the man himself speak, let us see him act, let us be left to form our own opinions about him," — we sometimes find him, as in many chapters of his "Elizabeth," completely lost under the documents he substitutes for narration, so that half a volume will read like pages of a "blue-book." A great part of his work, it would seem, could be better done by a mere editor; but it was, at any rate, work which needed to be done first of all. It is a good deal more agreeable to find him speaking, as in this more modest volume, in his own name, writing out with a free hand the lessons and impressions he has gathered. In some places we should have desired a more firm and masculine handling; and in all we recognize what classes him among the finer, rather than the more vigorous, intellects of modern England, — with Matthew Arnold and Arthur Helps, rather than with the Mills, the Buckles, and the Spencers, whose fame runs farther, and who strike heavier blows. But we reckon the group to which he belongs as among the most to be prized and cherished of all that the latest and best culture of England has brought forth. And we have little hesitation in reckoning Mr. Froude's position as eminently at the head of it.

Miss Ellen Frothingham's admirable translation of "Nathan the Wise" * is the third of Leypoldt & Holt's "series of great foreign poems." The first, "King René's Daughter," was a delightful lyrical drama from the Danish of Henrik Hertz; we are glad to hear that this is advanced to a second edition. "Frithiof's Saga," an

* Nathan the Wise. A Dramatic Poem. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham; with an Essay on the Poem, by Kuno Fischer. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.

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exceedingly characteristic production of the Swedish muse, and a work of high poetic merit, was the second of the series. The name of Lessing, and the established fame of "Nathan the Wise," secure beforehand the most cordial welcome to the third of these important publications. The translator of Lessing's work has laid publishers, readers, and author under a weight of obligation. Miss Frothingham's rendering is thoroughly accurate, singularly clear and simple, faithful to a point; and yet as welcome to the English eye and ear as an original in our own tongue. Such remarkable success demands unqualified praise. To have thus given to a new world of readers one of the renowned masterpieces of literature, should bring to the accomplished translator a lasting satisfaction. It would be matter for profound gratitude, if this art of faultless reproduction were generally possessed by translators, as it is possessed by the translator of "Nathan the Wise."

Of Lessing's so famous and significant work, it should be first of all remarked, that in it he deliberately set himself to teach the highest truth to which meditation had conducted him. He wished to see, he said, whether the bigots would suffer him to "at least preach undisturbed in his old pulpit, the theatre." The truth which he attempted to set forth in the characters and situations of this "dramatic poem" was that which Horace Mann expressed in the following terms: "Natural religion stands as pre-eminent over revealed religion as the deepest experience over the lightest hearsay. . . . However much the lights of revealed religion may have guided the generations of men amid this darkness of mortality, yet I believe that the time is coming when the light of natural religion will be to that of revealed as the rising sun is to the day-star that preceded it." * — "That the supreme virtue of practical love is independent of positive religious creeds; that religion consists alone in the higher consecration of an active life," — "a thought which excludes every thing like privilege towards a revealed religion, and exhibits all separate religions and creeds only as forms of one universal and natural religion," — this, says Lessing's latest and best biographer,† "was the theme of his completest and maturest poem."

Lessing anticipated by a century the position of the advanced thought of to-day. He planted himself on that "universal religion of morality" on which Emerson takes his stand. He insisted that

* Life of Horace Mann, p. 68.

† Adolf Stahr: Life of Lessing, vol. ii. p. 818.

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"the true sign of the Christian rests in his relation to the highest commandment of the Christian religion, — the commandment of that beneficent love which rises even to the sublimity of loving an enemy;" that "true religion is not a mere gift of supernatural revelation; that it must, rather, be acquired by the peculiar power of beneficent love;" that "the best positive religion is the one which contains the fewest conventional additions to natural religion, and checks least its good effects;" that "the purely humane can, and must, gain the victory over all prejudices of religious statutes, all the exclusiveness of positive creeds." *

In "Nathan the Wise," Lessing makes a drama the vehicle of his idea. He shows us a Jew who can say, —

> "Is Jew or Christian rather Jew or Christian
> Than man? May I have found in you another
> Who is content to be esteemed a man!"

One who teaches his adopted child —

> "That faith in God depends not on the views
> We entertain of him."

One who insists on —

> "Gentleness, a hearty love of peace,
> Beneficence, and perfect trust in God."

He shows us a Mussulman of thoroughly humane, of Christian spirit, — the Sultan Saladin; and into the mouth of his sister, Sittah, he puts this criticism, as just as it is keen: —

> "You do not know, you will not know, the Christians.
> Christianity, not manhood, is their pride, —
> E'en that which, from their Founder down, has spiced
> Their superstition with humanity.
> 'Tis not for its humanity they love it:
> No; but because Christ taught, Christ practised it.
> Happy for them he was so good a man!
> Happy for them that they can trust his virtue!
> His virtue? Not his virtue, but his name,
> They say, shall spread abroad, and shall devour
> And put to shame the names of all good men.
> The name, the name, is all their pride.
> . . . As if in Christians,
> As Christians only, could exist that love
> With which, in the beginning, God endowed
> Both man and woman."

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* Stahr's Life, book xiii. chap. iii.

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In the adopted daughter of the Jew, in the Dervish, in the Templar, in the Lay-Brother, as well as in Nathan, Saladin, and Sittah, Lessing gives us, under various guises, the same religion of love. These are the chief characters of the poem. The situations of the poem reflect not less strikingly the same supreme thought, — that religion, pure and undefiled, is humanity, the love of all men as brothers.

Lessing thinks more of truth than of poetry in "Nathan the Wise." Severe simplicity was his rule. He sought no effects of mere sentiment, much less of passion: the chastity of his intellect, the purity of his taste, was perfect. A critic in the highest sense, he could be a poet only so far as poetry would serve the ends of sound conviction. Whatever did not seem to the clearest vision as true to truth as to beauty, as true to pureness of soul as to passion of heart, that must be excluded by Lessing's muse. Hence a failure, a most happy failure, to touch the more ready and less noble springs of interest in us. Lessing appeals to pure taste and to spiritual discernment; he sets before us, in grand simplicity of sincerity and earnestness, figures and situations which suggest the best visions of our deepest experience. There is with him none of the vicious taste which our young poets to-day too frequently display, for the mere form and passion of poetry where there is no fact or thought to give soul to the song.

The sketch of Lessing, which precedes, in Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt's elegant volume, the "Nathan," though evidently well meant, is singularly out of place. Not to speak of some gross misapprehensions, — such as that about Lessing's "feeling toward his friend's wife," and the reference to Lessing's life at Breslau, — this sketch pretends to touch only the surface of Lessing's life, and that in introducing us to the most profound work of one of the deep thinkers of modern literature. An adequate treatment of Lessing's inner life would have introduced suitably "Nathan the Wise," and would have been of great value to readers of the poem. The essay of "H. H." serves most unhappily to convey the impression, that Lessing was an abused "genius;" than which nothing could be more false.

E. C. T.

The young thinker needs nothing so much as to learn to keep patiently at his thinking. Still more, in attempting to become a writer for the public, he needs to be patient with his pen, and expect good work only from long and severe labor. And, if he aspire to

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set forth the results of his study and meditation under a poetical form, he cannot go amiss in consigning his earlier productions to the waste-basket. To these general principles we cannot help calling attention in introducing Edward Rowland Sill's modest volume of poems.* But we do not for one moment propose to speak unkindly of Mr. Sill's efforts. The reader of his verses will be attracted to the poet, though he may find very little to be grateful for in the poetry. No illustrations of humanity are more touching to the kindly heart, than the ineffectual attempts of our fellows to render, in divine song, the solemn burden of human life. The author of "The Hermitage" makes this attempt in all honesty and sincerity, and with a courage which does him credit. It would be equally false and unkind to say that he attains more than a very slight success. A few pages in his volume have real poetical merit: the rest he has undoubtedly rejected already himself, with a brave resolution to accept the lesson of experience, and make another effort to achieve something worthy the name of poet.

If we are not mistaken, Mr. Sill has it in him to become a poet. He gives evidence of true poetic feeling and power to trace delicately, yet firmly, all the phases of human sentiment and aspects of human character and life. His great fault is, that he gives us too often a profusion of figures, with little or nothing under them. Whole passages, which must have seemed poetical to Mr. Sill when he wrote them, absolutely mean nothing in the least poetical, when stripped of their finery; cheap finery, too, in not a few instances. No one cares to read a dozen lines of verse to get a commonplace thought which might be expressed in a dozen words. Mr. Sill stuffs his verses with metaphor; but he does not thereby make them poetical. The mistake is the more unfortunate, because it tempts a superior mind out of the right path. Mr. Sill will not do himself justice until he learns the absolute worthlessness of poetical form without poetical truth or fact, and puts his trust, first in having something beautiful and good to say, next in knowing how to say this well in plain prose, and only last of all in facility in making verses. The experience, character, and sentiments of man, in view of nature, life, and destiny, furnish the chief themes of the true poet. Not to have studied these deeply, and gained power to treat them with ability, before attempting the

* The Hermitage, and other Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.

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highest of all human tasks, shows an imperfect apprehension of the nature and office of poetry. We are sure that Mr. Sill does not present himself as a thinker asking attention to results of meditation; nor does he presume to challenge our regard by superior power as a writer: why, then, does he ask us to recognize him as a poet? He has much yet to do before he can hope to obtain this rank.

E. C. T.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

An English nobleman, of the most conservative stamp, hopes to enlighten the world by his hasty jottings down on a trip through the principal West-India islands, and part of the Southern States.* Nothing but excessive greenness and habitual indolence can account for his making so large a book of the merest gossip, of prejudices which he did not pause to examine into, and prophecies which were refuted before his ink was dry. Of the Jamaica insurrection, where a dispassionate statement of the facts on both sides would have been creditable to his heart and serviceable to humanity, while he cannot help acknowledging that no such formidable insurrection existed as would justify the wholesale massacre, he always mentions the martyr Gordon as a bad man, whom it was well to get out of the way, and Governor Eyre as an energetic officer, deserving to be upheld by the Home Government. At the same time, he cannot hide the fact of many brutal murders by the troops, after the riot was entirely past and in a savage lust for blood; for which there has been, and indeed can be, no compensation.

The views of Southern society by the Marquis are such as his Southern hosts were naturally anxious to instill into his receptive nature. They had, of course, shown all the bravery of the war, were ready to be excellent Unionists, and only needed to be let alone by the Radicals, in order to retrieve all their ancient prosperity. Many of them believed that the blacks must die out, like the Indians; others held that they would be driven south by immigration: but, at the same time that they wanted Northern capital everywhere, they were resolute in not welcoming the society of the hated Yankee. The Marquis does not seem to have cared to lead them to any more rational conclusions: perhaps he had not any himself. He could

* A Trip to the Tropics, and Home through America. By the Marquis of Lorne. London: Hurst & Brackett, 1867.

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not help approving the negro schools, though he thought it a frightful price to pay for a visit the saying a few words of encouragement at the close; and sometimes he approves the Freedmen's Bureau: but he cannot believe that the Southerners committed any great crime in endeavoring to destroy a government which had given them no cause of complaint, nor that they practised any needless cruelty to their prisoners of war. His concluding chapter gives a tolerably fair picture of the Fenian invasion of Canada, in which he pays a just tribute to the magnanimous conduct of the United-States Government.

A VOLUNTARY exile, our Minister to Ecuador has very properly soothed his leisure by writing up, or rather writing down, Spanish America.* His four years of merely nominal duty gave him excellent opportunity to travel, and abundant occasion to mingle with the people. He is in a state of chronic despair; his disgust far exceeds his power of utterance. Everywhere, from the seashore to the capital, he finds decay and abandonment; most of the houses are miserable hovels, without windows, full of dust, filth, and vermin; the villages are separated by roads which a day's rain renders impassable; travelling everywhere seems to be at the risk of limb, if not life; and the unvarying report is, that no grove relieves the wandering eye, not even a canoe ruffles the surface of the lake, not so much as a cart enlivens the deserted highway, no chimney lifts up a cheery cloud of smoke: a death-like repose rests everywhere, and seems inseparable from a Quitonian landscape.

While the American Minister admits the grace, hospitality, good nature of the people, their laziness and filthiness impress him most. A hotel servant breaks up the sugar for the traveller's coffee with his teeth; the Indians who sweep Quito streets take up the soil in their hands, and carry it off in their garments; an Ambato gentleman expressed some surprise that Mr. Hassaurek should be at the trouble of washing his face every day; vegetables were frequently brought to market in the garments the farmer had slept in the night before. Forty years of republican institutions have produced perpetual revolution and utter anarchy. Internal convulsion is the rule; peace, the exception. The elections are farces; opposition

* Four Years among Spanish Americans. By F. HASSAUREK, late U. S. Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1867.

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means insurrection. Nothing short of a revolution can change an administration. So that, politically more than physically, Quito is suffering perpetual earthquake. Notwithstanding laws which protect life, rebellion hurries the failing party to the public square, to be shot or whipped to death by a simple order of the President. His mere word takes a man's life immediately, and for a bare expression of opinion.

Our author is short-sighted enough to think this the necessary result of the crimes of the conquerors. He seems to see only the sins of the fathers avenged on their children. But this could apply to the Spanish descendants alone. What crimes had the Indian natives committed, to merit such fearful retribution? Why should the negroes be really cheated out of their humanity, because Pizarro was as treacherous as he was brave? Is not the absurdity transparent, of making a single cause, far away in the past, responsible for these centuries of hopeless, ever-increasing demoralization? See the Roman-Catholic priest flogging women in public squares for omitting confession; then sitting down to a game of cards on Sunday afternoon, with the inebriating cup, and reeling home at nightfall to his acknowledged mistress, — and then affect to wonder at the degradation of the community! As no other religion is permitted to be known, as this utter profligate is held up before the people as the ideal of excellence, as every other moral impulse is absolutely excluded from society, — the ignorance, drunkenness, filth, gambling, despair of Ecuador does not need to be explained. Their causes need not be sought in the past; neither can they be impossible of cure. Chili has already made great progress: the increasing foreign element is deciding its destiny. Each of these South-American governments is to feel the same fresh blood stirring its veins, by this new inspiration to be awakened from death-like stupor, and brought to take part, without doubt, in the grand march of humanity. F. W. H.

THE American consul at Rheims has turned his two-years' residence to account, by giving a minute description of the wine-manufacture, and startling testimony as to the morals of the wine-city.* Very properly, the author deplores that the unsurpassed beauty, historical memories,

* The Champagne Country. By ROBERT TOMES. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1867.

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singular artistic decorations, of the famous cathedral of Rheims, cannot lure Americans aside from the beaten paths of travel to this dullest of all inland cities. His lively little book will doubtless attract many from Paris, as his minute information will direct the future use of the beverage which there holds its court. A new anecdote of an Englishman's researches into the curiosities of the place is, that the admirer of champagne commenced his studies of the different varieties on his arrival, and reached the spot on the card where the first day ended with drunkenness. On the second day, commencing where he had left off, he did not pause until his table studies were interrupted by the same unfortunate weakness. The next day, or the next but one, he completed his examination, and, without stepping into the street, was driven to the railroad to return.

The process of wine-manufacture does not differ materially in Rheims from what any one may see in Cincinnati; only there are not so many cellars, nor so many varieties, nor such purity from foreign mixtures.

But the testimony is exceedingly full as to the profligacy of the population, though no statistics are furnished. A public library unvisited, the absence of public journals, the lack of interest in politics, the destitution of books, the utter indifference to education, combine, with the unbounded use of stimulants, to make Rheims the most corrupt city in Europe. The girls, who work over the rolls of fine woollen for the manufactories, are declared to be profligate without exception; and, what is worse, their parents are said to share the profits of their abandonment, and neither church nor state to take any measures for its suppression. Robert Tomes will henceforth be the chief witness against the morality of wine-raising communities.

Still, the woollen manufactures far surpass the wine in value,—amounting, in 1865, to sixteen millions of dollars, while the wine would only amount to half as much,—supporting quite a colony of English operatives. The inhabitants exult in free-trade; are devoted adherents of Napoleon; imagine that Brazil and Canada are parts of the United States, and even surpass their flat fields in the lack of every thing that can interest, quicken, or satisfy an intelligent traveller. Mr. Tomes seems to have been surprised that the labor of the vintage was enlivened neither by opera songs nor festive dresses, but was very much the same as earnest work everywhere else. The wonder would have been were it otherwise. All the world over, real industry suits itself to the job in hand, unconscious of the embellishments of painting and poetry.

F. W. H.

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Two English ladies, for the purpose of exploring new territory in Europe, visited all the points of interest in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey-in-Europe, and lay their report before the world in some seven hundred simply written pages.* It is the record of remarkable perseverance, endurance, courage. Far beyond the reach of intelligent representatives of any civilized nation, without any of the modern conveniences of travel, commonly on horseback, sometimes on foot, through rain and snow, through threats of brigands and opposition from bigoted sectarians, they held the even tenor of their way, as a general would lead a triumphant army, allowing nobody to be mulcted for their benefit, distributing books to the Christian schools, disclosing a terrible amount of opposition, yet inspiring hope amongst a people nearly given over to despair.

As Turkey itself bleeds at every pore from misgovernment, from the rapacity of officials, the severity of taxation, and the brutality of the populace, a distant province could not fail to suffer more. And details of unavenged outrage are continually given by these ladies; showing that the Christian population of Slavonia suffer quite as badly now as before the Christian Powers interfered to secure certain inestimable privileges for the unwilling subjects of the Sublime Porte.

Immense deference was shown to these courageous women, in the idea that one of them was the Queen of England in disguise; even the habitual insults of Mussulmen, feeling themselves above law, ceased for the time; but the general expression was, that French energy was a better refuge from Turkish oppression than the interference of any other Power. "The French consul stands by the rayahs whenever there is an opportunity, on the principle that their spirit is only to be raised by letting them see that the Turk has at last found some Christians before whom he, too, must bow." The Roman-Catholic cemetery at Prizren was open to Mussulman insult, because of the absence of a wall. The Austrian consul dared not make any movement in its behalf; but the representative of France, finding that his order for the necessary repairs was not obeyed, went with the bishop to the spot, and laid the first stones with his own hand.

The general view of the country given by these ladies is, that it is suffering the last extremity of oppression; that nothing but foreign

* The Turks, the Greeks, and the Slavons. By G. M. Mackenzie and A. P. Irby. London: Bell & Dalby, 1867.

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intervention can give it relief; that the only alternative is the abandonment of their native land by those who find not even their lives respected under the brutal despotism of the worst government ever known in Europe. Patience fails one at hearing it proposed to apply any palliatives to so advanced and complicated a disease. The experience of the American colonists at Jaffa is forcing upon our people sounder views than are generally held in Europe. A tyranny which is only known through the outrages it inflicts, deserves to disappear from the face of Europe. F. W. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The little volume* by Madam Seiler, which Dr. Furness has admirably translated, is valuable as an attempt "to bring into harmony things which have always been treated separately, — the Science and the Art of Singing." Madam Seiler, who has taken up her residence in this country, and has already won a high position as a practical teacher of singing, studied at Heidelberg with the celebrated Helmholtz (whose great work, "Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen," is the recognized authority on the physiology of the voice), and has pursued her own investigations with the laryngoscope even farther than her teacher. The testimonials to her rare scientific attainments from eminent German *savans*, are sufficient proof of her fitness to write the work which she now gives to the public.

After an Introduction, in which the rise, development, and decline of Vocal Music are briefly sketched, Madam Seiler discusses, first, the "Physiological View of Singing." The chief feature of this chapter is a wholly new classification of tones into the three Registers, called, in the order of the ascending scale, Chest Register, Falsetto Register (each containing *two* series of tones, produced by different movements of the vocal cartilages and ligaments), and Head Register (this last having but *one* series of tones). A knowledge of these registers, which Madam Seiler obtained by long and careful study of the voice, by the aid of the laryngoscope, and a further knowledge of the exact places in the scale where the transitions from one register to another occur, the author regards as essential to a correct method of vocal instruction. In the next chapter, the "Physi-

* The Voice in Singing. Translated from the German of Emma Seiler, by a Member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1868.

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cal View" of the Voice is considered, and the various properties of tone discussed. Madam Seiler states very clearly, though concisely, the results of the investigations which Helmholtz has made, and which we notice have been adopted by Professor Tyndall, in his recently published lectures on "Sound." *

The concluding chapter of Madam Seiler's work is given to an interesting and suggestive discussion of the "Æsthetics" of vocal culture.

Our principal criticism of the book before us relates to the undue importance which appears to be assigned to a knowledge of the mechanism of the voice. For the purposes of vocal culture, the ear is a better instrument for examining the voice than the laryngoscope. The results obtained by a correct listening to the "voice in action" may be reduced to as exact science as those results which correct observation has ascertained; and with this advantage in their favor, that their application to vocal culture can be easily made and readily taught. A knowledge of anatomy is, no doubt, of some use to the dancing-master; but an eye, quick to detect both the faults and the beauties of motion, is far more serviceable. The tones of the singer are addressed to the ear, as the movements of the dancer to the eye; and he is the best teacher of the voice (other things being equal) who can best interpret to the singer the quality of the tones which he makes. The defects of the common methods of vocal instruction arise, not so much from ignorance of anatomy, as from inability to translate the language of tones so that the pupil may know by his own ear what purity, strength, and accuracy really are. *A knowledge of the proper focus of vibrations of the tones* is, we believe, vastly more important, both in elocution and in singing, than the most thorough acquaintance with the action of cartilages and ligaments in the larynx.

We cannot enter into further illustration or defence of this point; but we feel sure that these investigations of Madam Seiler into the physiology of the voice need to be supplemented by other and equally scientific investigations into the quality of tones as recognized by the ear, — a kind of investigation which demands more thorough study, and a more careful listening to what Nature reveals, than most teachers of vocal culture have given it.

We take our leave of Madam Seiler's book, hoping it will stimu-

* M. Auguste Laugel has also popularized these researches of Helmholtz, in a recent work published at Paris, entitled "La Voix, l'Oreille, et la Musique."

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late intelligent discussion and inquiry among all who are interested in the culture of the voice, whether "professors" or amateurs, pupils or teachers. That a work so suggestive, and written so completely in the spirit of that scientific method which is now revolutionizing all art, should have appeared in this country, may be regarded as the sign and promise of the rise, at no distant day, of a true musical science in America. H. G. S.

It was always a marvel to those who knew Dr. Bethune, — the most genial, cheerful, free-hearted, and affectionate of men, — that he could hold so strongly to the sternest type of the Calvinistic faith; could preach with such vigor the doctrines of election, damnation, the utter ruin of man, and the strange remedy of substituted suffering. Calvinism seemed wholly out of place in such a soul. In conversation with Dr. Bethune, you could not think of his orthodoxy. His private spirit was wholly liberal; and, in spite of his creed, his heart warmed toward all liberal things and liberal men. Never was the "Dordrechtian theology," as he used to call it, so easily put off by the preacher in his personal intercourse. And even in his preaching it was not very offensive. You saw that it was in the education, rather than in the nature, of the man; and that filial reverence, rather than natural bias, fastened him to the creed of his father. His biography tells how hard a struggle the revivalists had in bringing him to the confession of the orthodox scheme.

Dr. Van Nest — his friend, and some time colleague — has written about him as eulogist rather than as critic,* and shows us scarcely a flaw in the perfect character of his subject after conversion; though he was passionate, headstrong, and self-willed enough before. Some abatement must be made from this admiring estimate; and the term "saint" is not precisely that which we should prefer to apply to one so fond of literary dinners, fishing excursions, and magazine-writing. Dr. Bethune was not a saint of the Catholic or the Calvinist pattern, nor did he always restrain his wrath or mortify his appetites. He was fond of the world and of its good things, — of a pipe and a social glass, of classic letters, of wit and banter; and not indifferent to the world's praise. In the matter of reforms, he usually took the "conservative" side; and his hatred of abolitionists was exemplary. But if we judge saintliness by sincerity, honesty, a noble scorn of all

* Memoir of Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D. By Rev. A. R. Van Nest, D.D. New York: Sheldon & Co., 1867. 12mo, pp. 446.

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fraud and meanness, then he had that grace in eminent measure. He was a man to win the love, and the respect too, of all who came to know him, no matter what their sect or party. He had the soul of a poet and the heart of a friend, in spite of his political and theological prejudices. There was nothing very winning in his coarse features, his almost gross frame, or his ungainly movement; yet his voice had a charm, and his earnestness a fascination, which none could resist. He was a man of mark anywhere; and, but for the narrow range in which his theology kept him, would have been a man of power. He always worked in bonds, even when he seemed to be free. This was the impression which intercourse with him gave, — and this is the impression which his biography leaves, — of a true man in a false position. With this reservation, the life of Dr. Bethune is a delightful book. C. H. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

On the Credibility of the Scriptures; a Recast, with enlarged views, of a former Work on the subject, together with a copious Analysis of the Religious System promulgated during the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Dispensations, and of Human Developments under them. By J. H. McCulloh, M.D. Baltimore: James S. Waters & Son. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 402, 414. (This is the work of an aged layman, and deserves to be studied with interest and respect. With an independent and somewhat rationalizing habit of mind, it combines the old-fashioned conscientious textual method of investigation, with results leading to a qualified Unitarianism in creed, and an extreme and honest radicalism as respects the popular institutions and dispensations of religion. Its critical expositions are worthless, as proceeding on no basis of scientific scholarship; but as the fruit of patient labor, mental sincerity, and practical good sense, it is worthy of a respectful hearing.)

American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Revised and edited by Professor H. B. Hackett, with the co-operation of Ezra Abbot. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Part VIII. pp. 785–896. Eupolemus—Gennesaret. (Closing the first volume, and containing the Prefaces and other explanatory matter.)

The Roman-Catholic Church and Free Thought. A Controversy between Archbishop Purcell, and Thomas Vickers, Minister of the Free Congregational Church of Cincinnati. Together with an Appendix, containing the Encyclical Letter and Syllabus of Pope Pius IX., dated Dec. 8, 1864, in the original Latin, with a faithful Translation. 8vo. pp. 143.

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The Layman's Breviary; or, Meditations for Every Day of the Year. From the German of Leopold Schefer. By C. T. Brooks. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 452.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 18mo. pp. 128.

The Duty and the Discipline of Extemporary Preaching. By F. Barham Zincke, Vicar of Wherstead, and Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 12mo. pp. 262.

Short Studies for Sunday-school Teachers. By Charles S. Robinson, D.D. New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 16mo. pp. 247.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve-Years' Truce, 1609. By John Lothrop Motley. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vols. III., IV. pp. 599, 632.

(These two volumes, just received, close the earlier portion of Mr. Motley's extended History, and are to be followed by the Thirty-Years' War. They bring the narrative down to the virtual establishment of the independence of the Netherlands, though, in form, it was only a truce sought by the Spanish monarchy, and reluctantly granted by the victorious States. The present volumes are as full of interest, life, vigor, incident, as their predecessors. They tell the early victories of Maurice; the critical but triumphant campaign of Nieuport; the exploits of the heroic Dutch adventurers in the Polar and Indian seas; the rapid successes of that chivalrous volunteer, Spinola; the marvellous commercial prosperity of the States during their forty-years' desperate struggle for independence; and the long negotiations, so nearly broken off by Spanish bad faith, through which the terms of peace were finally established. But still more interesting is the picture given of the last days, the character, and reign of Philip the Second, that "perfectly bad king," who stuck at no perfidy or cruelty, who plotted murder stealthily for years, broke faith with all that trusted him, and died at last in the tortures and the serenity of a sainted martyr; of the sceptic, heartless, profligate Henry of Navarre, whom a strange fortune made the *preux chevalier* of the Huguenots, the betrayer of their faith, the illustrious convert and "eldest son" of the Roman Church, as soon as the wages of his conversion was the assured crown of France; of the vacillating, dastardly policy of James, whom only the terror of the "Gunpowder Plot" deterred from betraying the heroic Protestant republic to his insane craving for the Spanish alliance; and of the beginnings of the fatal estrangement between Maurice and Barneveld, both true patriots and brave men, both serving their country with equal intrepidity and zeal, but divided by differences, first of military policy, then as to the graver question of peace and war, and finally of religious creed. The closing pages of this noble work sum up the lessons of the long struggle which it has narrated, and prepare the way for the story of that

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still gloomier tragedy, enacted on a far broader stage, which is soon, we trust, to follow.)

Landmarks of History. Part III. Modern History, from the beginning of the Reformation to the accession of Napoleon III. By Miss Yonge. Edited by Edith L. Chase. New York: Leypolt & Holt. 12mo pp. 465.

Life of Maximilian I., late Emperor of Mexico; with a Sketch of the Empress Carlotta. By Frederic Hall, one of his Majesty's legal advisers. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: James Miller. pp. 317. (This volume seems to be full and authentic in its narrative of events, making a timely and very interesting contribution to current history and memoir. It is warmly eulogistic in tone, almost feudal in its sentiment of homage towards the unfortunate monarch, somewhat florid and diffuse in style. It effectually answers many prejudices, and gives one a very high estimate of the personal accomplishments, the purity of intention, the uprightness, humanity, and devotion to the public welfare, which met so tragical an end.)

The History of Israel to the Death of Moses. By Heinrich Ewald. Translated from the German. Edited, with a Preface, by Russell Martineau. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 8vo. pp. 656. (To be reviewed.)

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Huguenot Family. By Sarah Tytler. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 399.

The Brother's Bet; or, Within Six Weeks. By Emilie Flygare Carlen. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 103.

The Clifford Household. By J. F. Moore. 16mo. pp. 308.

Elsie Dinsmore. By Martha Farquhasson. 16mo. pp. 288.

The Little Fox; or, the Story of Captain Sir F. L. M'Clintock's Arctic Expedition. Written for the Young. By S. T., Esq. New York: M. W. Dodd. 18mo. pp. 198.

Folks and Fairies. Stories for Little Children. By Lucy Randall Comfort. With Engravings. Square 16mo. pp. 259.

Playing for High Stakes. A Novel. By Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 111.

Fred and Maria and Me. By the author of "The Flower of the Family." Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Square 16mo. pp. 71.

The Struggle for Life; or, Broad Court and Langdale. A Story of Home. By Lucretia P. Hale. With an Introduction by Rev. E. E. Hale. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 4th Edition. pp. 311.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Journey in Brazil. By Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 8vo. pp. 540. (This large and very handsome volume

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has the somewhat level interest, and the assuring air of authenticity, which belong to journals and letters presented in their original and hardly altered shape. The journey is the one which the timely bounty of Mr. Thayer converted from a vacation tour to a scientific expedition of first-rate interest and importance. Besides its service to special students, its revelations of the great Amazon region, and of its resources for commerce, give it a practical and unique value. The reader's satisfaction would have been increased by the reduction of the volume to about half the size.)

The Far East; or, Letters from Egypt, Palestine, and other Lands of the Orient. Illustrated with Engravings, Maps, &c. By N. C. Burt, D.D. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 12mo. pp. 396.

Ambas Americas, Revista de Educacion, Bibliografia i Agricultura, bajo los auspicios de D. F. Sarmiento. Vol. I. Nueva York: Hallet y Breen. pp. 120. (That the example of the United States may do some service to the magnificently endowed but troubled and hapless states of South America, has been one special aim of Mr. Sarmiento's admirable efforts. The Review, whose title we copy above, it is needless to add, is a feature in this plan; and consists mainly of facts and details showing the working of our systems of public instruction. But the reader will find interesting facts respecting the other half of our continent, in the correspondence, and in the account of the South-American schools.)

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Annual Reports on Education. By Horace Mann. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. pp. 758. (Although this volume contains only those parts of Mr. Mann's celebrated "Reports" which have a permanent value, it is very striking to see how full, ample, and abundant material it gives. It is the record of perhaps the most interesting and decisive period of discussion which our school system has undergone, and is a noble monument of its author's industry and fidelity. Mr. Mann's mind was never content without making his argument a treatise: he needed to instruct as well as to convince; and the Annual Report grew into a sort of "general lesson," delivered to all the schools of the Commonwealth. Considering how much elementary instruction had to be given, one is surprised to find how much of it retains its freshness and value. That of 1842, for instance, is one of the best popular treatises we have on physiology and hygiene; while that of 1843 contains, perhaps, the most full, vivid, and dramatic account to be found of the European schools and their methods; and, in particular, gave to our public its first knowledge of the teaching of deaf mutes *orally*, a topic of so much interest and discussion still. The volume is a permanent and valuable addition to our library of reference on the subject it treats.)

The Uncommercial Traveller, and Additional Christmas Stories. By Charles Dickens. With original Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 382. (Fourteenth and closing volume of the "Diamond Edition," announced as "the most complete and authentic" edition of Mr. Dickens's writings. As a unique feature, this volume contains a "synopsis," occupying nearly a hundred pages, of the "characters introduced and

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principal incidents in the works of Charles Dickens," — a great convenience with writings so very voluminous, and a curious record of that exuberant genius. For occasional reading of a chapter or two, the small type is no objection; for neatness, compactness, and general good taste, this edition is quite equal to any.)

Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1848 to 1861. To which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal, giving an account of Earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions. Edited by Arthur Helps. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 287.

Selections from the Kalevala. Translated from a German version, by John A. Porter, M.D., late Professor in Yale College. With an Introduction, and Analysis of the Poem. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. 148.

Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain. L'Homme. Par Jean Macé. With a French and English Vocabulary, and a List of Idiomatic Expressions. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 260.

A Manual of the Art of Prose Composition, for the use of Colleges and Schools. By J. M. Bonnell, D.D., President Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 12mo. pp. 359.

Duff's Book-keeping, by Single and Double Entry, including all the latest Improvements in the Science, with a copious Index. By P. Duff. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 398.

Salome: a Dramatic Poem. By J. C. Heywood. New York: Hurd & Houghton. pp. 222. (A drama of the time of the Destruction of Jerusalem, and the early Christian persecutions. Vigorous and poetic.)

The Friendships of Women. By William Rounseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. pp. 416. (This very pleasing little book has already, within two months, passed to a third edition, — a proof of appreciation among a large class of readers, which we are glad to notice. There is no purer moral influence, and no finer ideal of life, than are found in the friendships it records.)

The Queens of American Society. By Mrs. Ellet. With Portraits. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo. pp. 464.

Easy French Reading: being Selections of Historical Tales and Anecdotes, arranged with copious Foot-notes, &c., &c. By Professor Edward T. Fisher. To which is added, A Brief French Grammar. By C. J. Delille. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 16mo. pp. 232.

A Smaller History of England, from the earliest times to the year 1862. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 357.

A French Country Family. By Madame DeWitt, *née* Guizot. Translated by Dinah Mulock Craik. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 216.

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. Boston: William V. Spencer. pp. 86. (Mainly a recast of the admirable arguments of John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Mill.)

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